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THE GREEN CALDRON



THE GREEN CALDRON

November 1931

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VOLUME I

NUMBER 1

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Veteris Vestigia Flammae

JOHN F. MARSHALL

This poem was used by the writer as a conclusion to an essay dealing with the sort of experience of which the poem furnishes an example, Rhetoric II, 1930-31.

My dear, when this that we call love is dead,
As in a box on which we've closed the lid,
Then I'll recall a hundred things you said
And countless gay and trivial things we did:
The day we shopped for hats
(The following day it poured),
The books you liked or did not like,
The play that shocked me thru and thru
And left you merely bored.
But there will come a day when I shall meet,
Say on a bus or casually on some street,
A woman vaguely like you
And wonder—did your lips curve thus and so?
And were your eyes a deeper or a lighter blue?
And half ashamed confess—I do not know.

Rationalism in Rhetoric Instruction

JAMES PHELAN

Long exposition, Theme 6, Rhetoric II, 1930-31.

IT IS a seemingly obvious fact that a cannon ball shot in Dubuque, Iowa, will not kill an ostrich on an Australian veldt. The cannon may make a glorious noise and the cannon ball may scare a herd of cows eight miles out of town, or knock a good-sized hole in some silo, but the ostrich will remain totally unperturbed, its plumes waving in the soft Australian breeze, and its flow of gastric juice unimpaired by any premonition of danger.

Of suchlike incongruity is the method of rhetoric instruction here. No sane person will deny that the art of writing as practiced by the freshmen here offers an excellent target for the faculty's guns—one wonders how a random shot in any direction can fail to hit a cleft infinitive or a muddled metaphor—but the instructors fire round and round, hitting nothing, not even knowing at what they are shooting, nor exactly what they would do about it if they did know.

There are two things which work for good writing, inherent ability and urge, and ardent, meticulous practice. In dealing with the first, the instructors are, of course, helpless. Three out of every four freshmen do not like to write, are incapable of anything except stiff, bungling, limping prose. They lack the literary urge, the desire to read, the moving passion to write, to say unusual things in a startling manner. They may have their heads pounded for a year and finally learn, perhaps, to respect a complete infinitive, but they will add no more to the

world's literature than will the advertisement writers of the *Daily Illini*.

Yet it is for this three-fourths that the rhetoric course is planned, where it is planned at all, and when the members of the remaining and superior one-fourth bellow out their dissatisfaction, they are politely told to go and get exempted, which is, crudely and honestly put, the faculty's way of saying "If you don't like it here, go to hell." It is the choice of insanity in the rhetoric kindergarten or death from thirst in the Sheol of literature 10a or 10b. In either case the potential Conrad perishes and the cart of education rolls lumberingly on.

The plan, considered from the viewpoint of cultivation of excellence, is fantastic. Why deprive the best in order to bludgeon the inferiors? There would be some measurable sense to it, perhaps, if the second-raters profited from the course. But the planning for their welfare ceases with the heaving out of those of the neophytes that show ability. Then indeed does the outlandishness of the plan of study blossom into fullness. The remaining freshmen are introduced to Literature as selected and capitalized by the local patriarchs of rhetoric; to Mathew Arnold, to Paul Elmer More, to *Sweetness and Light*, to *The Criterion*. They are shoved into the field of sterilized and air-proof literature from which they take their involuntary and balking choice for book-reports. They make the acquaintance of Impromptu Themes, better known as literature at a

dead run, and Outlines, or belles-lettres catalogued and indexed. On top of this fare is added such sauce as the teacher may fancy; interesting comments upon the museums of Germany if the instructor be a former globe-trotter; enlightening facts on the bearing of the Latin *clavis* upon the English word, conclave, if he be a philologist. Finally emerging from this ordeal comes the staggering freshman, drunk on the soda-water of More, astounded at the richness of the *Malerkademie* at Berlin, dazed with similarity between the Greek *μηχανή* and the Latin *Machina*, but still prone to setting forth his ideas in one-syllabled words.

Now common sense prompts one to hesitate at attempting to reform such an august assembly as the rhetoric staff, and besides, it is a bit doubtful if anything short of carbon-monoxide could turn the task. And they are, after all, doing no great deal of harm. The material upon which they are allowed to work cannot be rendered any worse than it is; the really talented pupils have skipped out, or if they remain, they are doing so for the entertainment and with the cognizance of the amusing fact that they can probably write as well as their instructors. Improvement, when and if it comes, will provide for the division of the students into two classes, those who cannot write, who will never learn to write; and those who have at least glimmering possibilities. The first group will be trained on fundamentals, on the high-school principles, until they instinctively avoid writing "he don't" and ending sentences with prepositions. Beyond this the course will not go; to these pupils Sweetness will mean only some Tri-Delt, and Light only something which is absent from Bradley's dance hall, while Sherman will remain a man who, during

the Civil War, rode down to the sea.

It will be upon the other group that the training will concentrate. For them there will be arduous practice and pointed, purposeful criticism. No longer will they work one day and rest six; no longer will criticism by the instructors consist of writing PS₄ and LD₇ on the manuscript in red ink. The course will be founded upon recognition of the fact that it is to instruct not in Matthew Arnold's philosophy nor in ancient Greek history, but in good writing, and that it can do this only by demanding rigorous practice, and by offering authentic, qualified criticism. Such an exacting course will be, naturally, elective, but I think that it will attract those with ability, since they shall have learned by then that writing is a hard master, and they will come gladly. And at the same time it will frighten away the unqualified, the lazy, the merely pompous and wordy such as my classmate who speaks of the atheist Burbank as knowing and performing the will of God.

It will cause the Utopians who shall found this course a moment or so of worry to dispose of the present rhetoric staff, and in view of aiding them I make a few suggestions. Some of the staff would undoubtedly make good Methodist ministers, and the more fluent could become dispensers of patent medicine. The less lovely females could be made into excellent missionaries, while the better blessed ones would be able to shift well enough for themselves in such profitable fields as the movies or the night-club business. Those who are left over after this weeding out could be shot, and no great harm would be done the world. Two or three could be saved for the museums.

Meanwhile, the business of firing cannons from Dubuque goes merrily on.

Likewise, the ostrich of unlovely prose remains peacefully within our midst. I herewith offer a short prayer that it die

of senility, or fall unexpectedly into some deep chasm. It will not perish, needless to say, from gunfire.



A Recent Fad in Clothing

JEAN PATERSON

An impromptu theme, Rhetoric I, 1931-32.

THE new Empress Eugenie hat has caused almost as great a furor of public opinion as prohibition. Men all pretend they hate the new, tiny head-gear; yet they stare with fascinated gaze at each on-coming supporter of the mode, wondering credulously how the weaker sex defies so successfully the ancient laws of gravity. Older women have hailed the new style with joy in their hearts, for it is a return to the romantic mood of the *Gay Nineties*, although the style originated long before that. The men of the older generation protest violent dislike for the Eugenie, but a broad grin of pleased surprise greets the wearer when she looks particularly feminine and appealing in her *petite chapeau*. The girls of today have supported the Empire period hat strong-

ly and I believe the reason is, that one gets the same enjoyment out of putting on the new hats and gowns, with their old-fashioned lines and trimmings, as one gets out of browsing through the old trunks in grandmother's attic. It's the old fun of getting "dressed up." The modern youths express adverse opinions upon the subject of Empire hats, but when they were small, their ideal heroines were taken from picture books of fairy princesses, with long, golden hair, brocaded gowns and hats with plumes; so, although they will not admit it, down deep in their hearts they really like the silly, little hats even though they make fun of them. After all, there are very few people who really do not like the pert little reminder of the Empress Eugenie.

A Little Germany in America

ELIZABETH BAILEY

Theme 2, Rhetoric I, 1931-32.

THE BAND of which I was a member had been hired to play for the annual school picnic at St. Peter. I knew little about the place, but the way in which the other members of the band laughed and talked about "German sauerkraut" made me anxious to see just what kind of village St. Peter was. I knew that it was German, but until I had visited it I could not realize just how different it was from any other village that I had visited.

Going to St. Peter we drove for miles through prosperous farmland. Although the farm houses were neat, there was nothing about them that suggested home or comfort. Most of them were painted spotless white, but frequently they had no window curtains, porches, or lawns. Many had the potato patch or the chicken yard in front of the house. Everything was quiet around these houses, for the women and children had gone to the picnic, the one big event in their lives from year to year. In the fields the men were still working, for it was harvest time, but they would come to the picnic in the evening.

Finally we arrived at St. Peter. Along one dusty street was located the town. It consisted of a general store, meagerly stocked, a few houses, and a blacksmith shop that had added a gasoline pump to meet modern need. At the end of the street stood the center of community life, a large white church and a two-room school house. The children were sent to the school for an elementary education and religious training. Except that the

State demanded the teaching of some English the school spoke German.

We were early, and so I sat down to watch the crowd passing me. Although it was the middle of June and extremely hot the little girls wore long-sleeved dresses, black shoes, and long black stockings. They acted more like women than like the happy carefree children that they should have been. Babies wore long, old-fashioned dresses, and many of them were already restless. The women did not seem to realize that their babies should have been at home. Unless the babies came the mothers could not, and the mothers wanted to come. My greatest shock came when I looked at the women. They wore black, and their hair was drawn tightly back from their faces. Even on this day of celebration they looked tired. I saw rather young women, who looked old and worn, carrying small babies in their arms. The men were rugged farmers, all of them smoking pipes, and one could tell that they liked plenty of beer. The boys were miniature men, trying to develop a swagger and be as much like their fathers as possible.

There was a program given by the school children, and we assembled on the band stand to play while they marched through dust and hot sun down the one street. They carried small American flags, and it was the first suggestion of America that I had felt. The children sang the old German songs with much gusto, very little tune, and always in a high, nasal soprano. Then the school

master, a small dark German with a large mustache, led them in singing *Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean*. It was jerky and uncertain, but it was American, despite the German accent of its singers.

We of the band laughed at the singing, but deep in my heart I felt a certain warmth for that attempt to be really American. It meant that some child would catch the vision of American

ideals, and acquiring them he would help to raise the standards of his community above its narrowness. Each look into the face of some worn-out mother, slaving and struggling in a community where any other life was impossible, made me hope sincerely that the boys and girls, with their American flags and song, could make this little "Germany in America" disappear.

The Guest Towel

MARVIN L. COYNE

Informal essay, Rhetoric II (first semester) 1930-31.

GUEST towels, like Eve's apple, should be seen but not touched. They are objects of art, and like the expensive china they are seldom taken from the corner closet. One must gaze on them from a distance, hoping some day to be privileged to use them but knowing all the while the futility of this ecstatic desire.

The guest towels are dainty affairs with fancy embroidery on the ends. We would trample on a beautiful flower rather than pluck one of them from the rack. It is not only the horror of soiling such gorgeous articles but fear of the consequences should we do so that keeps us from defiling them. I fear that their use would result in nothing less than a nervous break-down for mother. They have been her pride as long as I can remember, and I believe that she always will think highly of them.

When the precious articles are hung up, it means only one thing: guests for the evening. During the intermission between the placing of the sacred objects

and the arrival of the guests, the ordinary towels are allowed to remain on the hooks behind the bathroom door. By four-thirty, however, they vanish as if into space, and there is nothing left to do but look behind the radiator for the soiled turkish towel. This has probably been used to polish shoes, but it is soft and is not forbidden fruit.

The guests arrive and naturally the first thing they do is to remove the dust of travel. First one retires to wash up and emerges shortly, cleansed and dry; then another follows suit and joins the rest, freshened and dry. I am the last one to enter the bathroom and behold! Everyone of the precious towels hangs as it was, unsoiled and untouched. On a solitary, uninviting hook hangs one exceedingly limp bath towel. There is no doubt as to the good-training of our guests. They know their visiting etiquette.

As for the history of the guest towel, I know nothing. It may have started

when woman first learned to sew. The question of the moment is, When will it end? Sometimes I think I hear the beginning of a revolt against this thing, supposedly for guests. Sometimes I have felt that I myself would be the martyr to the cause and use the guest towel, never in someone else's home—for that would be an unpardonable sin—but in my own

home. I must be weak, because in spite of all my intentions I have failed. It will take a man of courage and vision, I believe, to rise and show others the way. What a historic day it will be when at last, driven by some unknown force, he will step and stamp on the guest towel which he has soiled and thrown to the floor!

Memories of Home

ALFRED C. F. SCHERER

An impromptu theme, Rhetoric I, 1931-32.

WHENEVER the chimes of the law building tower ring forth their melodies, my thoughts are carried four thousand miles from here into the city of Kiel, Germany. There I immediately see a tower similar to this one, and hear its chimes playing the very same melody. The memory makes me happy because I feel as if I were at home.

Again when I go to the armory for military drill, and watch other boys march back and forth, I cannot help but visualize the scenes back home during the World War. I see large armies of boys marching to war. They do not seem to be any older than those at the armory. And when I participate in the drill, I am again back home with my school comrades, for a regular military workout before school takes up.

I go to German class daily, where the people once more talk nothing but German. Why should I not feel at home now? I can converse with anyone in my mother tongue. The conversation is the same as one with a friend at home. I go to the library and get a German book just as if I got one from a library back home, written in the same language.

When I stroll down the broadwalk, I see hundreds walking with me. Now and then I see a bicycle pass by. My memories are at home, where students walk and ride bicycles also. The trees along the broadwalk make my memories more like home because they are so much like the linden trees. I have found a place like home at the University of Illinois.

The Great American University

WARREN W. KRUGHOFF

Written in Rhetoric II, 1929-30, at the beginning of the semester, after the reading by the class of a series of essays dealing with educational ideas and ideals.

SINCE I am the laziest man on earth, I intend, when I can get the necessary financial aid for the venture, to establish a lazy man's heaven, the Great American University. The University will be located in California—on the seacoast and near Los Angeles. The campus will consist mainly of boundless golf links and innumerable tennis courts and swimming pools. There will be dormitories enough to accommodate all students and a magnificent stadium finished in white marble. The predominating feature of the campus, however, will be the C. P. A.—which is not a glorified statue of the Great American Accountant, but the University building known as the Central Pavilion for Assembly. I will speak more about this later.

The Faculty will be divided into three sections. The first section—the Department of Social Science—will consist mainly of ex-movie stars. (The University will undoubtedly kill the moving-picture industry.) Their sole duty will be to attend the daily convocation held in the C. P. A. and to teach the students in the knowledge of their department.

The department of second importance will be the Department of Physical Supremacy. The members of this department will be engaged in their profession mostly out of love for their work, as their salaries will be limited to possibly as little as ten times that of congressmen. Their duties will be to play the members of faculties of other universities in foot-

ball, basketball, and the rest of the collegiate sports. This faculty will be the Great American Athletic Team. The Professors of Baseball will play a Supreme Series each year with the winners of the World Series for a Championship of the Universe. To insure a good team in football, the members of the All-American Football Team will automatically become the members of the Great American Football Team of the next season.

There will also be a Department of Liberal Arts, Sciences, Law, Engineering, and Similar Conveniences. This department, called simply the Department of L. A. S. L. E. S. C. by the undergraduates, will be located in New York City and will broadcast lectures to the University. These messages will also be free to the radio public, thus confirming the title of Great American University.

The prospective student of the University will register by putting a certain number of Double Eagles in a slot. (I have not calculated the number of coins to charge for tuition. That is a minor detail. Three or four thousand should be more than enough.) The student, after he has finished the simple operation of inserting the coins, will turn a crank and receive a delightful surprise package. An envelope will be delivered which will contain several cards. One will give his room number, another will give his class schedule, and the rest will be class at-

tendance cards, addressed to his instructors. He will write his name on a piece of paper, insert it in a second slot, turn a second crank, and receive a rubber stamp of his signature with which he will stamp each card. He will then put the cards addressed to his instructors in a mail box which will adjoin the registration machine.

There will be only two University regulations. One will be the rule that all students must be in bed not later than 8 A. M. The other will be the law that any student caught with a textbook will be put on probation, and anybody found *reading* a book will be immediately expelled. Eight o'clock will find the student sleeping peacefully. At his bedside are ranged a series of devices. The first is a cigarette lighter with cigarettes. Then there are rubber tubes marked "Water," "Lemonade," "Coca-Cola," "Malted Milk," "Ginger Ale," "Wine," "Beer," "Whiskey," "Pure Alcohol," "Plain Poison." Besides this there is a telephone on which he can order food, which will be delivered by a dumb waiter. Above him is an electrically correct clock: this clock contains a tape perforated to correspond to his schedule. At the proper time the clock wakes him up, and he tunes in on class. His weight on the bed completes an electrical circuit which lights an electric bulb opposite his name in the office of the New York instructor, showing that he is present. When the clock rings the end of the hour, he will go back to sleep. And so his day continues. At 6 P. M. the bed tips and rolls the student through a trap-

door and down a chute into a shower in the room below. Here he will then dress and dine and later in the evening go to the C. P. A. The convocation here will be presided over by the Great American Dance Band, which will be composed of the world's greatest musicians as the Great American Team will be composed of the world's greatest athletes. The music will be broadcast, so that every radio in America will be a center of education.

I regret to inform prospective customers that there will be final examinations. A dictaphone will make records of the various lectures. The wise student will put these records in a large cabinet labelled "Notes," after having labelled them for quick reference, "Antennae of the Crocididae and other Prehistoric Beetles," or "Obsolete, Obsolescent, and Archaic Low German Verbs of the Fifteenth Century." When the instructor asks a question on an examination, the industrious student will then broadcast the proper record to his outwitted instructor. The instructor, at the end of each semester, will put on each class card the two equal sides of an isosceles triangle, connect their mid-points by a straight line, and send it to its owner. At the end of the eighth semester, a cuckoo will jump out of the clock, bow three times, and put a beautifully engraved three- by five-inch diploma in the student's hand. A cycle in the life of the University will then have been completed. The Director will then wind up the machinery and start over again.

ing madly from one empty pleasure to another, but by quiet contemplation of common things very close to home. Money is not necessary, particularly, nor is the painfully trying chit-chat which people use to fill up any vacant moments during which they might otherwise be obliged to think. Nothing is necessary but a good pair of legs and a profound weariness of all artificial amusements.

A good place to start would be at a tiny library in the Art Institute. Although this room houses somewhat technical books essentially for students of painting, sculpture, architecture, and music, there is a choice collection of general literature which would interest a person of any taste. Among the shelves one can also find, here and there, delightfully unexpected biographies of artists and writers, just the books one has always had a yearning to read but has never quite managed to find time for, the particular volumes never seeming to be at hand at the right moment. One may pick up a life of Michael Angelo, perhaps, and sit down to read it between an earnest looking middle-aged man painstakingly copying music scores, and a snappy young woman reading articles on "Interior Decoration." This failing to suit the mood, one might dip into an account of gardening in the Renaissance period or find an inviting corner in which to pore over a ponderous copy of *Gulliver's Travels*, profusely illustrated.

When the warmth and silence have brought a drowsy, lazy feeling, an hour of George Dasch's exhilarating concert music nearby will revive a desire for a brisk walk down the Avenue. The sunny side of the street will lead past furniture displays tastefully arranged, a painted steamship model enticing the bored one to the cold, clean regions of Scandinavia, and a collection of stones pregnant with

the history of Jerusalem, London, Paris, which have been set into the façade of the Tribune Tower. A little farther north, abutting the walk, is an inconspicuous grilled entrance leading to a court modeled after the Italian manner. Here is an outdoor restaurant unparalled in Chicago for offering delight to a person "given to dainty indulgence in the pleasures of the table." It is aptly called *Le Petit Gourmet*. Nothing could be more completely refreshing than a sudden transition from the rudeness and discord of a busy thoroughfare to the quiet grace of an aloof world enhanced by gentle tinkling of fountains, sweet smell of freshly washed terrace, and bright nodding of pleasant-faced waitresses. Here is relaxation for an hour or two, in an atmosphere washed with wet fern, blue sky, and sparkling water.

On another day, when the mood of the weather has changed and wind and fog prevent idle basking in sunny courts, it is restful to walk down to the docks and lose oneself in the mist and the rain, the coal smoke, and the noise of fog-horns. On a huge grey rock, one is free to stare undisturbed at the grey lapping water, the silent grey gulls, and the slow, unearthly creeping of boats. At Belmont Harbor, small sailing vessels tug at the buoys and lean before the wind. As the fog continues to roll in, enveloping the shore in premature darkness, a caretaker rows out to light the lanterns. First only his small light is visible; then the prow appears and an oar dips out of the water. He makes an excellent subject for pencil sketch or etching.

Lacking boats and harbors to carry away his imagination, the coddled city man might try the effect of a ride on the upper deck of a bus. This will be more enjoyable if he has a hearty companion who is not afraid of being wet by the

6
rain. Neither must he be too dignified to take a lively delight in the strong, steady pressure of the wind and to laugh at the insane jolting and the dazzling flash of street lamps which rush by within arm's reach. For most grown persons bus riding has become stale, but to me it has always seemed, especially on windy nights along the lake shore, an excellent stimulus for sluggish imaginations.

If our ironic "cliff-dweller" would al-

low one to show him that simple joys are in the end the best remembered, I am sure he would give up his fallacious idea that the best entertainment is necessarily the most costly. He would develop an interest in the outdoors, which would have much more satisfactory effects than long hours spent drinking unwanted liquor and exchanging empty talk in smoky living rooms.



Houses I Have Lived In

VIRGINIA CLARA ROHLFING

Written in the final examination in Rhetoric I, 1930-31.

I HAVE always regretted the fact that I've never lived in the same house long enough to be able to say "See that big nick in the wood work. I did that with the carving knife once when we were playing 'Little Red-riding Hood', and I was the wood chopper," or "See that loose tile on the hearth. We used to hide things there when we were small." All my friends, or, to be more correct, my brother's friends could tell all sorts of stories about every scratch on the wall, and every dent in the floor. My family, however, never lived in the same house long enough to wear off much more than the newness.

The first house I ever lived in isn't very clear in my mind. The only thing about it which I can remember is that it had a big porch all the way across the back, and a great big cellar. Saturday

mornings my brother used to set me up on the tool bench while he swept the floor, and, if I didn't make any noise or bother him, he'd give me some walnuts when he was through.

After that, we lived in a series of apartment houses. I had grown rather used to the cellar, and missed it greatly. My brother and I found solace, however, in riding in the dumb waiter. Dumb waiters were lots more fun than cellars, but after getting stuck between floors, we sort of lost interest in them. I think my mother didn't care for dumb waiters after that either, because just after my brother and I lost interest in them, she decided to move into a house with a yard.

It was an awfully nice yard. It had a garden and everything. Once more Andrew, my brother, had a Saturday task

to perform. He had to weed the garden. At first I used to help, but after a bit, he decided I was more of a hindrance than a help. After that I watched.

By the time we moved again, Andrew was too big to enjoy entertaining a younger sister; therefore I was left on my own hook to find amusement for myself. I found it, but it didn't last very long. We had an enormous moose head over the fire place in the living room. It had huge horns (or do you call them antlers) and rather coarse fur. It was great fun to climb from a chair, to the top of a bookcase, to the neck of that

moose head. My mother didn't appreciate the enjoyment I got out of riding that, because after she discovered why my "Here I am" came from up near the ceiling, she moved the bookcase.

Since then, we have moved several times. As I grew older, the moves became fewer and further apart. I've lived in our present home for three years—but there aren't any dents or scars in the woodwork, or any walnuts in the cellar, or any loose bricks on the hearth. There isn't anything to associate anything with. It's home, though, and worth looking forward to seeing again in June.

Motion Pictures, Limited

NAT COHEN

Theme 5, Rhetoric I, 1931-32.

IT MAY be definitely stated that no institution devoting itself to the entertainment of the American people has achieved such outstanding popularity during the last twenty-five years as the "movies," or "talkies" of more recent connotation. To countless types of men and women, young or old, from the shop-girl who would no more miss her favorite hero in his latest movie than forget to apply her lip-stick, to the self-sufficient Ph.D. who treats this form of entertainment with contempt (but rarely misses a show)—the movies are a fact as vital as tooth-paste, motoring, bargain matinees at the ten cent store, and Coca-Cola.

Let me point out why the motion picture has taken such a hold on the hearts and purses of such a wide variety of our

fellow citizens. Let us consider first the shop-girl. From a humdrum existence dominated by a glowering floor walker, she is wafted into a world of romance where the floor walker is displaced by an east-side immigrant with a Spanish accent and a name full of vowels. Next let us consider the shop girl's "sister under the skin," the wife of the second vice-president. This woman is a social climber, her goings and comings featured (magazine section preferred) in the Sunday editions. She has "listened to her voice" most carefully in an effort to convey that "world weariness" which is never absent from the intonations of a certain Swedish "star." She drops her eye-lids and lifts her eye-brows—the Rotarians will convene in Los Angeles in 1934. Let us proceed cautiously to the

Ph.D., the gentleman, the scholar, in whose presence one has a feeling of awe and reverence. He masks his penchant for the wistful sweetness of certain light-brained Hollywood-made ingenues by "going in" for the intellectual stimulus supposed to be occasionally afforded by the cinema. And lastly let us have a look at Young America. A thrill runs up and down their backs when the villain in the early "horse operetta" gnashes his pearly-white teeth and emits a vociferous: "Damn you, Jack Dalton," to the present soft-spoken, well-groomed gangster whose only reply is the rat-tat-tat of his ever ready machine gun.

Taking these examples into consideration it is not very hard to understand just why our motion pictures are "limited." The public will pay to see what it desires, and the producers in view of this fact must serve them. That is the reason why such puppets parade before us nightly—the pseudo-voiced Spaniard, the shallow-faced platinum-blonde, the drawling cow-puncher, the wistful ingenue and the glorified gangster.

And now the remedy. If we could

educate our public to the really fine values and teach them the beauty that is to be found in the higher types of the drama, there would develop an entirely new and vast field in the motion picture industry. The shop-girl, instead of going in raptures over our Spanish friend, would gradually be trained to the fine quality of acting represented by at least a dozen accomplished actors whose names are scarcely known, and yet who pass before them on the screen as often as the five-thousand-dollar-a-week variety. The society woman would realize that it is rather in spite of her appearance than otherwise that the celebrated Scandinavian actress dominates every picture in which she appears. The Ph.D. would find himself at home after the ceaseless pursuit of the "will-o-the-wisp" of aesthetic pleasure, and with a blessing on his lips for at least every other movie that he flees to. And thrill-seeking youths would probably for once realize that gun-toting cow-punchers and gangsters are not acting at all, but just acting up a bit.

How to Play Tennis

JACK E. ANDERSON

Theme 4, Impromptu, Rhetoric I, 1931-32.

IN the spring of each year men begin to shed their hats, gloves, and overcoats. As the warm atmosphere continues to cast a spell about them, they shed their coats, vests, and ties, and go about with their shirtsleeves rolled to their highest. This sudden relief from such heavy en-

cumbrances seems to arouse in all men a strong desire to evolve their masculine characteristics: they look for a way to exhibit their athletic abilities.

Of course, there are games and games in which you can demonstrate your strength, poise, agility, and grace, but

there is one game in which this seems to be true to the exclusion of all others; at least when you compare the different games as to the difficulty in learning to play them. The game is called *Tennis*. To best show how this is true, I shall give some general instructions for playing the game.

The first equipment you should buy is a dozen tubes of Unguentine and Hazel Cream; this gives considerable relief in a bad case of sunburn. Then you should buy the largest size of dark-colored goggles you can find. This not only makes the surroundings look fascinating, but it lends a bit of determination to the countenance. If you buy a pair of white flannels, do not buy the striped ones, because they will look the same as a pair of plain ones when you have fallen down in them a few times. After that, if you think it necessary, you might buy a cheap tennis racket, a few balls, and possibly a net.

The first and most important fundamental in the actual playing of the game is to learn how to high-jump the net if you have one. It makes the leg muscles limber as well as being an aid in making the game more brief. Next, when your opponent delivers you a ball, try your hardest to hit it back towards the direction from which it came, before it has bounced five times. You may find it hard, at first, to place the return within the courts, but a beginner is really not expected to do any better than to keep it within the city limits. If you wish to win the game, all you have to do is to run and jump about, hit anything within sight, and indulge in vigorous exercise of any sort until your opponent's collapse, due to exhaustion.

As a bit of specific advice, I might just say that you had better not try to play tennis until you're sure that you wouldn't like golf much better.

My Favorite Antipathies

ANONYMOUS

Theme 4, Impromptu, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

MY FAVORITE antipathies cover a fairly wide field, ranging from the mild distaste I feel for beets to the intense hatred I experience toward hypocrites and "red tape." In between these points come spinach, carrots, liver, people who drive at a snail's pace in the middle of the road, officious people, and those obnoxious individuals who shove their way through a crowd, using razor-sharp elbows to assist them. In order to be

truthful about this list, I am forced to include the study of sciences in it. I love flowers; I think there is nothing more noble and inspiring than a century-old tree; I think horses and dogs are as fine companions as anyone could want; but nevertheless I detest botany, biology, and all the other scientific *-ologies*. I have known doctors I have both liked and admired, but I am unable to regard the science of medicine with anything

but repulsion. I know that I should admire and revere the profession of medicine, but I simply cannot.

I have a special aversion for people who mistreat fine things. To my mind Hell itself is too good for people who have no consideration for a high-strung thorough-bred horse; who ruin the smooth, powerful engine of a fine car by not keeping enough oil and water in it; who break the backs and turn down corners of the pages of good books—or of any kind of books, for that matter—; who scratch the glowing surface of exquisitely fine wood with rings or coat buttons; who erect garish signboards along a road winding up a beauti-

ful hill; who break into a lovely scene on the stage with some raucous and inappropriate comment: for *all* people who spoil lovely things and ruin the masterpieces of nature and of men, no punishment is too great. It seems to me that the crowning evil is to destroy lovely things, and that the next, is to create ugly ones.

Most of my antipathies seem to be without rhyme or reason, but I have them, and the most I can do is to try to conceal my aversions, which is a most difficult task. However, for every antipathy I have several “likes,” so that life is always more happy than angry.

Mrs. Sparrow

SALLY FULTON

Description, Rhetoric II, 1930-31.

MRS. SPARROW was never late. Exactly at half past eight she would creep softly into the house, get out her pail and brush, and begin her scrubbing. Mrs. Sparrow's apron always set my calendar aright. On Tuesdays it was of blue and white checks, but it had always changed to gray and white by Friday. So quietly did she slip into the house that often we would stumble over her in some corner after she had been scouring the cracks for half an hour. This kindly wash lady with her smooth gray hair was insignificant in size, but her diligence could be immediately noticed. She dragged the tattered red pillow about, firmly planted her knees on the dent in the middle, and carefully poked in every corner. Sometimes, on special occasions, her smile seemed to jump out

at you, because—poor soul—two teeth exactly in front had been lost long before.

When she had finally finished, Mrs. Sparrow would stand in the kitchen wiping her hands on the corner of her apron while I counted out the change. It was then that she would tell me about the new baby of her niece, who, by the way, “gives the best marcel waves in town.” Then she would put on the dark blue coat and the old black hat and as noiselessly as she had come, close the back door behind her. As I watched the tiny bent figure patiently make its way down the icy walk, how frightened I used to be that the wind would suddenly sweep by and deposit Mrs. Sparrow on the top of the tall pine just down the street!

Beneath the Seas

ANDREW S. DRAPER

Long narrative, Rhetoric II, 1930-31.

ON MY study desk at home there stands an old ship's bell. It is of brass, dulled with years of exposure to the elements, and no amount of polishing can return to it its lost brilliance and luster. Engraved on the side in faint letters are the words, "S. S. *Lew Wallace*. U. S. Tug. Launched—1885." How I came into possession of that bell is a strange tale which seems disconnected from the busy world of our everyday life.

The tug, *Lew Wallace*, was launched, as the inscription on the bell indicates, in 1885. She was built for use on the Great Lakes, and was the last word in modernity of steam tugs. She was assigned to the port of Portage Lake, Michigan, where she had the job of towing the large lake schooners in and out of the harbor. She served her purpose well, and was as much beloved by the crews of the visiting lumber schooners as she was in the port, among the townspeople.

Late in the afternoon of August 4, 1893, the *Lew Wallace* was lying at anchor near the harbor entrance when a large, loaded lumber schooner, the *Our Son*, gave the signal for a tow into the Big Lake, signaling also that it would be half an hour before she would be ready. The skipper of the *Lew Wallace* was very uneasy and worried about this job, and well he might be, for towering black clouds were creeping down from the north, and the barometer was falling fast. The *Our Son* was one of the

largest schooners on the Lakes, and she was heavily loaded. Added to all this, the tug's boilers were foul, and the little boat was not at the time capable of her normal power. Caught in the storm with the schooner in tow, the *Lew Wallace* would be powerless. But the captain of the *Our Son* was insistent upon getting out of the harbor that evening, lest he be storm-bound the next day. When the signal came to the *Lew Wallace*, she slipped her cable and ran down to take the tow. By this time breaths of cold air were coming out of the north-west. The black clouds had blotted out the sunset; the storm was about to strike. The gallant little tug started out, nevertheless, black smoke pouring out of her funnel as fuel was heaped on her roaring fires below. Her safety valve screwed down, she was doing her utmost when the storm struck with a sudden, violent blast of wind, accompanied by thunder and lightning, and blinding sheets of rain. The tug's propeller beat the water; her hull vibrated, but she slowly lost headway. Suddenly, out of the night, came a blinding flash of light and a deafening crash where the tug had been. The *Lew Wallace* had blown up; her boilers could not stand the strain. The *Our Son* immediately let go both anchors. They held, and she was safe. Meanwhile the Coast Guard had put out their boats and were searching the dark water for survivors. Of the seventeen men on the tug, the captain, the pilot, and two seamen were picked up alive. The rest were found

dead the next day. Thirteen men had been killed, and the *Lew Wallace* lay peacefully in thirty-five feet of water, a total wreck. Her shattered boilers were later raised and placed on the shore, opposite the spot where the hull lay, with a sign attached, reading, "Tug *Lew Wallace*. Burned, August 4, 1893. Thirteen men killed."

Ever since my two friends, Scotty and Nick, and I had played on Portage Lake, we had been acquainted with the story of the *Lew Wallace*. We knew just where the wreck lay, for weren't the biggest black bass in the lake swimming around the old hulk? We had often spent our time, while fishing there, in imagining what was left of the little boat. On clear, calm mornings we could just make out the top of the wreck, about twenty or twenty-five feet below the surface. Last summer I brought a home-made diving helmet to Portage Lake. It was our chance really to see the old wreck, to walk on it, and take things off of it. Scotty and Nick were a little doubtful as to the success we would have, but they agreed to try it if I did so first, and came up alive.

The diving helmet was one I had made from a five-gallon oil can. It had three celluloid windows, a valve in the top, for the hose, and an outlet valve in one side. It had twenty-seven pounds of lead in the top, and two bricks bolted onto the outside, one in front and one in back. Altogether the helmet weighed over forty pounds. It was painted green. A sixty-foot rubber hose and an auto-tire pump served for the air supply.

As we had not tried the helmet out, I decided that I would rather go down close to shore and walk out to the wreck. We dropped an anchor by the spot, and ran the line in to shore, along the bottom, so that I could find my way out. I was

to go down from our big rowboat in about twelve feet of water. As I rested, up to my shoulders, in the water, I began to have misgivings. The sun felt nice and warm; the water was dark and cold. Besides, the wreck was mysterious and suggestive of death. What if I were the fourteenth to die on the *Lew Wallace*? I banished such thoughts from my mind as Scotty prepared to lift the helmet over my head. When the helmet was adjusted, and the pump working steadily, I let go of the boat. The light of the upper world closed over me; I was in another world, the submarine world. The greenish light grew dimmer as I slowly sank to the bottom. All was silence except for *pf, pf, pf*, of the air coming through the hose, and the bubbling from the outlet valve. At first my ears ached from the pressure, but I remedied that by reaching into the helmet, holding my nose, and blowing. This forced air into my ear passages, equalizing the pressure from the outside.

The bottom was sandy, with a few water-logged sticks here and there. The guide line ran past my feet and out of sight down the gentle slope toward the wreck. Leaning far forward against the water, I followed it. The slope gradually became greater, and the bottom became more gravelly. As I walked down and down, the greenish light deepened and turned to blue. The water grew colder. At last I made out, in the dim light, a great black hulk lying partly on one side, in the quiet water. I touched it, it was slimy and moss-grown. The side rose above my head to a height of about twelve feet. I jumped up (it is easy to jump high in a diving helmet) and caught my arm over the top. Below, on the inside, was the tangled wreckage of what had once been the cabin and machinery. I saw that it would be easier

Mother did it better than Aunt Susan. She didn't have a nice lacey handkerchief like Mother did, and she was kind of messy about it, anyway.

After while they all got up and went out. They carried the box Grandfather had been in out and put it in a big truck with curtains on it. Everyone went away but Mrs. Crockett and me. I changed my dress but I didn't feel like playing. I just sat on the step and held Muffy.

I guess Grandfather really must have gone to Heaven to be with Grandmother, like Uncle Jack said, because it's been a week now and he hasn't been back. I guess he's having a good time though. He told me once that Grandmother was the most wonderful woman he had ever known and that I looked like her. He left his watch, 'cause he knew I liked to play with it; so I guess he intends to stay quite a while.

Trouble

MADELINE CORD

Long narrative, Rhetoric II, 1930-31

“JACK Marlowe, are you digging in that flower bed again? You had better stop it right away or father will be very angry when he comes home and sees his flowers all dug up. I never saw such a youngster in all my life. You are always doing something you shouldn't. Mark my words, young man, you are going to find a lot of trouble one of these days digging around as you do,” whereupon Mrs. Marlowe went back into the pretty, little white bungalow with green shutters, which was surrounded by a beautiful lawn with huge shade trees and flowers of every description.

Now, like most little boys, Jack was very curious. “Trouble? What does mother mean when she speaks about finding a lot of trouble by digging around? What is trouble, anyway? Is it good to eat? Is it something to play with? Well, I'll keep on digging, and maybe I can find out what it is.” So Jack kept on digging.

At first his little toy spade just scratched the surface of the rich, black soil of Daddy's flower bed. Then he dug faster and faster. In a little while the hole was really quite wide and deep.

“Well, I haven't 'scovered any trouble yet, an' I'm kinda tired,” Jack said to himself rather disgustedly. Then a very strange thing happened. As Jack was kneeling down, running his little fingers through the cool, black earth, he leaned too far forward, lost his balance, and fell into the hole. Instead of stopping at the bottom of the hole, he seemed to be going down farther and farther. Would he never come to the bottom? Down, down, down he went. How long it was before he stopped falling, he never really knew, but he was sure it was a very long time. Instead of landing with a terrible jolt and jar, he lit as softly as if he had been a feather floating to the ground. Jack lay very still for a few seconds. How

strange and beautiful everything was! He was sitting on a soft bed of very thick moss (yes, he knew what moss was for Daddy had told him what it was just last week), which looked almost like the velvet in his Sunday trousers. All he could see around him was flowers, grass, trees, and moss. "Hm," thought Jack; "these flowers have got Daddy's beat a mile. I wonder where I am?"

"You're in Flowerland, Jack," spoke a soft little voice in his left ear. Jack was startled at the sound of the tiny voice and turned around to see where it came from. There, resting on his left shoulder, stood a tiny figure, which, at first glance, might have been mistaken for a large blue and black butterfly. Maybe it was a butterfly, but it had a small sweet face and little hands and feet, anyway.

Jack, recovering from his first astonishment, said, "Why, hello. Who are you?"

The little figure smiled at him and replied, "I'm Fairy Darling. I know who you are, for I saw you digging in the flower bed this morning. You are Jack Marlowe, and you are looking for trouble. But listen to me, Jack, you had better stop looking for trouble and spend the rest of the day in Flowerland. You know anyone can find trouble if he wants to, but not everyone can enjoy Flowerland. I'll be glad to show you around, and there really are some very interesting things to see here."

Jack eagerly accepted Fairy Darling's gracious invitation, and they started out. As Fairy Darling flew along in front of Jack, she told him she had a brother and sister and that they had some grand times playing together. Once in a while, however, they quarreled, and their mother had to settle the argument. Occasionally, one of them had to eat an

extra helping of spinach for lunch and go to bed an hour early for punishment, if he were extremely naughty. She also told him that she used to have another little brother who was very mischievous. One day he disappeared and had never since been seen. As they wandered along the little fairy pointed out many of her favorite playgrounds. In one place there was a slide, a teeter-totter, and a swing. A little farther on there was a little swimming pool with all kinds of water playthings in it—a toboggan slide, a water wheel, a raft, and a tiny rubber ball. The pool looked very much like mother's large roasting pan to Jack. And, oh yes, there was even a very tiny miniature golf course, too. Everything was, of course, built on a very small scale, but it had to be, for Fairy Darling was such a tiny being herself.

In spite of Fairy Darling's advice about trouble, Jack was constantly on the lookout for it as they walked along. Of course he didn't mention it to his little friend, and she apparently thought he had forgotten all about it. He looked in the flowers, as they passed, to see if there was any trouble there. He also looked behind the trees to see if there was any trouble hiding there. Although he became rather discouraged, he kept his eyes wide open all the time, and nothing escaped his glance. After strolling around for a considerable length of time, Jack became tired, and sat down to rest under a large, shady tree, near a bed of beautiful tulips. Fairy Darling said, while he was resting, she would go and get something for him to eat and drink, for he was hungry and thirsty, too, now. She told him to stay right where he was and she would be back soon.

Now, everything would have gone very peacefully, and Jack would have had a very pleasant afternoon in Flowerland

if he had only been content to follow the directions of Fairy Darling. But, no, Jack was not that kind of a boy. He was restless, curious, and, sorry as I am to say it, selfish. As he sat there under the tree wondering how he happened to come to Flowerland and how he was going to get back home, his gaze wandered to the tulip bed. How unusually pretty the tulips were! They were all colors—pink, green, purple, yellow, blue, and orange. In the middle of the bed an enormous red tulip towered above the others. It was undoubtedly the most gorgeous tulip Jack had ever seen. As he sat gazing at it as if he were fascinated, an uncontrollable desire to pluck it and have it for his very own seized him. Without remembering that he had no right to pick a flower that didn't belong to him, and forgetting everything but his eagerness to have the tulip, he jumped up quickly, rushed toward the tulip bed, waded through the tulips, breaking and stepping on those in his way, grasped the stem of the large, red tulip, and pulled. At first the flower did not budge. He pulled again, this time with all his might. The plant yielded, seeming to come up by the roots. Little did Jack know how near at hand his much-sought-for trouble was. At exactly the time the plant came out of the ground, there was a awful rumbling noise, and Flowerland was transformed into a land full of terrible little imps and elves. All the flowers had disappeared and thorny weeds stood in their place. Jack became very much frightened, and screamed, "Oh, what have I done? Where am I now?"

At those words, a horrible looking little imp stepped forward with a scowl on his ugly face. Jack thought he looked exactly like a picture of a gnome in his picture book at home. Jack, shrinking back with fear as the little imp advanced,

looked him over from the tip of his very pointed slippers, which turned up at the toes, to the top of his sharp little horns. The imp stopped a few steps in front of Jack, his feet apart, and his hands on his hips, saying, "Ah, ha! young man, so you finally found what you were looking for—trouble. Now, are you satisfied? You are now in Troubleland." His little speech ended in a sneering laugh. Jack soon learned that the ugly, little imp was King Trouble.

Jack began to whimper at these words. Then he cried harder and harder until his whole body shook with sobs. His crying, however, didn't soften the hearts of the little elves a bit. King Trouble ordered his fellow imps to seize Jack and put him in the dungeon. Jack saw it was useless to resist, for while the little elves were much smaller than Jack, there were hundreds of them. The imps grabbed him and pushed and pulled him to a large, dark, underground dungeon. They threw him on the cold, damp ground, and after each one had kicked and pinched him, they went out without a word and closed a heavy door of iron bars over the entrance.

After the imps had gone out, Jack gradually stopped crying, and his eyes became accustomed to the darkness. Something ran across his legs. He looked down and saw a horrible, little, brown lizard run across the ground. As he continued to stare, he noticed hundreds of similar little lizards. But that wasn't all. There were all kinds of other little creatures—tiny, green snakes, woolly, yellow caterpillars, creepy, white mice, long-legged spiders, and warty looking toads. Jack shuddered and grew weak at the sight of them. They all crept up as near him as they could. Some of them even crawled on him. Then, all of a sudden they began to talk. They jeered

at him, and told him what a foolish boy he had been. He noticed that their voices sounded like little boys'. Finally, after much jabbering, he found out that they had all been little boys once and that they had been naughty and found themselves in Troubleland. They had been put in the dungeon, and after a long time had been turned into little lizards, snakes, caterpillars, mice, spiders, and toads. They told him he would become one of them before long. He began crying when he thought that he would never see his mother and father again. Oh, if he ever got back home, which wasn't very likely, mother would never have to scold him any more. He would eat a whole dish of spinach for lunch, drink a whole gallon of milk, and go to bed at seven o'clock every night. As he sat thinking, he noticed one little toad over in the corner all by himself. He was holding one little foot off the ground. Jack went over, picked him up, and examined the leg. Jack thought it must be broken. Now Jack was very sympathetic, and he wanted to help the little toad that was crippled. Mother always wrapped a bandage around his finger when it was hurt. Maybe if he would tie a bandage around the little toad's leg, it would get well. He took his handkerchief out of his pocket, tore it into strips, and tied it around the toad's leg. Just as he finished bandaging the leg, the dungeon became filled with smoke. When the smoke cleared, Jack saw, much to his surprise and joy, that he was back in Flowerland, and Fairy Darling and another little fairy were standing on his arm. Fairy Darling told him that the other little fairy was the long-lost little brother who had been turned into a crippled toad in Flowerland one day when he was looking for trouble. Many little boys had come to Troubleland since her brother had been

there, but none of them had ever before been kind to the poor crippled toad. Jack had broken a magic spell King Trouble had thrown over the dungeon by helping the little toad. So, in return for his kindness, the little toad, who was really a fairy, and Jack had been sent back to Flowerland. Fairy Darling was overjoyed at seeing her little brother again. After the first excitement was over, Fairy Darling said she must do something for Jack. She told him he could have any wish he wanted and it would come true. There was one thing Jack wanted more than anything else—to be back home with Mother and Daddy. No sooner had he made the wish than a beautiful, tall, golden ladder appeared in front of him. Fairy Darling and her brother thanked him for the happiness he had brought them, and told him to climb the ladder, and he would eventually reach home. As Jack stepped on the first rung of the ladder, he thanked Fairy Darling for all she had done for him and waved goodbye to both of the little fairies. He started climbing. Up, up, up he went. After climbing for a few minutes, his feet no longer touched the rungs of the ladder. He seemed to be floating in a cloud. Suddenly he stopped moving. The cloud disappeared, and he found himself sitting on the ground beside the hole in Daddy's flower bed. Oh, how thankful he was to be back home! He would never again look for trouble. He hurried and filled up that awful hole so he would not fall in again. Just as he had put the last bit of earth back in place, his mother came out on the back porch and called, "Jack, oh Jack, where are you?"

"Here I am, Mother; I'm coming," Jack answered immediately.

"Well, it's about time you got home, young man. Where have you been? I've been calling you for the last half hour.

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"Where have I been? Boy, you can't guess. I've been in Flowerland and Troubleland all afternoon," and Jack began to relate his afternoon's adventure.

"Stop that silly nonsense, Jack, and hurry and get cleaned up for dinner. Daddy will soon be home." Thus Mrs. Marlowe interrupted what she thought was just another of Jack's stories which his wild imagination often created.

You can be sure that Jack never looked for trouble again, although he oc-

asionally found it in spite of his excellent behavior. He never dug another hole in the flower garden, and a more obedient and unselfish boy could hardly be found. Although Jack attempted many times to tell his mother about the adventures of that memorable afternoon, it was all in vain—she never believed him. She frequently remarked to her husband that Jack's imagination "was running away with him."



Intelligence Preferred

HAZEL WAXLER

Long narrative, Rhetoric II, first semester, 1930-31.

ELOISE looked up from her French and across the table at her little blond room-mate.

"I just don't know what is the matter, Bess."

She was close to tears. Now what could make a pretty girl with black, curly hair tearful?

"Why, honey, what do you mean? Matter with what? Come on and tell Bess."

"Oh, well, you know. Bob just can't see me. I always doll up my prettiest

for French class and smile at him 'till my face almost cracks, but he never even"

Here the tears came spilling over. Bess was by Eloise's side and had her arm around her in a moment.

"Aw, Eloise don't you cry about him. He's not worth it."

"Bu-but I like him and anyway, it's not only him, it's all the fellows. They all treat me like poison. Why? I have cute clothes 'n everything, and if I do say it myself I'm not ugly, am I Bess?"

"Ugly!" indignantly. "Why, I should say not. You're the prettiest girl in the house, Eloise."

"Oh, no. I didn't mean that! But, I mean, it isn't just my looks that's the trouble. I can't imagine . . ."

"Wait a minute," said Bess, "I have an idea. What do you make in French?"

"Make?" Eloise looked bewildered. "You mean what grade do I make? Why, A of course. But what's that got . . ."

"Ah-ha, my pretty, I think I begin to see light. What does Bob make?"

"Bob? Oh, I think he gets about a C. He's not so smart, you know, but . . ."

"Yes, I know. Now listen I think I've solved the mystery! Who makes an A besides you?"

"Why, I don't know. Let's see. Ralph Crosby, I guess, and . . . well, I guess he's about the only other one. I don't like him very well. He always makes me feel so—oh, well, so ignorant or something."

"Eloise! Don't you see! That's just the trouble with you. The poor boys get inferiority complexes every time they look at you. You're too brilliant!"

"Oh, no," said Eloise. She was laughing now, and one saw that the eyes were blue.

"O, yes!" said Bess. "You just act dumb and see how they fall. It won't hurt anything to try it anyway, except your grade in French and who cares about that?"

"I don't!" said Eloise.

Next day Eloise was surprisingly lacking in knowledge of French. Her pronunciation was a thing to make a loyal Frenchman weep and it kept her instructor in a constant state of astonished horror. She knew not the meanings of the words. She seemed to have lost all acquaintance with the language, and con-

sidering that Eloise had spoken French for three years you can see that it was no easy thing to appear so stupid. She looked appealingly at the boys in the class every time she made a mistake and they all wanted to rise up and defend this poor, little thing who was darned good-looking, if she didn't know French. In fact, they all thought she needed some one to take care of her, help her with French and with her life problems.

After class Eloise went up to the teacher and waited until all the boys had gone. A few stood around in hopes that she would walk with them, but finally turned reluctantly away as she stayed. As soon as they were all gone Eloise rushed out of the room and ran after the retreating Bob Stuart. She caught up with him out on the walk.

"Oh, Bob."

"What?"

"Do you think you could help me with this French some night? I can't seem to get it at all."

"Why—let's see." He thought a moment. "Are you going to be at home to-night?"

"Yes! Oh, it would be too wonderful of you to help me."

"Well, I might come over for awhile. It's not so bad." (He meant the French.)

He was confident, sure of himself beside this poor, helpless little woman. Bob always thought of his girls as "little women." He looked handsome, with his wavy brown hair, beside the small Eloise. Eloise purposely looked as helpless as she could.

That evening four fellows called her up, and Bob came over at 7:30. He and Eloise studied French and each other until ten o'clock. Whenever Bob would mispronounce something atrociously Eloise couldn't grin. She had to look at him with an "oh, you great, big, wonder-

ful man" expression and try to imitate him. However, Bob didn't suspect. By ten o'clock he was convinced that Eloise was hopelessly dumb in French and Eloise was convinced of the same thing about Bob, though it was far from her intention to say so. However, Bob thought that Eloise had a sufficient amount of intelligence, for she obviously appreciated him, and, as it is a well-known fact that nothing so arouses that feeling known as love in a young man as the belief that he is himself adored, Bob was fast becoming infatuated with Eloise. When he left he asked her for a date for the following Friday night. Of course, Eloise accepted. It was the only thing she could do after he had helped her, but already she was becoming doubtful of her bargain.

That week-end she went out every afternoon and night with the fellows she had liked best, but somehow, Eloise found, the anticipation of being with those boys was much more enjoyable than the fulfillment. They talked, of course, or rather they rattled. They made love to her in such a patented, matter-of-fact way that Eloise knew they had said it all before, many, many times. By Sunday she was so disgusted that she started studying French again. Monday she made her old A recitation. She decided that she was through with men. Tuesday, Ralph grinned at her as though he knew what she had been up to. She turned away from him, embarrassed. Ralph, the egotist, thought he was so

much. She hated him. She hated men. She hated everything. She even hated the weather. It was gloomy out, she noticed. It looked as if it were going to rain. Eloise wondered if the sky was crying when it rained. She wouldn't blame it if it did. She wanted to cry herself.

After class Bob came up, smiling.

"Going my way?" he asked.

"Sorry, Bob. I just don't feel like talking to you to-day," she said coolly.

"But, Eloise . . ."

Eloise had left him. She scurried off to the rest room and waited until she saw that he had left the building, then she poked slowly toward the door. She heard footsteps behind her, and, turning, saw Ralph. To her surprise, she felt a little embarrassed.

"Going my way?" he smiled. For the first time Eloise noticed how nice his smile was.

"Why—yes," said Eloise, and blushed slightly, which made her prettier than usual.

"You seemed to be better in French to-day, more like your old self." He looked at her keenly, understandingly, Eloise thought guiltily.

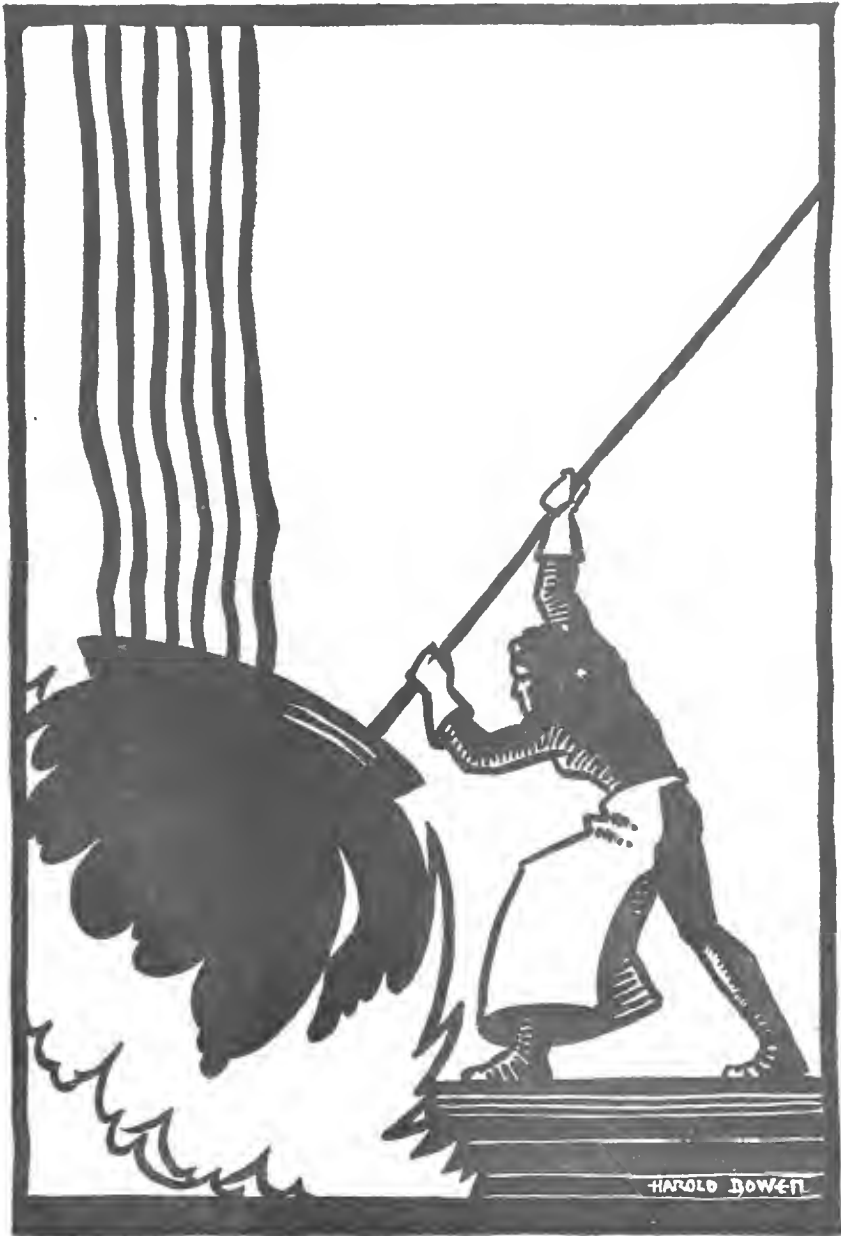
"Yes," said Eloise.

"Uh—by the way, what are you doing Friday evening? May I come over?"

"Why—yes," said Eloise, and suddenly the sun seemed to be shining, and she noticed that the day was quite beautiful after all.



THE GREEN CALDRON





THE GREEN CALDRON

January 1932

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FOREWORD

The *Green Caldron* was established by the English Department of the University of Illinois to serve as a means of bringing to the attention of freshman students freshman writings of merit. The papers published are for the most part chosen from the themes submitted by students in Rhetoric I-II. They are printed as they appear after the regular process of revision by those who wrote them. They are not presented as perfect themes. They in no fashion represent the opinions of the Committee on the *Green Caldron*. They are printed for what they are, the opinions of freshmen on the world as they find it, pictures of that world as it is re-created by the freshman imagination, the happy result of the *cacoëthes scribendi*, or of the assignment for a particular day. Nevertheless each paper chosen has seemed to the Committee to illustrate at least one virtue in freshman work.

The title selected for this magazine was submitted by Mr. Earl Swartzlander, of the class of 1934, during his freshman year.

When the first issue of the *Green Caldron* went to press, the Committee did not suspect that it included matter, very slightly changed, which had already appeared in published form. "The Guest Towel" was taken from Mr. Stanley M. Moffat's article in "The Lion's Mouth," in *Harper's Magazine*, September, 1927. "On Trees" was almost a reproduction of an essay in "The Driftway," in *The Nation*. "Veteris Vestigia Flammae" came from the *Chicago Tribune*.

The seriousness of the offence of the plagiarists may be judged from a letter which we received from *The Nation*:

"We have your letter telling us of the plagiarism from the Driftway in your English Department magazine. We, ourselves, have been in the position of the editor of your paper when we were obliged to return sonnets of Shakespeare and Wordsworth, submitted as original poems by enterprising contributors. Since your Disciplinary Committee has already taken up the matter, I think we may leave the punishment of the offender in your hands, although it would be helpful if, in your next issue, you could carry a brief statement that the article was taken in substance from *The Nation*.

Sincerely yours,

DOROTHY VAN DOREN,
Associate Editor."

Is This Adventure?

CHARLES REEVES

Theme 8, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

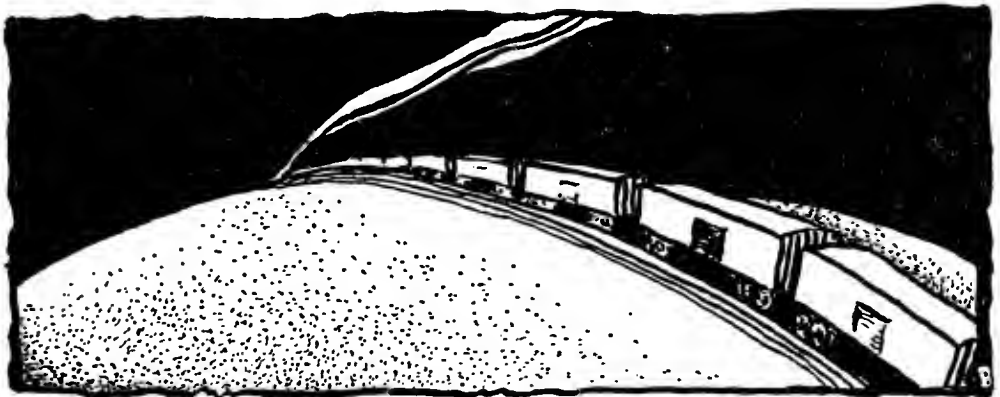
DO you ever feel that life is all too methodical with its restrictions and its formulated exactitude? Are there times when you long to leave it all behind for a while and lose yourself mentally and bodily in another world, the world of adventure? You have perhaps wished that you might, and then stifled your desire as unattainable, not knowing that adventure is just around the corner, waiting to receive those who are sympathetic and have eyes to see. You must not expect something for nothing. There are hardships and discomforts to enjoy; there is glamor and there is dirt.

It is approaching midnight. Over in the railroad yard the switch engines are making up a train, their headlights flashing back and forth as they clash and clang from car to car Now she is assembled, an unbelievably long line of cars and an engine, long, low, and beautiful, her every line radiating power. She blows a short blast of her whistle and starts slowly down the rails, her headlight piercing the blackness ahead.

She draws closer with gradually increasing cadence. Her engine passes, panting heavily.

There! don't you see it? There's an empty box car. Climb in quickly now, for you must not be seen. Crouch back into the darkness of the car while you go faster and faster until the lights of the city are left behind. Sit in the doorway and watch fields, farms, villages, and woods as they dart by, clothed in a strange mantle which only the night can bring. The red flame of the firebox, reflected in clouds of smoke rushing from the engine's stack, gives the atmosphere an indescribably strange touch.

There is rhythm, there is romance, in the click of the rails. There is beauty all around you. You can see it, you can feel it. The wind blows in your face with the smell of the woods, the fields, and smoke. With a jerking, weaving motion you go on and on. There is rhythm, there is romance, in the click of the rails.



Discourse on a Personal Matter

GEORGE PRATT

Descriptive Theme, Rhetoric II, 1931-32

I looked into the mirror this morning with razor held grimly over my lather-covered jaw. Shaving is a painful process.

"Good morning!" smiled my reflection. "Did you sleep well last night?"

"No!" I lowered the razor grouchyly. "In the first place, I was worrying over writing a theme about you."

"About me?" The image was mildly surprised. "That's queer. It's really the first time, isn't it? I mean that you've had me for a subject." Then after an amiable pause, "What are you going to say?"

"Well," I replied, "I believe I shall begin by deploring the fact that your mouth is too large, your nose is too big, and your features are too coarse."

The reflection sulked.

"Overlooking the fallacy of your statement," it objected, "I think it is altogether too vague. Why don't you say out and out that I have brown hair and brown eyes and a complexion that is—oh, oddly ruddy on the lower sides of my face near the jawbone? That's a distinctive point, by the way," it informed me proudly. The next moment, it was querying agitatedly, "Aren't you going to say *anything* about my hair? Or my eyes?"

"Hair? Really, that's out, you know. Perhaps if you'd wash it oftener" I dipped the razor into the basin and watched a creamy isle of lather sail away on the water. "But," I resumed, studying the creature thoughtfully, "your ap-

pearance on the whole would be passable, I suppose. You're almost six feet, aren't you?"

The image nodded.

"I should say you had rather a good build. — Nothing extraordinary," I hastily amended.

"May I," said my mirrored self coldly, "offer a few suggestions? Allow me to call to your attention your many and varied eccentricities. First and foremost is your violent abuse of me. Do you realize that in the last couple of days, I have been in rapid succession Lionel Barrymore, George Arliss, and Frederic March? A short time ago I was Greta Garbo, and for a fortnight after you saw *Susan Lenox*, everytime I opened my mouth, I had a Swedish accent. If it would not inconvenience you too much, would you mind telling me who I am today? One likes to know, of course."

"Don't be absurd," I objected, irritably tilting my chin and beginning to shear off the lather beneath it. "This is to be a serious theme and I want none of your nonsense."

All the same, I could not help feeling a little fatuous and uneasy.

"I know," nodded the offender, soothing me with elaborate concern, "but you can't be one-sided about an affair like this. You must confess your weaknesses as well as your virtues. Perhaps your actions have been excusable because you intend to be an actor, but you are carrying the theatre too much into everyday life. You are letting a strong dramatic

sense get the best of you. This dramatic sense makes you emotional, temperamental, and as a result, you are constantly overacting, wherever you may be. Your gestures are eloquent, your postures are studied, your very traits are copied. The actor, they tell me, must hold the mirror up to nature. But that does not mean he should be absorbed in doing that at all times. *You* have taken the advice so seriously that you have

almost obliterated your own personality! What there is of you is merely a mass of reflected moods and actions *which belong to other people!*"

With submissive meekness, I packed the razor in its case. "You will see on the morrow, sir, a great improvement," I responded eloquently.

"Is that you, or someone else?" reminded the image.

We Diverse Humans

ALMA McLAUGHLIN

Expository Theme, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

JUST recently, in the course of a friendly conversation, I asked a girl if she had read Ferdynand Goetel's *From Day to Day*. She told me that she had not read a single book in three years that was not required of her at school.

Her answer worried me. I became so interested in the question of whether she was unique in her attitude or was just one of a group, that I appointed myself a sort of inquiring reporter, and went around asking questions of my friends and acquaintances in an endeavor to ascertain how many of them never indulged in purely leisure reading.

The resulting number was truly amazing. By this time I was imbued with a desire for more statistics. In the course of my investigations, I uncovered the peculiar fact that nearly all the non-readers were mathematics or science majors, which led to another interesting question: Does an absorbing interest in science or mathematics automatically preclude an interest in literature? I have become convinced that it does. It is

really fascinating to question people who do not read for pleasure and to watch the inevitable interest in science or mathematics manifest itself. You ask, "What do you want to do when you graduate? What are you interested in?" Watch their faces light up with eager interest as the replies come to you—"I want to be a botanist!" "I'm majoring in Math." "Some day I'm going to teach Chemistry." Oh, it works—and it works both ways, too. Ask these same people about reading. Their faces have a dull, bored look as they reply: "Oh, I never read, except for book reports. I don't get any pleasure from reading."

I am like a bewildered child before them. I want to take each of them by the hand and introduce him to my very good friends—d'Artagnan and Trilby and Becky Sharp—and all the others who have delighted me for a long while, and whose friendship never palls nor fails. I want to show them the worldly-wise and humorous satire in *Vanity Fair*. I want them to smile with Lewis Carroll

and me at the subtleties in *Alice in Wonderland* (which, by the way, is much more than a child's book, and needs to be read three or four times to be appreciated). I want these people to feel the living, pulsing music that is Poe, and to feel the stark, despairing tragedy that permeates his poetry. I feel sorry for them because they are missing so much that makes my life a joy to me.

However, I really do understand these persons in a way, because of this: just

as they feel about literature—apathetic, uninterested, bored—so I feel about all mathematics and most sciences. So who am I to judge them? We just fail to see each other's points of view.

After all, there are a great many people who comfortably travel the middle road—who read a little, and feel no active repugnance to sciences and higher mathematics—and these make up the bulk of humanity, perhaps fortunately for the stability of the world.

A Financial Diary

H. C. BLANKMEYER

Theme 5, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

ONE of the most engrossing afternoons I have ever enjoyed was spent in preparing an itemized expense account in an attempt to explain a low bank balance to my parents. As I considered each item in my expense book, I experienced such a variety of emotions and so many past events came crowding before me that I became entranced with my reflections, and hours passed before I realized that my report was not yet well started.

Time and again I have re-read diaries, both my own and those of others, but until I compared them with this simple little book, containing only items, charges, and dates, I did not appreciate how clearly the events returned to me, untrammelled as they were by the contemporary observations, so profuse in most diaries.

And so as I sat there, tilted back in my chair, oblivious of the gleaming stationery with its accusing blankness,

every moment of my existence from January twenty-first until the present date was paraded before me to enjoy or regret, approve or censure. I saw the time when I first took up metal-work—bought my tools, and spent an engaging afternoon at the home of Mr. Snaith, a nationally famous amateur craftsman. I was reminded of the evening I started German at a local ecclesiastical college, and muttered "ah, bay, tsay" all the way home, much to the amusement of passers-by; of the day I secretly bought a target revolver, and spent considerable time and about one hundred and fifty per cent of my allowance on ammunition; of the time I rashly attacked my bank account for a vacation in Minnesota (and, oh, the hours that slipped away as I mused on the placidity of the northern lakes, and the hilarity of my vacation's termination in Chicago!); of a sudden death in the family, and its incumbent duties and worry. Then came the first

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day in college, characterized by what seemed extravagant expenditures; the evening my roommate and I saw the bottoms of two jugs of cider (and how we did repent at leisure!); and, finally, the evening my brother came through Urbana, when we had a glorious reunion, reminisced and prophesied, until the night had quite worn away and sleep nearly overtook us in our chairs.

Yes, this expense account proved to

be more than a mere record of assets and disbursements, more than a diary with evasive explanations and false observations; it is in every sense a chronicle of each day I have lived; and, most interesting of all to me, it shows the transition from home to college life, the pleasures I now enjoy, and the manner in which my time is spent, with not too many items, I hope, in the red.

How to Become a Successful Hitch-Hiker in Your Spare Time

BOB GARRARD

Theme 10, Rhetoric II, 1930-31

A hitch-hiker, according to the popular conception, is a human parasite that infests our highways, using his thumb instead of his feet for progression. There is also a current belief which places hitch-hikers in the same category with the most hardened and desperate criminals. But do not let public opinion deter you from your worthy ambition to become one of us. The public is always wrong anyway. The hitch-hiker is an artist—every inch an artist, especially the inches that go to make up his thumb. He has the most expressive thumb in the world; it casts a mystic spell over the unwary motorist, causing him to slam on the brakes in response to its pleading.

Before proceeding any further it would be best for me to justify my claim as an authority. It is based entirely upon personal experiences as a hitch-hiker who has exercised his art in the North, East, and South of this country, and in

Canada. Throughout all of my travels I constantly endeavored to develop my observational powers to that high degree of efficiency attained by that great traveler, Mr. Pickwick, in order that I should be able to *diffuse* and make *pre-rail* the fruit of my travels. But I was not content merely to observe and record facts; my ambition soared higher. I wanted to put method in hitch-hiking; I wanted to formulate fundamental tenets for the guidance of my future comrades in order that the world might say of me: "Methinks there's method in his madness," and I have succeeded, and now you can learn in an armchair for a trifling cost what I learned by hard and bitter experience.

The novice must first learn how to stop a car. Your stoppage ability will depend upon where you station yourself, your appearance, and attitude. When choosing your *take-off spot*, keep in mind

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the fact that fast-moving cars seldom stop; it is therefore necessary to pick a location where cars are apt to be moving slowly, such as at the edge of towns and on curves. It is even better to post yourself by traffic lights and stop streets—there you have an opportunity to establish direct contact with the car occupants. Always select a site from which you will be conspicuous to the oncoming cars, for as I mentioned earlier, the public are inclined to be antagonistic towards our sect and frankly suspicious of our intentions, but they are also an egotistical lot in that they believe they can make an accurate estimate of the hitch-hiker's character as they approach him. It is quite immaterial whether average Americans have this ability or not—the point is they think they have, so give them an opportunity to form their opinions as they approach. Gas stations are the ideal *take-off* points at night; your chances of being picked up on the open road are very slim. In regard to hailing rides at night there is one very important rule: *Don't lie down in the road to stop a car.* A friend of mine painfully discovered the inadvisability of this technique. Last summer we experienced the misfortune of being stranded late at night in the midst of a New Jersey scrub pine district. The darkness was so black that it was actually visible; near about us we could distinguish the grotesque, misshapen blotches of the gnarled and scrawny pines, the black sheep of the pine tree family, protruding through the wall of darkness. It was an utterly desolate place, but we were not alone, for hordes of mosquitoes greedily charged upon us, keeping us in constant, futile activity. The drivers of the intermittent cars seemed to be seized with an inane desire to test the pick-up ability of their automobiles when they saw us.

Finally my friend, driven to desperation by our hungry hosts, sprawled out in the middle of the road, resolved to stop a car at any cost. He had just resumed his frenzied defense against his tormentors when the headlights of an oncoming car topped the crest of a nearby hill. The occupants, a young couple who were attending to some unfinished business, failed to see the lifeless form in their way—a lifeless form which suddenly became animated when it realized the driver exhibited no signs of showing it the consideration due to lifeless forms lying in the middle of a road. After the car passed, my friend vehemently expressed his opinions, but again lay down in the road. The next car stopped, but when the obstruction calmly got up and asked the annoyed motorist for a ride, he was so mad at being duped that he promptly drove off, leaving us watching his fading tail light through a swirl of sand.

Your appearance and attitude are the chief factors considered by motorists when their foot is wavering between the accelerator and the brake. Clothes produce a definite reaction, (consciously or unconsciously) upon your prospect. A dirty, slovenly, poorly-dressed person will be passed up by the majority of the traveling public, and, strange to say, so will the too well-dressed person. Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes are not in keeping with hitch-hiking; the motorist senses something out of place and becomes suspicious, and suspicion means no ride. It is equally true that most people will pick up a school boy; therefore try to create an atmosphere by your clothes. Be neat, but not foppishly dressed; a sweater with a school letter is a veritable lodestone. The way in which you hail a car may mean the difference between a ride and exhaust fumes tickling your nose.

Your attitude should be controlled by the type of person you conceive your prospect to be. For travelling salesmen, polite but not violent gesticulations will produce the best results; for elderly couples and women assume a woe-begone and despondent aspect; but, if you decide the driver of an oncoming car is a farmer, violent gesticulations are recommended; they arouse his curiosity.

The successful hitch-hiker is not satisfied with merely getting a ride; he is conscientious and endeavors to prove an interesting companion to his benefactor. An initial complimentary remark about your patron's car should become a matter of habit when you are picked up, except when the car is in such a condition that a compliment would too plainly suggest irony. In that case the weather will prove a more diplomatic subject. If your host is not a taciturn chap (few of them are) he will assume the conversational responsibility and soon direct it towards those subjects in which he is interested. I have found that the various types of people, as groups, display extraordinarily parallel interests. Politics and crime are the universal favorites of traveling salesmen, a group which will furnish a large portion of your rides. If you will expend a few cents daily for a Hearst newspaper, or retrieve one from an ashcan, and read all the articles announced by scare headlines, you will be able to cope with the conversational gymnastics of most traveling men. It is a universally accepted fact that women are curious, so be prepared to rattle off your life history when picked up by one. When you are riding with a farmer, it will be necessary to exhibit a sympathetic appreciation of the farmer's mistreatment. A knowledge of rural conditions in your own state and

those through which you have passed will prove valuable.

So far I have been concerned with the transportation problem, but there is another phase of hitch-hiking, an understanding of which must be acquired through experience. It is a matter of knowing your way about, and of learning the tricks of the trade. It is too broad and detailed a subject to be exhausted here, but I have selected a few salient facts, mainly for the purpose of giving you an idea of the sort of information that will prove of value. There are quite a few laws which are inconvenient barriers to hitch-hiking, and a knowledge of these laws will aid you in avoiding trouble. In New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and all of New England, it is against the law to hitch-hike, but this is no serious obstacle, providing you are careful where you hail cars and watch out for state police. In traveling through all of these states I was never interfered with except in one instance when I unfortunately hailed two New Jersey highway inspectors. They stopped all right, but not to play the good Samaritan; instead they made me start walking and followed me in their car for about three miles. However, I think they suffered more than I did, for I strolled along at a nice slow pace, and it's awfully monotonous riding in a car going two miles an hour. Many Eastern towns exhibit a fondness for their vagrancy laws, and unless you desire to give some local magistrate the immense satisfaction of sentencing a Westerner, you had better keep ten dollars on hand, as the possession of ten dollars is understood to exclude one from the hobo ranks. When entering Canada, give the custom officials a definite destination, because they do not appreciate footloose American youths roaming over their highways.

Realizing that many of your activities will be controlled by your financial status, and assuming it is usually rather rocky, as mine was, I offer a few suggestions which should prove of value to one who is not well supplied with money. Eating and sleeping are the greatest expenses of hitch-hiking. I have never been able to decrease the amount of money spent for food without experiencing a decided gnawing feeling midships, and so I close the subject at the beginning by suggesting a large budget for food. Sleeping, however, is a different matter, as the amount of money spent for sleeping quarters may be cut in half by a simple system that I have always used. When traveling I made it a practice to sleep out one night and go to a hotel the next night. It is not always necessary to sleep out, for some towns have very comfortable jails—for example, Niagara and Albany, New York, Clarksburg, West Virginia, and Dayton, Ohio. The jail at Niagara is strongly recommended because the hotel prices there are scandalous, and it is impossible to sleep out in the park on account of the perpetual mist rising from the Falls. The jail is centrally located, the cells have swinging doors (wonderful things to play on), and the breakfasts are very decent.

If you intend to enlarge your fixed capital by the abominable practice of bumming money, do not try it in large cities, for the citizens are calloused and

uninterested in your plight, except in Atlantic City. The Boardwalk of Atlantic City is the best hunting ground in America, as my friend and I found out last summer. We had a room about a half mile from the Steel Pier, and at night as we walked along the Boardwalk towards the main district we always managed to *borrow* enough money for our evening's entertainment. Small towns are all right, but be careful to avoid the embarrassing position which my indiscretion thrust me into in Red House, West Virginia. Red House is a village nestling in between two peaks of the Blue Ridge; it is quite small, one street being sufficient to accommodate both the business and residential districts. I had just eaten dinner in the only café and was standing out in front when a benevolent-looking man approached, whom I asked, for no reason at all, for some money to get something to eat with. He was a magnanimous soul and suggested that he buy my dinner in the café. I remonstrated, but he was bent on doing his good turn a day, and dragged me into the café where he explained to the waiter my pressing need of nourishment. The waiter, a sour fellow, looked at me and asked, "What was the matter with the meal you just finished?" My benefactor and the waiter turned accusing eyes upon me, and I, well, I frantically fumbled in my pocket for a crumpled pack of Murads reserved for such situations.



A Mid-Western Country Town

FLORENCE I. ADAMS

Expository Theme, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

ENTERPRISE must seem the most uninteresting town in the United States to any tourist or chance visitor who might happen through there. But to me it is the "old home town" and, more important, it is where my parents grew up, and where my grandparents struggled with dangers and hardships, and hoped and dreamed for the future. It is the little town that sprang up in the wild prairie of central Michiana when the first railroad came through and there were enough settlers within a radius of thirty miles to establish a post office.

It now has one thousand and three inhabitants—a typical Mid-Western country town—smug, narrow-minded, and ignorant of the world. The citizens are prosperous, retired farmers, and all they desire of their town is that it be a comfortable place to live in, with the post office and station to loaf in, and as few taxes as possible to pay. It is not progressive; all the ambitious young people leave as soon as they are graduated from high school.

The citizens are content in their small world; gossip, church, crops, and house-keeping are as wide a sphere to them as the whole world is to the cosmopolite. They are not at all aware that they know nothing about the world. There is a Woman's Club, a Parent-Teachers Association, and a Mother's Club (purely social). Many of the citizens have been to Chicago and to the World's Fair. Miss Charity Fareweather, the music teacher, and one or two others belong

to the Book-of-the-Month-Club, and subscribe to *Harpers* and the *National Geographic*. Mrs. Jonab Dobbins and her daughter, Clarabelle, once went to Boston for a two weeks' visit with relatives. Many of the people take motor trips to Turkey Run and Starved Rock Park, and even to Denver and Washington, D. C. Some of the old Puritanical horror of dancing and card playing has been overcome. A Bridge Club has recently been organized among the more daring and modern in society. But Mrs. Prissard recently asked me in a half-whisper if I knew girls who really did smoke.

There is one business street—only one side of the street—facing a neat boulevard park. There are no chain stores; everyone believes in supporting the native business men. There are a bank, two grocery stores, one butcher, one baker, one drugstore, two confectionaries, a pool room (the "den of vice"), one Ford dealer, one Chevrolet dealer, two garages, and four filling stations. There is one motion picture theatre which specializes in "Westerns" and shows the big pictures two years late. In the summertime there is a band concert in the city park every Wednesday evening. There is a weekly newspaper, the *Enterprise Globe*, consisting of two pages of "Locals" and syndicated short stories.

Each of the four churches has barely sufficient membership to struggle along. The church music of the largest, the

Methodist, is supplied by a quartet of aged church members, who do not know the first thing about carrying a tune and hold a hymnal as they would an almanac. The congregation of this one foremost church is always divided in heated controversy over the minister; when Conference time comes, the agitation is at a fever pitch, and the poor preacher is at the mercy of his malicious Christian flock.

The homes are substantial frame houses with wide hospitable porches, and attractive big lawns. There is always a vegetable garden in the back, for gardening is one of the main summer interests. It all speaks eloquently of moderate prosperity, orderliness, and complacency. There are no rich people and no paupers. The only distinctions of class are honesty and a good family name. The hired help and the family eat at the same table and their children grow up together. In sickness or in trouble neigh-

borliness and charity ease the way for many an unfortunate soul. There are few scandals, and few accidents—the surface is seldom rippled—but when it is, the incident is a lifetime subject for conversation.

After graduation from high school, most of the young people go to Millville University or the University of Michigan for a year or two and then come home to marry and settle down in the family business, or on the farm, while the old folks move into town to enjoy the fruits of their labor. The more ambitious start out for bigger things, by teaching school or selling vacuum cleaners, and many of them achieve success. Enterprize boasts of no famous citizens, but her sons and daughters are to be found all over the world in various occupations, and no one can say that the influence of this little town is not felt in the world.

The Occident or the Orient?

FRED STANTON

Theme 8, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

LET me take you to Syria, that land of yesterday and today, of strange people and yet stranger customs. Here may be found the modern and the ancient, the cosmopolitan and the provincial. It is a land of dreamy romance mingled with very active industrialism, a land of great beauty yet possessing sordidness.

For centuries the people have retained certain practices inherited from their forebears. However, they have also

adopted some of the conventions of the contemporary ages. Although transportation there has witnessed the supremacy of mechanical conveyances over animals, agriculture is still conducted in what we would call a primitive manner. A man may employ trucks to transport his products to a market and at the same time cultivate those products by the slowest and most laborious processes. There may be, in a city, many of the innovations for managing all traffic problems; yet in

the fields around the town farmers are still plowing the soil with wooden implements or reaping the harvest with a sickle wielded by hand. Such simplicity we cannot understand because we are modern in both our production and consumption, while they are up to date in their consumption only.

While it is true that the country has adopted many of our Western methods, it may also be said that the people are loath to relinquish just as many of their customary methods. A short time ago I was walking along State Street, in Chicago, with a young man who had but recently returned from Beirut, the nation's capitol. As we were jostled about in the crowd at one of the street intersections, he remarked with noticeable regret, "So I left that life over there to come back to this! This maelstrom—this surging, crushing tide of humanity, bound they know not whither, but trampling one another in the mad attempt to get there." It is true. We Americans and most Europeans may hold the enviable positions in commerce and politics, but to the Orientals we must turn to learn how to live. While we may be existing, they are really living. It is small wonder, then, that they hesitate to accept very many of our ideas.

After all, what have we to give them which is so much better than what they already possess? The sages who long ago planned the various rules for conduct were surely wise to have instituted so many laws which are still applicable. Their heirs, in many cases, can handle a situation much more expediently with time-worn traditions than could we with our Western culture. What solution

may we offer for the problem of unfaithful husbands or wives which is comparable to the one in effect in certain parts of their country today? This solution of which I speak is practiced by the Druse tribe of northern Syria. The people claim the inheritance of the purest blood in the world. They accept no converts into the tribe nor do they allow any of their number to marry outside their faith. Intermarriage, although contrary to the beliefs of biologists and physiologists, is accepted and practiced. Their bodies are free of the social diseases common to the European countries. At the time a marriage ceremony is performed the girl gives as part of her dowry a jewel-studded dagger with which her husband ends her life should she prove unfaithful. Infidelity by the man is punished by the father or brothers of the wife, and since divorces are not recognized, death at their hands establishes justice. Because they have such an effective weapon for combating divorces, they have no Reno nor Paris, no scandals nor alimony payments.

There are many such drastic measures taken to prevent lawlessness. In Syria, where one may expect to find a little bit of everything, there is an apparent conformity to God-given laws. This country is part of the Holy Land, and the people still conduct themselves in the manner their forefathers did in the days before Christ. Perhaps this accounts, in a measure, for their backwardness. More likely, however, to be the cause of their steadfast continuance in the ancient custom are the words of one of their prophets, "A house kept in order means a house that endures."

The Fallibility of Conscience

JAMES L. RAINEY

Expository Theme, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

CONSCIENCE, usually defined as the "moral sense within a person that enables him to choose between right and wrong," is often thought of as a heaven-sent power, which gives people an unerring solution for their problems. Certain discrepancies in this theory make it plain that conscience is but another strand in the vast net of tradition, custom, and taboo that regulates our lives with astonishing thoroughness.

Conscience is not unerring. Ideas of what is right and what is wrong change greatly over periods of time or in different sections of the world. For instance, in ancient Sparta infanticide was considered to be necessary for the preservation of the state. Sickly children were weeded out, and the hardness of the race suffered no set-backs. In the mind of the Spartan, therefore, infanticide was all right. His conscience refused to get excited over the matter at all. Now, however, our consciences rebel against infanticide quite as much as they do against any other form of murder. We even go so far as to balk at the segrega-

tion or sterilization of idiots. Was the Spartan right, or are we right? Certainly conscience cannot decide.

Huckleberry Finn went against the dictates of his conscience when he assisted the runaway negro, Jim, in an attempt to gain freedom. In all Huck's previous life it had been dinned into his ears that slavery was a fundamental, indispensable institution, and that a helper of runaway slaves was second only in contemptibleness to a horse thief. The situation was quite different in the Northern States. There, the call of conscience played no small part in getting tired farmers out of warm beds for the purpose of conveying a runaway slave ten miles more along the underground railroad.

It seems that circumstances alter cases in the matter of conscience. Right to one person may be wrong to another. Conscience thus is shown to be our personal opinion of right and wrong, based on our education, personal experiences, and prejudices. Conscience is a valuable but not an infallible guide.

On Studying

H. A. JOHNSTON

Rhetoric II, 1931-32

STUDYING is the favorite pastime of a student at the University of Illinois. It is pursued at all times and under both

favorable and unfavorable conditions. A student here is not so plagued by the necessity of studying as are the students

in French and German universities. In foreign universities one finds no extra-curricular activities corresponding to our work on the *Illio* and *Daily Illini* and our organized sports; therefore, since he has no excuse for not studying and preparing his lessons, he must always present an intelligent and bold front to the instructor, or professor, as he is called in less democratic countries than America.

It is impossible for a student to study properly unless his surroundings are conducive to rest and recreation. He must be provided with a perfectly appointed desk or writing-table that will be used only on rare and unusual occasions; he must have a comfortable leather easy chair drawn up before a glowing open fire at which he can toast his toes; he must have a softly shaded bridge lamp to provide for him a rosy illumination—a glaring, practical light would not serve so well to put him to sleep; on a table at his elbow must be some popular books of light fiction and a plate of fruit or candy, for it is impossible to study if one cannot, at the same time, exercise the jaws, rolling them about in the pleasant motions of eating. Eating while one studies serves to give one that dull, sleepy, comfortable feeling which offers an excuse to allow one's book to slip to the floor while he gazes dreamily into the glowing fire, building romantic castles in Spain.

The most propitious time for studying is immediately before an examination. If one studies consistently during the six weeks, he only forgets a major portion of what he learns, and it is necessary for him to re-learn all that material before an examination. Why, then, take the trouble to learn it more than once? The old adage which we used to recite at high school banquets is especially ap-

plicable in this case: "The more you study the more you know; the more you know the more you forget. The more you forget the less you know, so why study?" Why, indeed, should one study if he is going to forget all that he learns and is going to have to learn a vast mass of material over again at the end of the semester? Every student knows that if he writes a good examination at the end of the semester, thus giving the instructor the impression that he has learned something from the course, he will get a good grade regardless of what his previous work has been. Why, then, slave every day when, by staying up all night before an examination, one can procure the same results with a minimum of effort?

Studying is by far the easiest work that a university student has thrust upon him. It is far harder to find a fraternity brother of yours who has the solution of a certain problem on a particular page of a mathematics book completely worked out than it is to work the problem for yourself. But it is vastly less sociable to sit alone in your own room for an hour while you struggle with the mysteries of x and y than it is to stroll from room to room inquiring of each of the brethren if he is the one who holds the key to your success in mathematics. Then, too, your own solution is far more apt to be wrong than one on which has been expended all the mathematical genius in the house.

My parting advice to all would-be scholars in this: Study only when you can find no good excuse for doing otherwise; study when you have the proper surroundings; study only before examinations; and never study when you can find someone who will do your work for you.

The Fascination of Machinery

JAMES C. TOUREK

Theme 8, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

MACHINERY of any kind has always been a source of interest to me. Even in my younger days, when I recognized any mechanism as simply a medley of moving parts, I was fascinated by standing by and watching things "work." Anything mechanical attracted my attention. I would stand for minutes at a time just to watch the operation of a concrete-mixer; the actions of a steam shovel would delight me for hours at a time. Whenever I was fortunate enough to get close to a railroad train, the engine with all of its moving parts was the chief object of my admiration. Moreover, the engineer who knew how to operate all of that mass of intricate machinery had, in my opinion, one of the most desirable positions in the world. Even in my play, things of a mechanical nature seemed to take the lead among the sources of my pleasure. My favorite toys were those representing models of some real machinery, or those having some moving parts with which I could tamper. Verily, I was a true son of this machine age.

After I had gone to school for some time, I began to view machinery with a bit of understanding and not with just the observance of mere action and moving parts. My education, especially in high school, had been one almost purely technical; I had spent much of my time in drafting-rooms and in the various departments of shop-practice training. After several years of this sort of education, my love for things mechanical still remained; in fact, it was stronger than

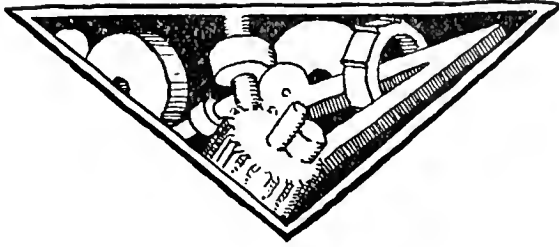
ever. It was no longer, however, a primitive instinct. That inborn desire was now being reinforced by the ability to recognize the true worth and meaning of machinery, the ability to see more than just the mere iron and steel that go to make up the machine.

Well prepared with my high school education, I went out into the business world to seek an interesting job dealing with machinery. I found just what I wanted in the drafting-room of a corporation which manufactured printing-presses. There I would be close to things pertaining to my delight, machinery. And this was real machinery. If any object deserves to be called a machine, a modern printing-press is the object. It embodies practically all of the principles of mechanics. It was there that I learned many things which taught me the true value of machinery. There I could see all the work of designing, that very careful work in which particular attention had to be paid to stress and strain, wear, and operation in conjunction with the rest of the machine. All of this was done with an astounding degree of exactness. Then I had the opportunity to go out into the shop and see the actual manufacture of the parts. There again, I saw a repetition of precision and exactness as expert workmen performed their work to produce each piece, a perfect part to go into a perfect machine.

After viewing all of these things, I have developed a real sense of appreciation for machinery. A machine no

longer fascinates me just because of itself. I think not only of the precise and beautiful action, but of all the exact work which made possible that beautiful action. I think of the engineer, figuring and designing. I

think of the expert shopman working with his very skilled hands. Then I think of both of them, working together to produce that most perfect harmony in iron and steel, the modern machine.



The Language of Bees

MARVIN CARMACK

Theme 10, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

THE senses of insects are of necessity highly developed, since they must take the place of a guiding intellect. Certainly, of all insects, this statement is most true of bees. The marvelously delicate sense of smell that guides the worker bee to the most distant source of nectar; the keen sight that enables her to return straight to her own hive; the admirable sense of feeling with which she constructs her comb in the dark, pours honey in the cells, feeds the young, and recognizes her queen; the acute taste which selects just the proper food and drink—these are the things that have piqued the interest of philosophers and scientists for centuries. Even after thousands of years of observation we cannot be sure that bees possess the senses—smell, sight, feeling, and taste—in the same way that men do, for they often exhibit seemingly inexplicable

traits. The ideas we form of their perceptions, based on the faculties given to us, may be entirely incorrect.

One of the senses which has no parallel among men is the use of the antennae. In some subtle way these sensitive “feelers” recognize the presence of other bees or enemy insects; they also seem to be a means of communication. Bees use the antennae especially at night when they are guarding their hives from invasion by moths. Though bees require much light to see, and become blind in moonlight, the sentinels have an effective means of protection. The slightest contact with the waving “feelers” serves to arouse the whole hive. The bees on guard during the night at the entrance often produce a light rustling sound; when any strange insect touches their antennae, the sound assumes a different character, and several workers from the

inside come out to drive off the invader.

Certain responses of bees seem to indicate a sense of hearing also. If we tap on the alighting board of a hive, the bees immediately begin to vibrate their wings; if we blow through a small hole in the hive, we hear some of them producing sharp and interrupted sounds with their wings, and there is a general movement toward the side where the air entered. Except for such instinctive signals and responses, however, bees are entirely unaffected by sounds, even of loud thunder or guns. Although they

cannot hear in the ordinary sense, we can only conclude that they *do* communicate, and that certain signals produce fairly regular results.

Such observations as these, recorded by unquestionable authorities, appear to prove that language exists among these insects. After all, there is nothing unreasonable in the idea of language among beings so highly developed in instinct as bees, whose active lives and interdependency require communication to be properly continued.

Dreams Are My Adventure

ARNOLD GREENBAUM

Theme 10, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

CHICAGO is not a true representative of the State of Illinois; and, likewise, the life I lead by day is no criterion of what I really am. The real adventure of my life occurs in my slumber; my actions and emotions during waking hours serve only as fuel for my furnace of dreams. Convention has bound me to dress as others do, to conduct my life within a given set of rules, and to appear to be as unimaginative as a mathematics instructor; but it can set no rules for me to dream by.

Custom has put me in its mold and has stamped me as it has marked every other youth of today. I can read Spanish, I do not fear $ax^2 + bx + c = 0$, I think cowardice is shameful, I swim and play baseball, I think money is the root of all evil, I believe feminine chastity is a virtue, I can quote Shakespeare, and I believe a boy's best friend is his mother.

I live every day with very little variation from the preceding or the succeeding one—I do little more than work, walk, talk, and study. That is what convention has done to me.

But as soon as I lie down on that magic carpet vulgarly called a bed, I no longer follow the pattern. My sense of right and wrong deserts me. I find myself in unusual situations, and I solve my problems in odd fashion. There are fantastic dreams, virtuous dreams, and sensuous orgies. My petty enemies of the day become monsters at night. I plot to ruin them, and usually succeed. Once a boy and I quarreled over a trifle, but that night I conceived such a hate for him that I afterwards avoided speaking to him, lest my aversion be shown and a serious fight result. At other times I have explored all this world, and others, too. I am sure I should find them just

as my dreams have pictured them. I have sung *Canzone* of Verdi, and have had critics acclaim me immortal. I have jumped from a cliff to my death, and in my sleep have suffered all the agonies of such an entrance into eternity. I have had love affairs with every type of woman under the sun, and have married the worst. I have seen an exquisite rosebud unfold and expose the features of a leering Chinaman who came at me with a poisoned arrow which he plucked into my heart. I have dined with the gods in Valhalla, talked with Thor, walked with Odin. I have been a coal miner trapped by a cave-in, and have been suffocated

by deadly gas. I have been a motor man, and have driven a street car on trackless streets. I have asked the *Mad Hatter* the time of day, and have moved around the table with him, drinking tea. I have lived *Hajj, the Beggar of Bagdad*. I have dissected cadavers and have solved the mystery of life. Cortez and I have conquered Mexico and have viewed the glory of the Aztecs. What haven't I done in my dreams?

The world may regulate my actions and passions while it controls me, but its attempts to dominate my sleep and dreams have been feeble. In slumber, I am supreme.

Writing as a Safety-Valve for Emotion

MYRON D. GREEN

Theme 13, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

FOR innumerable years the art of writing has been used as a sort of safety-valve for emotion. Of course it has not always been known as such, but this purpose has been served, nevertheless. It has provided a safe outlet for powerful, excessive emotions that might have proved quite disastrous if they had been allowed to culminate in some other form of expression—physical violence, for instance. Writing has relieved mental tension due to an overabundance of some emotion—love, perchance, or hatred, or fear. At all times it has acted as a regulator for strong personal feelings.

Lincoln is said to have once told a general of his, who was quite angry at a subordinate over some trivial matter, to write the fellow a letter in which he

should give full vent to his wrath. He advised the officer not to post the letter for a few days, however. Later, when questioned by the general as to when the letter should be mailed, Lincoln replied, "Don't send it. Reread it, and destroy it; but don't post it. It has served its purpose." The letter had indeed served a worthy purpose! It had given expression to the general's pent ire, and, since it was destroyed, it prevented discord and ill-feeling between the soldier and the officer.

Many of the greatest authors of all times have resorted to writing to express their excessive emotions. Authors, the same as painters, musicians, and others of so-called "artistic" temperament, are high-spirited and excitable. Because of this, they experience more emotions, and

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emotions of a higher degree, than ordinary men do. It is usually while under the power of some strong feeling that most writers produce their best work. Shelley is famed for his exuberance (as displayed in "To a Skylark"); Jonathan Swift is noted for his harshly critical turn of mind; Longfellow for his appreciation of beautiful scenes of life; Wordsworth for his appreciation of beautiful scenes of nature; and Poe for his ability to appall the reader with depressing description and narrative. The ability of each of these, and of all other successful writers, may be traced directly to some deep-set, uncontrollable emotion for which writing has provided an outlet—a safety-valve, as it were.

We read in our daily newspapers, only to-day, of a sixteen year old youth killing a twelve year old girl and himself as the result of a "puppy-love-affair." The reporters describe the youth as "super-

sensitive and over-emotional." The affair seems ludicrous to us, but to that youth it was a grim reality. If his superabundant feelings only could have been diverted into the channel of writing rather than the channel of physical violence, the regrettable event would, in all probability, never have taken place.

All persons, even you and I, frequently hear something, see something, or learn something that rouses an uncontrollable, almost indescribable feeling within us. Our souls are stirred,—rocked,—yes, blasted to their very depths by some powerful emotion. It may be hatred, fear, or jealousy; it may be love, or a sense of beauty;—but, good or bad, it overcomes us—carries us away. Then it is that we may ease the tenseness of our minds by writing down on paper what we feel within ourselves. Then it is that writing is truly a safety-valve for emotion.

Sancho Panza

ERNESTO DEL RISCO

Book Report, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

EVERYONE knows about Don Quijote, who read tales of giants and princesses and enchanted castles and wandering knights of great strength and courage until he determined to become a knight himself, and to accomplish great things, but we do not pay much attention to his faithful squire, Sancho Panza.

To me, Sancho is as important as his master, and he is as well portrayed as Don Quijote himself. Both characters complement each other. Without San-

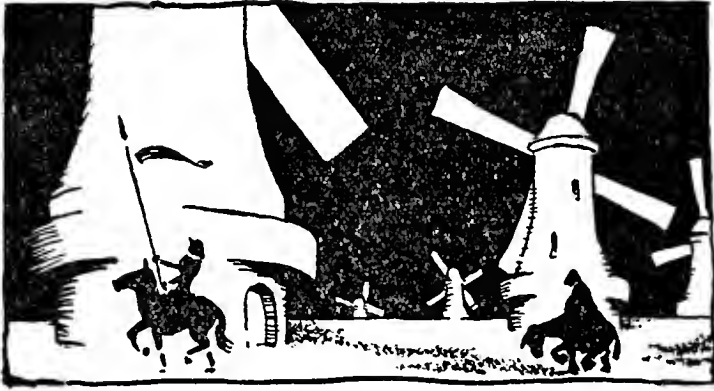
cho, Cervantes' novel would be a series of fantastic adventures, which would, perhaps, amuse us, but it would not have the interest and appeal it has now. Sancho with his common sense and his tendency to see life and things as they really are, makes the book more human and more universal.

Before becoming Don Quijote's squire, Sancho was a farmer. He was a good and honest man, but he was not very intelligent, and Don Quijote did not have

to argue very long to make him believe that he would become rich and famous, if he consented to serve him as a squire. He served his master, faithfully and loyally, and he never deserted him, although he realized, before long, that Don Quijote was mad.

Sancho Panza is more than a charac-

ter or a type. He is the personification of common sense and realism in contrast with madness and excessive idealism, personified by Don Quijote. He, probably, is not so fascinating and exotic as his master, but he is more human and more likable than the "hidalgo" from La Mancha.



"Soup, Beautiful Soup!"

(L. Carroll)

YANITA GROSSMAN

Theme 10, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—"Soup again!"

IT is the foreordained right of boarding-house landladies to inflict hash upon their weak-stomached guests. When the powers-that-be in the kitchens of campus houses assume that prerogative as their own and set before us leftovers "tastefully disguised," we can say nothing. But when the remains of three days of unsatisfactory food are mixed together in a few gallons of heated water and set before us under the guise of *soup*—then all who have any respect for their internal organs and for soup as

such, must rise and unite in protest.

When we first came here to live, the meals, though not composed of expensive foods, were appetizingly prepared and pleasantly varied. Now that six weeks have passed into the limbo of things forgotten and we seem to be immutably rooted in our respective houses, the cooks are beginning to lapse into bad habits. Foremost of these is the lamentable practice of serving what can best be described as liquid hash.

Hamburger, in itself a pleasant dish, is greeted with groans. From sad experience we have learned that it heralds spaghetti. The day after that we shall have beans for luncheon, and the following day the spaghetti with its hamburger remnants and the beans will appear in soup. Or again, we are served fresh celery for dinner. At the next meal it is creamed. Then in rapid succession corn, turnips, and peas make their *débuts*. The next day—soup.

Personally, I hold no grudge against soup. It is an humble dish but one which can be raised to heights of great nobility by a cook who will make the most of his artistry. At *Ciro's*, soup is a ceremony. *Potage Florentine*, steaming in its silver tureen and smelling deliciously, is served with a reverent flourish by obsequious and snowy-bosomed beings, who bear it in with a great show of pomp. How it glints in the soft, rosy light, promising of richness as it is lovingly ladled from tureen into porcelain. Hot, crisply toasted rolls accompany the dish along with the fragrant little pats of butter, dewy from the nests of cracked ice in which they have been awaiting this

moment, and adorned, each one, with a flower impressed cameo-fashion upon its pale yellow satin surface.

But, oh! Here we enter the "house" dining-room, a cheerful place usually, but now gloomily embellished with plates of soup, already cool and fast growing cooler. Great bowls of soda crackers and plates of squarely cut butter pats, not particularly good to look at, are set immediately in the center of the tables. We look with distaste at the soup, decide we really are not hungry, and pass on to the salad.

Soup, forsooth! Was it for such as this that valiant cooks poisoned their tasters in the attempt to discover outlandish and foreign but none the less savoury broths whereby to tickle the palates of their lords? Was it of such as this that the Mock Turtle voiced his deathless song? Then why do you sit thus, weakly dipping into the nauseous brew? Up! and with spoon for sword and bowl for buckler, storm the kitchen. Let not posterity turn up their noses, saying, "No wonder they were such a crumby lot. Did you ever see what they ate and dignified by the name of soup?"

A Dissertation on Cheese

(With apologies to Lamb)

NATHAN LEVIN

Theme 8, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

HAVE you ever wondered, as you enjoyed one of the toothsome varieties of cheese, how it was discovered that milk would solidify when heated? For after all, all the fancy varieties of cheese

have their initial and most important stage in the heating of milk to a certain point. I will not vouch for the truth of the following story but will leave its veracity to the discretion of the reader.

It seems that many years ago in ancient Arabia, there lived a venerable old man by the name of Allah Fez who has cursed with the most shiftless and indolent son that ever vexed a fond father. While the father would be busily engaged in the management of his flocks and lands, Allah Fez, Jr., could always be found dozing in the shade of a palm tree. The only activity he displayed was in the devouring of his daily meals. But do not judge this youth too harshly. For it was he and no other that gave to an appreciative world that inseparable companion of rye bread, cheese.

In recognition of the excellence of the goat's milk produced by his well-tended flock, Allah Fez secured the government contract for the garrison which was stationed in a near-by town. This served to keep him prosperously busy and affairs continued in their regular routine.

But this condition was not destined to last. One day the faithful Moslem received notice that he should be especially careful in preserving the sweetness of the milk since the Commander in Chief of the Arabian army was to be the guest of honor. Allah Fez had to leave town that day for important personal reasons, so he looked around for someone to supervise this important transaction.

Now the aforementioned son comes into the story. What was more natural than that the son and only heir of the family possessions should "step into his father's shoes." Allah Fez attended to all the details incidental to the completion of his contract, leaving only the delivery of the milk to his son.

It would appear obvious that this simple task should have been carried out without mishap even by a person with Allah Fez, Jr.'s indifference. In fact all

he had to do was to place the milk bags at the edge of the lake where they would be kept cool until the time came for their conveyance to the garrison. The young man, however, preferred to indulge in a refreshing nap until the last moment and thus unwittingly brought about one of the greatest discoveries of his day.

I believe that all of us know enough chemistry to understand what changes went on in the milk left exposed to the rays of the blazing sun. In short, the milk changed to cheese. When our young hero loaded the bags on his camels he was too deep in his lethargy to notice that the bags did not emit their customary gurgling as they were tossed on the animals.

The result of his carelessness was immediate and drastic. The next day the boy's father was summoned before a court martial on the charge of breach of contract in not supplying any milk on the day before. The poor man, dazed and bewildered, seemed sure to lose his prestige, to say nothing of his lucrative contract.

But he was rescued by an event that seems little short of miraculous. The prosecuting attorney was in full stride, denouncing the old man in violent terms. In the midst of his arguments he held aloft Exhibit 1, a goat skin bag, full, not of milk, but of some strange solid substance. His Honor was attracted by the rather pleasant aroma of the fresh cheese and demanded a closer inspection of the article in question. He opened the bag; he tasted; and he was won. The surprised Allah Fez was congratulated as the inventor of a wonderful new food and was rewarded with an even more lucrative contract for the new substance.

Cod-Liver Oil

MILDRED HENRIOT

Theme 11, Rhetoric II, 1930-31

THE thought of taking a tablespoonful of cod-liver oil nauseates me. It takes all my nerve to reach into the ice box and draw out that sickening oil. With very reluctant fingers I unscrew the top and turn my head from the fishy odor that issues forth. I pour the heavy yellow liquid in a spoon and brace myself. The odor stifles me and my stomach tips and turns in my body. I close my eyes and literally ram the spoon into

my mouth. It rolls as a ball to the end of my tongue and stops there. With a cringing and clenching of fists, I manage to send it on its way. After it is gone, the fish-like taste comes straight up my throat and settles at the starting place to plague me all day. The vileness of cod-liver oil combines all the slipperiness of oil and the evil fishy tastes of sickening oils.

A Perfect Job

R. WEBBER

Theme 13, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

ON cold mornings I cannot help thinking of the time I spent as third mate on a small packet steamer carrying mail, small cargo, and passengers from Martinique to San Fernando on the Orinoco River in the heart of Venezuela. The trip took us about ten days and the distance was about twelve hundred nautical miles.

You might think this trip would get tiresome as we merely shuttled back and forth like a street car, but the ever changing delights of the tropics took away all monotony. The days sparkle with a brilliance found only on a tropical sea, and the nights are usually clear and cool. The stars hang so low you feel you

can touch them with a marlin spike. The steamer slips past innumerable, tiny, palm-covered islands and coral reefs. We pass through the Boca del Sierpe and approach the mouth of the Orinoco. The waters change and become fresh and dirty colored. A more or less dense jungle lines the River. Farther back there are vast stretches of cultivated land. Even so there are still stretches of river where we stay in the middle of the stream, for the Indians are unfriendly and no one wants a poisoned arrow in his back.

At last we come to Ciudad Bolivar, made up of a few huts, a few Indians, many empty Standard Oil tins, and in-

numerable dogs. It is a town, however, and we are glad to see it. We leave some mail, a little cargo, and perhaps someone bound for one of the plantations or an oil field in the Guiana highlands.

The next day we continue on toward San Fernando. There, if one wants to go on, one must take a small boat as the water is too shallow for the steamer farther up the river.

We stay here a few days and then make our way back to Martinique. Our boat does not make another trip for a week, so the whole crew goes to Van-jada where the Captain lives. We are

used to the sights of the tropics but when we see this island even the most hardened fireman gasps with amazement. Words cannot describe the perfect symphony of color. It is like an emerald surrounded by varicolored stones. We go ashore and our friends vie with one another to see in whose house we will stay.

A few days later we leave to make another trip to San Fernando. Every day is like a vacation. Do you wonder I find it hard to keep my mind on my lessons on a cold morning?

Between Halves

HELEN RUSSELL

Theme 8, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

“LOOK at that drum major; would you! Isn’t he just grand, and isn’t that a nifty outfit with that great big black bear shako? My, but he’s a big fellow, and he certainly handles himself and baton well.” These comments hurled past my ears between halves of the Homecoming game. Each and everyone of them puffed up my pride several notches, for that handsome, strutting drum major was my big brother!

While I was tensely watching the maneuverings of the band, I found myself substituting another picture for the one before me. In place of the towering drum major was a little boy brandishing a broomstick with a croquet-ball driven onto the end. It was not a band he was leading but a fat, bobbed-haired little girl in overalls fervently beating a tin pan with a wooden spoon. The present

University of Illinois drum major was the little boy, and I was the small girl. What grand times we used to have parading around the neighborhood and driving everyone crazy with our terrible din! When other small boys had aspired to be train engineers or fire engine drivers, my brother had hoped to be drum major at Illinois.

I forgot my reminiscences in my excitement as I watched him leading the band through its formations. The night before he had showed me the diagrams which outlined every little detail, and he explained how one small mistake on his part would ruin the entire formation. So as each maneuver was carried out perfectly, I breathed more easily and the chills of apprehension changed to thrills. When the band wheeled into the revolving Michigan shield, the intelligent-look-

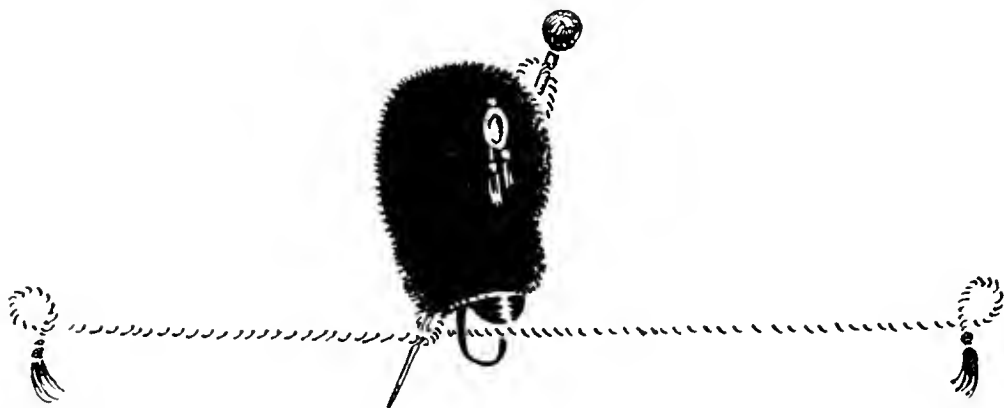
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ing man sitting in front of me turned to his wife and I heard him remark, "I played in the band for four years, and the boys felt that the drum major was the quarterback of it. While on the field the entire band is his responsibility, and he has to give all the signals. If all the plans work smoothly, the drum major deserves a great deal of credit. That drum major out there sure knows his stuff."

It was all that I could do to keep from

leaning forward and shouting at him, "That's my brother!"

After the gun ended the final quarter, the "world's greatest college band" assembled and marched off the field. As I eagerly stood on tiptoe to see the last proud wave of the drum major's orange plume and bright flash of his upraised silver baton, there was one loyal Illini who felt the afternoon's performance has been a real success.



A Character Sketch

NETTIE FINE

Theme 10, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

HE looked like a faded print come to life, this old German with the tattered mustache. Autumn was his appropriate background, for he blended perfectly with a season about to die. Upon first acquaintance we had labeled him a negative personality with a touch of the eccentric.

He was not negative, as we discovered later. One day we ventured into his rhubarb garden, the greatest curiosity on the block. I shall never forget the picture

he made when he found us there, after we had carried out our plans of destruction. Have you seen a leaf touched with flame? How it curls and writhes into nothingness? He trembled and finally managed to say something bitter in his own tongue. And then with pathetic bravado in his voice, he shouted, "Get oud off heer!" His eyes were wild as we hurriedly backed out, and when I turned back, I saw him very slowly go into his house, like a man broken.

He was the neighborhood legend. Although he had lived in the same house for over twenty years, no one seemed to know much about him. He kept himself very aloof.

His rhubarb patch was a delight to us, but to our parents it was the "eye sore" of the neighborhood. They talked vaguely of signing petitions. We learned that someone had once gone to bribe him so that he might give up his garden. It was history that for five nights afterwards, he slept in the garden, with an antiquated shotgun by his side.

Finally we learned more about him, and solved the key to his mysterious hermitage. Twenty-five years previous he had come to our street, after unbelievable hardships in the old country. His wife had been murdered before his eyes, and his dearly prized home and garden were taken from him. With his three young sons, he had fled to America.

The loss of his wife was irreparable, but the desire for a home and a garden, like the one he had once had, became an obsession with him. All that he had held dear in the old life had been taken from him, but in this new life a man was free.

So he had begun to tend his rhubarb religiously, and to spend hours repairing

a window pane, with reverence that was tender. He delighted in his children and was a good father to them. At last he had found happiness.

But it was not to continue. People began to protest against his property, which to them was unsightly, and wanted to have it removed. It was at this time that he had gradually crept into his silent, brooding shell and remained. What had happened once, was happening again. Life was taking from him. But this time he would fight and win. His stubbornness held out longer than the anger and ridicule directed against him.

That was long ago. His sons had grown to be ashamed of this little old man with the bony hands, and had left him. But his bitterness grew until doubt and suspicion were firmly fastened in his make-up.

One day they found him sitting quietly in front of his fireplace, with his eyes closed, and the harsh lines erased from his face.

The autumn was at an end.

His sons ventured near, obese Germans, flushed with prosperity. They buried him quickly and were never seen again.

A few rhubarb plants refused to be destroyed and grew year after year.



The Passing in the Night

JAMES PHELAN

Long Narrative, Rhetoric II, 1930-31

And therefore be not short-visioned, and cry out against the gods, for in the end sorrow and happiness are allotted in equal portions, measure for measure, grain for grain until the balance tips not an inch to either side. . . .

So think, if your lot be bitter, of the whole of the scheme, rather than of your luckless little part. For by such is a man sustained; the human comedy is forced on; the threads twine and unravel, and the peak of humor is unknowingly reached and passed, and over all sounds the rumbling laughter of the gods.

.

FOR a day and a half after the *Maria Louisa* went down, Cleg hung to the floating barrel, tossed by an unmerciful sea, battered and hopeless and spent. But on the evening of the second day he came ashore on a little island, collapsed half on the beach and half in the sea, and slept until the return of the tide the next day.

And he rose wearily and looked around him. He was somewhere on the South Pacific. He was alone, and for some unknown reason, he was alive. Providence had thrust up these few acres of land in the middle of miles of water, in order that one of its creatures might live for a few days more. So Cleg, not knowing that the island had no water, nor that its other shore was a few hundred feet across a hill of sand behind him, fell down upon his knees and thanked his God, and then slept again.

Thirst wakened him the second time, and seeing the full moon in a tranquil sky, he judged that it was the second night after his being washed ashore. He stood awhile, conscious of the perfection of the tropic night, but then thirst returned, persistent, and he stumbled down the beach, searching for water. It was

only when he rounded an outjutting of sand at the far end, and saw the opposite beach turn back upon itself at the end of a short stretch, and moonlight on limitless water beyond, that conscious fear first came over him. He turned, half-afraid, to the long hill of sand between the two beaches. Unconsciously he shuddered; then slowly he criss-crossed the hill from beach to beach, and his hope dwindled as the remaining length of the dune diminished. There was no spring, no well, no pond on the island. A man has to have water to live, thought Cleg as he returned to the middle of the beach, and there's no water here, so I shall die. Even after praying, I shall die.

He lay down on the sloping side of the beach. Were it not for this thirst (he meditated), death would seem as unimportant and as far away as usual. The night was all colorless, black and silver; a huge moon, surrounded by its pale circle of radiance, shone in the empty sky. The sea was indigo, and spread boundlessly from the tiny beach outward, and the whole world was quiet, save for the measured and limited beating of Cleg's heart.

For a time he lay, studying the crisp, unordered shadows of the moon's volcanoes. How queer a way for me to die, he thought, unplanned, unexpectedly, with no doctors, no clean, white sheets, no bitter, useless pills to take every forty minutes. Think of all the tears which would gladly be shed over me, for I'm no seaman and I'm not worthy of a death like this. And this prodigious waste of opportunity! Here I am, passing from life the proper way, but I'm the wrong person; I'm robbing some Conrad hero of a precise and fitting ending for his adventures. There's something wrong.

Weighted down by the aching quiet he fell to thinking of his past life, and all the useless years paraded past him. Let me die quickly, he thought; let the months pass and the curious tide come up the beach at night to stir a heap of fleshless bones like a man laughing softly over an old jest. The last expiring vestige of the passion for life moved Cleg to his feet and he plodded once again around the isle, crying out to the sea, "This is my hand flung up in last farewell." He returned and lay down in the hollow his body had made before and beat the packed sand in frustration. The beach, the sea, the moon and sky were the same, unmoved, unchanged. Cleg fell into what he thought was his last sleep.

He slept for a half hour, an hour, and

then bolted suddenly out of sleep and ten feet down the beach. Somewhere out in the half-night before him a yacht's whistle had hooted, and now, when his vision cleared; Cleg saw the lights two miles off the shore, slowly drawing abreast him and passing, passing, passing. The sudden, passionate desire to live whimpered in him, and Cleg stood waist deep in the sea, shouting half-animal cries, tinged with a human, half-querulous quaver of hope, as the yacht went sedately by

But on the yacht two foolish young lovers clung to each other, watching the moon and the passing sea. The youth had been drinking a bit too much, which made him feel overly sentimental. "Madge," he said, "isn't that a desert island off there?" He disengaged his right hand and pointed.

"I believe that it is, dearest."

Now neither of them was really interested in this island, nor in anything much other than themselves, but the boy leaned down over the girl and said softly in her ear. "Angel girl, wouldn't it be glorious if just you and I were there together, with no supplies, and only love to live on?"

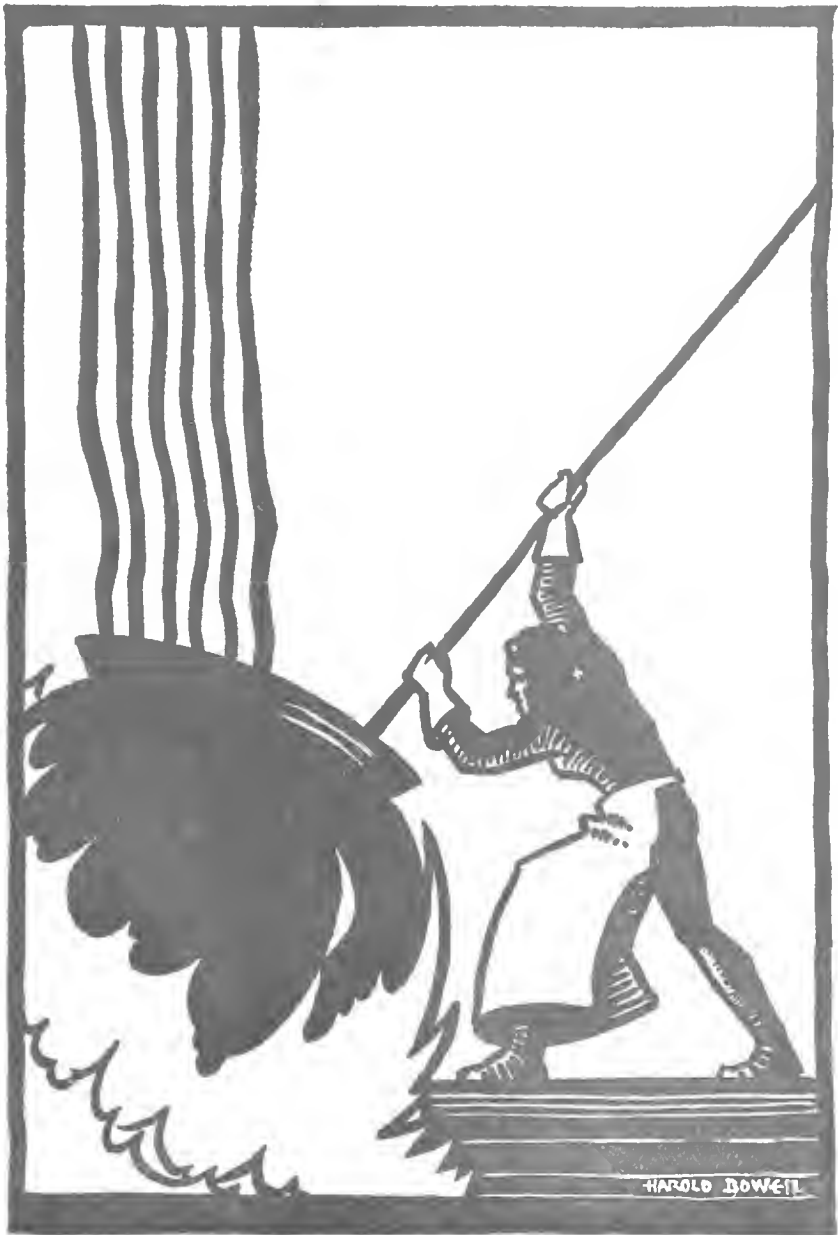
Over to the south the heat thunder spoke, rumbling like the laughter of the gods.







THE GREEN CALDRON



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March 1932

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On Being Shown Some Letters

ELIZABETH OSBORNE
Rhetoric I, 1931-32

They wrote my mother that they saw me here:
"She is so charming, gracious, well-poised, cool;
Polite but never uncontrolled—a dear;
A true aristocrat!" (and thus a fool)
Compared me to "a pure-white fragrant flower,"
(Cut from its root) "calm in a florist's box."
I toiled, in anguish, many a lonely hour,
Before I put emotion under locks;
I was not always calm. If I'd allowed
Myself to grow as I was born to be,
I'd live, a wandering tattered gypsy, proud
And gay. The flower they'd have compared to me
Had been a ragged Indian paint-brush, lone,
Wild, rough—a living flame when birds have flown.

Why I Dislike Dream-Tellers

JAMES L. RAINEY

Theme 17, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

I can endure post-mortems of golf games. I can throw my mind into neutral and await the finish of an argument on the relative merits of Greta Garbo and Ruth Chatterton. I can even stand by patiently while some bubbling humorist strives to recall how Mike answered when Pat asked, "What is the difference between an elephant and a piano?" But I cannot restrain myself when someone begins to talk about dreams. Before the chronic dreamers even wade through the circumstances which led up to their experience, I take my tongue in hand and lead it far, far away, where it can say nothing which might reflect on the good taste of its owner.

In the first place, I think that most dreams, at least those which are interesting enough to tell in public, are fakes. Most of them are a bit too exciting, a trifle too well arranged, and far too fresh in the memories of their tellers to be genuine dreams. I concede that these habitual riders of the night-mare have

very vivid imaginations. I admit that some of their dreams might make good short-story plots. I doubt seriously, however, if they actually dream all that they say they do.

The real reason for my dislike of dreams and dreamers is that I never have any dreams myself. I have tried everything from mince pie to toasted cheese sandwiches in attempts to stimulate my subconscious mind, but I have accomplished nothing. When I go to sleep I drop into a bottomless well, where I can see nothing and hear nothing, and in which the passage of eight hours takes but a few minutes. When I fade out into slumber I can be blissfully sure that the clanging of the morning bell will not tear me away from an Indian fight on the western plains, rescue me from the bogey-man, or leave me stranded on a desert island. In short, sleep to me means utter forgetfulness, not the three-ring circus through which some people go every night.

On Being an Elevator Boy

RICHARD TURNER

Theme 17, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

IT is extremely important, so my rhetoric instructor says, in choosing a topic for a theme to select a subject of which you have some knowledge. While I by no means consider myself an authority

on elevator boys, I have been a "public servant" for quite a few years, being at one time or another a peanut vendor, a theatre usher, a porter, a house-boy, a bus boy, and an elevator boy. I served

in the last capacity for seven months, my longest term of employment in any of the foregoing positions. Nevertheless, I believe seven months was enough for me to secure an adequate supply of information to draw upon for this advice to those who aspire to become elevator boys. Abandon all such aspirations unless you have an attractive appearance and a winning smile; unless you are an authority on baseball, politics, Al Capone, and the weather; and unless you are able to control your emotions.

The first item is a prerequisite, for no hotel manager will hire anyone who is dirty, poorly dressed, or homely. You must have three different smiles: one, a sophisticated smirk for the traveling salesman when they tell you their favorite story; another, a wide, unaffected grin, for the young ladies; and finally, a warm welcoming smile for the general public. These facial expressions of amusement, affection, and welcome, should never be indulged in when you are in view of the manager or his assistants, or you will probably join the great army of the unemployed. The only object of any smile is to create a friendly feeling, which may result in a lucrative tip. An excellent rule is to smile at everybody, no matter what they appear to be, for appearances deceive. I remember one day, while I was running my elevator up and down, a little old lady, very quaintly dressed, gave me fifty cents, which I, for once, was very loath to accept because it looked as if it were all the money she had. I found out later that she owned an immense amount of real estate, valued at about five hundred thousand dollars. No wonder she could pass out half-dollars so casually.

When you have broken the ice with your smile, you must be ready to talk fluently on any desired subject. Business,

baseball, and Chicago are suitable for everyone except old gentlemen, who discuss lengthily their health, their rheumatism, and how hot or cold it was back in '89. Everyone, whether young or old, will have a different opinion about the weather. I have been, in rapid succession "rather warm," "hot," and "a little chilly," because a good elevator boy agrees entirely with the guests. It was very irritating to me last summer, when the mercury was hovering around one hundred degrees, to have someone remark that it was a little warm, when any fool would know that it was downright hot. Then just when I had convinced myself I was cool and comfortable, someone would very politely inform me that it was very sultry, give me the temperature reading, and end by inquiring if I didn't find it rather warm working inside. Frequently, with great gravity, I would say I was quite cool, just to see the expression on my tormentor's face. Many, no doubt, thought that the heat had affected by mind.

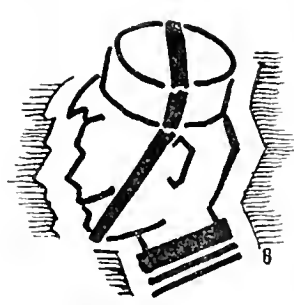
Utter agreement with the public is rather trying at times, but you must always keep your emotions under control, bearing in mind the source of your extra dimes. I was never very successful at suppressing my emotions, and, at times, it was worth a possible quarter or fifty cents to say that the Cubs would beat the Cardinals to an ardent St. Louis fan. Naturally an elevator boy will receive a few reprimands from those impatient souls who think they are the only guests in the hotel. For any and all reproaches, a set, strong silence is very effective, and it is useless to argue, for that only increases the irritation of the complainant. Might I say to those who intend to be Mr. and Mrs. General Public, that an elevator boy is only human, and makes mistakes the same as you do, but

are you called down for your every fault?

The ultimate result of smiling, saying yes, and keeping your mouth shut, is, of course, a tip. An elevator boy will be your friend for life if you slip him a quarter or a half-dollar, or even offer him a stick of gum or a cigarette. Such things as eating or smoking on the job are naturally not countenanced by the management, but that is easily circumvented by one of experience. Very

frequently I have eaten candy, peanuts, pop corn, and ice cream cones while on the elevator. My crowning achievement, however, was eating a large piece of delicious cherry pie, originally intended for the manager, while I glided merrily up and down the shaft.

To those who want to be amused, irritated, disillusioned, and versed in the ways of the world, I say in conclusion, become an elevator boy. It is an experience never to be forgotten.



Dinner is Served

OWEN REAMER

Theme 15, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

PICTURE almost any evening in the week. The minute hand of the clock has ticked around under its cracked glass to the five thirty-five mark. Mrs. Creston, ruling genius of Gamma Gamma Fraternity's kitchen, bustles around the great range turning this fire on and that fire off. There is a sound of fumbling at the side door, and in comes her first helper. He is tall and skinny and wears a sheepskin. Beneath this outer garment is the inevitable sweater that causes much anguish to the other boys and Mrs. Creston. No matter how high the temperature, the sweater is not discarded. The very sight of the garment makes the

folk in the kitchen hot. Now the other workers begin to pour in. First comes Johnny Spirano, a little Italian who is studying athletic coaching. Then Rosch appears. He has a mass of curly hair and a little mustache. Though perfectly fitted for his rôle as garçon, he is planning to be an engineer. Terry comes rushing in last and sheds overcoat, coat, and vest, with one deft jerk. He is a commercial student, the third member (with Rosch and Johnny) of a mighty triumvirate of seniors. Romen, the first to enter, is the sole representative of the freshman class.

Quickly, as these minions appear, they

fall into their routine. Rosch and Johnny don little white monkey jackets, for they are the waiters. Terry and Romen have aprons, for they are, respectively, a pot boy and a dishwasher. Johnny sets the tables, an intricate business in which a swarm of knives, forks, and spoons, plates, and glasses, appear and settle magically into place. Rosch fills the sugar bowls and brings in water. He alone is intrusted with supplying the tables with bread, for he is the only one who can turn out such quantities of even slices in such a short space of time. While this preparation in the dining room is going on, Romen and Terry are busy in the kitchen. Romen carries out the piles of cans and rubbish that Mrs. Creston has heaped upon the sink. It is remarkable to see the accuracy he has attained in shifting his lanky form about in the narrow path he must tread to the door. Mrs. Creston, the icebox, and the table are dodged in one deft movement. Terry is creating a cloud of steam in the sink where he is mashing potatoes. All these activities have taken place in approximately ten minutes, and it is only six o'clock.

Final preparations now begin. Johnny and Rosch dish up cocktails or soup and dash around ringing first and second bells. Terry slaps down thirty plates or so in rows on the kitchen table. Romen

drops a wisp of lettuce on a place and Mrs. Creston tops it with a cube of fruit gelatin. Terry has finished distributing plates and is following on Mrs. Creston's trail with a pot of mayonnaise. Six-ten and all the salads are in their places in the dining room, as placidly perfect as if they had been completed hours before.

Six-ten, of course, is the signal that sends countless hungry brothers into the dining room with a scurry of feet and a rustle of chairs. Boards are placed, now, on the kitchen table to hold the steaming pots, and Terry rushes in from the pantry balancing a stack of plates precariously in front of him. The serving line forms. A plate starts from the stack and receives vegetables from Terry, a scoop of potatoes from Romen, and a slice of meat from Mrs. Creston. At the end of the line Rosch receives the finished product—truly a joy to behold—and, after distributing seven similar plates throughout his fingers and over his arms, he dashes majestically into the dining room. Johnny also serves, though he has not acquired the art of holding seven plates at one time. Rosch comes back shouting, "Eight to go!" These eight are soon waited on, and the kitchen force, sighing with relief, sits down to its own meal. Barring the dessert, dished up by Mrs. Creston and taken in by the bustling waiters, "Dinner is served!"

Reflections of a Dishwasher

PHYLLIS GERRARD

Theme 17, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

"JERRY! I've got some news for you today!" came the same old story from Marge. After a full day of classes, I had come home hungry and tired. Dinner was ended; I glanced over the dining room. Surely fifteen people could not have left such a mess. In the midst of my reflections there came a second warning from Marge, "Hurry Jerry! We've got some work to do." I gave one last long look at the other girls, who were happily departing for the parlor, and hurriedly began to clear the dirty dishes from the table.

I am a naturally kind-hearted girl, but I enjoy the screams of the plates when I scrape their dirty faces. The milk bottle grins when the buttermilk refuses to slip without coaxing from his sides, and the stacks of white porcelain cups stick out their tongues with enjoyment at my sad predicament. Unnerved by all the evil forces about me, I dropped one of the best glasses, which said, "Oh, I am too tired to strive in this world," as he broke into a million pieces. "We're comfortable. Don't move us," said a few lonely carrots which were left in a large dish; therefore, I tucked them away in the back of the ice-box, undisturbed.

I, for several reasons, prefer washing dishes to drying them. For one, there is less danger of ending with fragments rather than whole pieces; however, the most important reason is that I am able to think. While drying dishes I talk and sing away all my time, but while washing them I am fascinated by the slipping and sliding of the plates and pans and the

slopping of the soft soapy water. This makes me thoughtful rather than talkative.

When it is my turn to wash, we do not set the pans in the sink, but put them on the marble top, from which we have a clear view of the street. We see how many people we can recognize each time the trolley passes by the house. Sometimes our shiny dish pans attract someone passing and he sees us at our tasks. Once a tiny chap playing beneath the window looked up and smiled when he saw the soapy water splashing, and I wondered where he lived and why he was so ragged. These thoughts were always scattered, for my partner was either asking questions or giving off her excess strength in bursts of unmelodious song. Then I am once more in the kitchen, my newly manicured nails again in the dish water. I come back to a world of reality, to a world of sinks with black pan prints, crumby floors that must be swept, tables with green, peeling oil cloth, crazy figured and worn linoleum, pans with hard crusty sides, and cold greasy dishwater.

At last, the dish pans on their proper nails and the dish towels hanging neatly on their racks, we heave a sigh of relief and depart to join the rest who are dancing in the parlor. But alas! Once in the dining room we are confronted by some forgotten dishes, their silly faces smiling, "You forgot us!" A dance indeed! Another tête-à-tête with the dish pan, and then quiet hours.

In and Out of a State Prison

HELEN RUSSELL

Theme 15, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

ONE of our neighboring states claims to have the world's largest and most efficient state prison, and after going through it with a group of friends, I do not doubt the statement. But it is still just a prison to me.

This huge institution is about a mile outside the limits of a medium sized, industrial city, located so that escaping convicts would have to go through the city or along a highway that leads directly to a small town which is practically a look-out station under the direction of the prison. The penitentiary as we approached it had the appearance of any modern well-kept institution. The lawn was mowed by men wearing black caps, who, I learned, were "Trusties"—convicts placed in trustworthy positions because of good behavior. We entered the main building and were conducted to a bare waiting room. I had ample time to study the other occupants before we were taken further. There was only one other party waiting for a so-called "sight-seeing" permit as we were. The rest of the people were immediate relatives of convicts—a young wife and child, a white-haired mother, a brother—all shabbily dressed and looking as if life had been very unkind to them. They made me uncomfortable by their rude and almost hostile stares which seemed to say, "What business have you, a law-abiding citizen, to come and view with unabashed curiosity the wretchedness of our friends?" I felt somewhat the same way.

Our guide came and ushered us into a small iron-barred room, locking us in. We were carefully counted and searched and then conducted to a second room where we were counted and searched again. This procedure was repeated yet another time before we were allowed to go farther. We visited the library first. It looked like any public library with a large loan desk and a composition floor which made our footsteps almost inaudible. The guide informed us that all prisoners were taught reading, writing, and elementary arithmetic.

We passed on to the cell blocks. Here the convicts slept and stayed certain hours when they were not working in the factories. There were twenty-seven cell blocks in the entire prison, each one a huge, cement room with iron-barred windows. It contained five tiers, with fifty, six-by-eight cells in each tier. I stood in front of the cell block and looked from one end of the room to the other—cell after cell—in endless succession. I looked from the floor to the ceiling—cell upon cell upon cell—all exactly alike with a cot, a three-legged stool, a small mirror and locker. I was thankful that the men were not in their cells. I do not believe I could have stood it.

We turned and went outdoors into the courtyard. I now discovered why it was not necessary to have a wall around the prison. All the buildings were adjoining one another forming an imperfect circle. Only in one place was there a space of wall connecting two buildings,

and this was very high and pure white with a watch tower on top. We were fenced in completely.

Our guide told us that as soon as the show was over, we would visit the theatre. In the meantime we went through the laundry which was entirely managed by convicts. Convicts were washing, mending, and ironing; their clothing consisted wholly of blue shirts, dark blue overalls, and black socks. As we came out again into the sunlight, the prisoners were coming out of the theater. They were marching two by two in dead silence. The guide said that they were never allowed to speak except in their cells for one hour, and then they could not see to whom they were talking. I asked our guide if he or any of the guards were armed; he said that none of them were. I asked him if there was anything to prevent the prisoners from mobbing us. He assured me that they would not be likely to, because nothing would be gained by it. If the guards carried weapons they would be in constant danger, for the convicts would be eager to seize them and shoot their way to liberty. As the prisoners drew near, I could see that they were certainly a "tough looking crew." Many of them were young, and I believed the statistics stating that out of the 6800 convicts in the prison, 2800 were between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two. As I looked at them again, I readily believed the statement that forty-five per cent were negroes.

I was greatly relieved when they had all passed and we were in the theatre. It was a beautiful building, all hand-decorated by the prisoners themselves. One convict, we were told, had won a reprieve because of his wonderful painting ability. The State kept him in its employ, and he is now making a comfortable living. The prisoners had made donations

for a beautiful velvet stage curtain which was as lovely as most theatres have. Church services were held here on Sunday, three services—Catholic, Protestant, and Christian Science. On Saturday afternoons, the guide informed us, a severely censored movie was shown, and sometimes during the week a special entertainment was given.

The next building we visited contained a dining hall which we were privileged to view from a balcony overlooking it. Although it was only four o'clock, a large group was being fed. I had begun to feel pangs of hunger myself, but as I looked down upon that food, my appetite vanished. There were five squares, and food was served on three sides of each square. The prisoner was handed a tin tray, a tin plate, and a tin cup as he entered the door. A certain number of men went to each square. Convicts in white aprons and white caps ladled out creamed salmon, fried potatoes, beets, and coffee from huge vats four feet deep and three feet in diameter. If there was not room on the plate for the beets, they were heaped on the tray itself. The convicts then passed on to long tables with benches. Every man had to eat every bit of food on his tray. He could not leave a morsel. If he cared for butter, he had to pay for it. I could look out the window and see the long, long line of men waiting to eat. It all made me rather ill.

When we left the dining hall, our guide pointed out to us a long, high building with just cracks for windows. This, he told us, was the solitary confinement and quarantine building. In the two upper stories, newly entered convicts were placed in small rooms furnished with only a cot. They were fed on bread and milk for a month, and at that time if they showed no signs of developing any diseases, they were discharged. In the three

lower stories, criminals were locked in rooms five by seven feet for misbehavior. They were strapped in a standing position to the door so that all they could see was an iron wall. They were kept in this position for five hours, then allowed to sit for one hour, then strapped up again for five hours. This procedure lasted for two weeks, and, during the time, they were fed only bread and water, except for one full meal. It seemed to me that old-fashioned torture ships could not have been much worse than this.

We walked down a corridor with glassed-in rooms on each side. We

stopped before one room which was filled with boys. One of our party remarked that the boys looked like patients waiting to see a doctor. And the boys certainly did look sick! They had just been sentenced and were waiting to have their fingerprints taken. Most of them were young, and they were very pale at the thought that none of them could leave in less than three years; that was the shortest term.

Finally we emerged into the library and then proceeded through the three iron rooms and were counted again. I was glad to leave the place and to feel that no one could stop me from doing so.



Choosing a Vocation

DWIGHT L. EMMEL

Rhetoric I, 1929-30

AS I am a person of modest ambition, who seeks merely the plums of life without insisting on melons, I have often thought of what vocation I should pursue. I have found what I believe to be the ideal career. It is a career more honorable than onerous, and, if not colossally lucrative, at least it enables one to put on a brave shirt-front before the world.

I say that I have found this perfect profession; actually I only gazed upon it from a respectful distance. Certainly I did not discover it in one of those vocational guidance books which tell "How to Succeed in One Thousand and One Ways," explaining the aureate possibilities and opportunities afforded by Plumbing, Piano-Tuning, and Breeding Baby Alligators in Your Spare Time. This

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marvelous calling is on a higher plane, aloof from the multitude. Though suffused with limelight, it remains a mystery, rebuffing description. It first came to my notice last summer at a concert in Kimball Hall, an affair designated as a violin and piano recital but which proved to be much more than that.

The first number was on the program as a violin solo. The violinist, a short, fat youngster, waddled upon the stage, carrying his instrument by the nape of the neck as though it were a cat in disfavor. His accompanist, a lanky and lugubrious looking individual, arrived empty-handed and seated himself at the piano. But there was also a third individual—function unknown. I looked carefully to see if he had a bassoon or something, but all he was carrying was a sheaf of music. Manifestly, from his important air and his smooth-shaven assurance, he was a virtuoso of some species. He placed the music on the rack of the piano and after a moment of earnest conversation with the pianist took a seat at the right hand corner of the piano.

Suddenly they were off in full sonata. The violin burred and twittered, the pianist volleyed and thundered, and the third man looked on serenely. All at once this onlooker de-luxe was electrified into action. He sprang from his chair, reached

forward, and seized a corner of the music from which the pianist was playing. Clutching the bent-up corner, he paused for a dramatic moment and then flung the page over and flattened it into submission. After achieving this master stroke, the musical overlord resumed his chair as casually as though nothing had happened. Throughout the program he continued this artistic proceeding. I wondered what he could be, and suddenly in a flash the whole thing dawned on me. The man was a professional page-turner! What a delightful way of making a living!

Then came a second flash (two in an evening was almost my record). Why could not I, too, be a page-turner? So I studied him to learn the secret of his success. I took in his technic with both eyes and left the hall determined to be the world's greatest page-turner.

Some day, after years of practice, I shall appear on the concert stage and amaze and charm the onlookers with the ease and dispatch with which I flip over the sheets, as quick as lightning and as smooth as cream. I only hope I get my first concert engagement before all the good pianists have gone into radio broadcasting; because, if my artistry is to be fully appreciated, the audience must see me in action.

A Call

H. R. McNEELY

Theme 13, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

SINCE I have been old enough to whittle a point on a stick of wood and call it a boat, I have loved boats and the water. From the time I first carved

a crude, pointed structure, through a few years ago when I constructed a model yacht, and even now, after building a full-sized sailboat, the water and all

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stories pertaining to boats have fascinated me.

I have lived in a city on the Illinois River all my life. I have always liked to hike along the shore and watch the boats. My worshipping eyes have seldom seen the vast bodies of water which make the Great Lakes and the oceans, but even the very limited amount of time that has been mine in which to enjoy these fascinating expanses has been enough to let me know that I am greatly attracted to that vast, restless, evermoving, boundless something that I am unable to name—that cannot be named.

For a few years, motor boats held my interest. I constructed working models and drew plans for my ideal boat. I never liked a large vessel that required a crew; I much preferred a smaller type that I—and perhaps one other—would be able to handle. These vessels were always of a type capable of traveling great distances without stopping for supplies. Then, without warning, my desires swept aside all motor boats, and I caught myself dreaming of a sailboat. A friend and I found ourselves in the same mood. We discovered some old plans of a sailboat that had been built more than thirty years ago and which had been very successful. The cost, as we estimated it, was within our means; our ability we did not doubt. We started early last summer to build the craft. By the middle of the summer we had our "Lark" completed and had her launched. She was a small boat—about sixteen feet long and five and one-half feet abeam. She carried one sail, the mainsail. In this boat I put in practice all the knowledge of sailing that I had learned by reading and studying. Of course, we made mistakes in the construction and we continued to make them in the sailing, but we gradually learned and grew in experience.

As a result of these experiences, my eagerness to learn more and to travel farther led me to read books which portray the experiences of men who have fulfilled similar ambitions. One of the best of these is a book written by Captain John Slocum while making a voyage around the globe on a small yawl which he constructed from a boat about forty years old. This feat was accomplished alone. He did not have a shipmate during any part of his voyage. While reading this wonderful book, I lived with him in his experiences as though I had been there with him. Even now I sit and dream of taut sails and flying white spray; of the long days and nights of steady winds and clear skies; of his visits to many uninhabited islands and strange people; of his struggles in the mightiest of gales in which immense vessels were wrecked, but from which he emerged, always with unshakeable trust and faith in his little yawl.

Pictures, too, awaken my mental wandering. Every time I see a picture or a drawing of a small sailing vessel, I'm carried away, as if by the sight of it I could be swooped up by some hurricane and placed on this very sloop, yawl, or schooner. Pictures fill my room; sketches fill my books, sketches which have carried me far away from a boring class on some fantastic voyage.

What is it that makes me such a dreamer? Why do I dream of such a life? Was there, somewhere in my long line of ancestors, a stout old mariner whose love for the sea has lain dormant during these intervening years and has finally been reincarnated in me? Whatever the reason or cause may be, the fact remains that I am a genuine amateur sailor. Some day I will have a boat. Then will I spend my hours in the realm of Poseidon.

A Rhapsody in Green

DONAN C. KIRLEY

Theme 17, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

I suddenly awakened as if from a dream, but surely I couldn't have been dreaming, not even sleeping, for I found myself walking down the corridors of University Hall. I marvelled at the prevalent silence. Where was everyone? What was the urge that had caused me to enter the building and now attracted me up the long flights of stairs? I climbed step after step till I found myself at the very top of the building, and directly in front of me was a huge green door. As I stood wondering why I had not seen it before, a low, mysterious voice said, "Enter Freshman," and I did.

The door swung open, disclosing a huge room, octangular in shape. All the woodwork was green; the thick velvety carpets, the satin drapes, the floor, the ceiling were green. Soft green lamps shed verdant rays from behind the drapes showing a line of straight-backed chairs around the wall of the room, the backs of which were mirrors reflecting emerald-tinted images of everything in the room, even myself. Green, green, green everywhere. It brought to my mind a story I had once read, *The Mask of the Red Death*. Was I going to die? In the center of this chamber was a huge kettle, heated by a fire, and emitting a vapor, all of which were colored with the predominant green. I stood agape, waiting to see what would happen next, hoping for the best. The same commanding voice bade me be seated. The kettle boiled furiously and I was blinded by the ensuing steam.

When the air had cleared sufficiently, I found that all the chairs were occupied by masked figures, dressed entirely in green, even to the shoes. As I watched, a gong sounded and each of the majestic figures rose in turn and filed by the melting-pot and deposited into it a bundle of themes, muttering only these strange symbols, M4, MM4, B3, and the like.

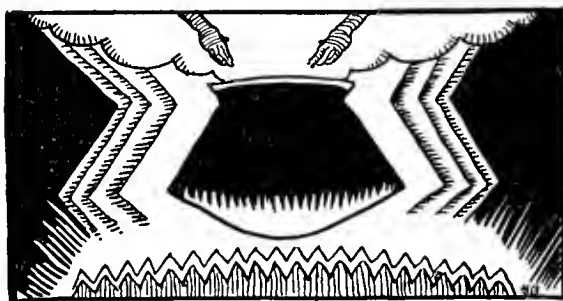
The fire glowed brighter, the vapor thickened, the hum of the seething mass in the kettledrum grew louder. It reminded me of a tea kettle humming merrily on a hearth. I watched with interest as the figures returned to their chairs and were seated. Suddenly the whole aspect was changed: the cheerful hum of the boiler turned to a slight hiss, the vapors became multi-colored to break the monotony of the green. I could see smiles of satisfaction under the masks of my unknown companions. However the hissing slowly receded, the colors faded from the steam, and it in turn disappeared itself. My senses were dulled by my strange surroundings and I was a bit at a loss to understand the procedure I had just witnessed, but my head cleared when the voice said, "Freshman, go, look into the caldron, and tell me what you see." A bit nervous and hesitant but curious, I peered over its edges and saw lying in the bottom, twenty-one themes.

I reported this to my unknown, unseen interlocutor, who answered, "Know you, that by the magic just performed by my assistants, these themes are deemed the

best of your class. Go you, and strive that yours might be one of these thus chosen. Take care, however, that it is not lost from the caldron in the purple vapor of the comma fault, the orange of the period fault, the poisonous vapors of spelling, or the others." I began to understand the ceremony, and the meaning of its different stages, and the voice continued, "Avoid these if possible, but do not fear them for they are pardonable, but never let it be known that a theme of yours shall be lost through the caldron's hiss, the hiss at plagiarism. We, the Council of the Green, have spoken." At these words the kettle boiled vigor-

ously, the voice ceased, vapor clouded my eyes, and once again I found myself in a familiar corridor in University Hall. I searched in vain for another glimpse of the green portal, and so after a fruitless search I wended my way home still wondering if it had been only a dream.

On arriving at home I penned this, which I swear is as definite an account of the matter as I am capable of giving. I have a suppressed desire that it will find its way to the Green Room. It may, perchance, give cause to some colored vapors, but I assure you the kettle shall but hum, and the hissing shall be but a memory to the Council.



A Foreigner's Attitude Toward America and Americans

J. HAZEN FLETCHER

Theme 10, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

I believe that it was Robert Burns who, many, many years ago, said, "Oh, would the Lord the giftie gie us, to see ourselves as others see us, t'would from many a worry and blunder free us." Perhaps I have not quoted his words to the letter, but how true these words are.

How often our American ears would fairly burn if we could but know what people of other lands really think of us and of the things we consider really great.

I had the good fortune, a few years ago, of making a short vacation trip into

one of our foreign neighbor countries. And what a surprise I received! For some twenty odd years I had been living in the blissful illusion that I was indeed fortunate to be a citizen of the greatest nation of the earth, living in the midst of the most wonderful people that civilization had ever produced. I doubt that the thought had ever entered my head that there was even such a thing as street cars in any cities but our own, or any skyscraper, but those of our own wonderful metropolitan cities. I had supposed, of course, that there were no great universities in any land except the dear old U.S.A. Why, I just imagined that anyone who was so unfortunate as to live in any other part of the globe got up in the morning and went to bed at night, lamenting the fact that he wasn't an American!

Just how far this was from the actual truth soon came home to me forcibly when I crossed the border into another land. Imagine my surprise! They did have street cars! In fact, my guide very soon informed me that it was the greatest street car system in the world, far surpassing that of American cities such as New York or Chicago. I was also shortly informed that the tall buildings I saw were much superior in construction and beauty to those in the United States. My

guide also took me to see the greatest university in the world. He said that the American universities did not compare in any way with those located in his country. While he was on the subject of telling me just what he thought of America, I learned from him that we had the poorest government in the world. I found also that all of the criminals lived in Chicago, Detroit, and other large American cities. The Americans were very haughty and "high hat" he let me know. In fact, by the time that I had concluded my visit, I had reached the conclusion that there was only one thing upon United States soil that he thought was of any value whatever. That was the good old American silver dollar, half dollar, quarter, dime, nickel, and penny. And even then, one old lady from whom I made a purchase proceeded to bite the dime that I had given to her.

To sum it all up, we Americans are crooked, selfish, egotistical, and really to be pitied. At least, my guide and others with whom I came into contact did their best to let me know that that was just exactly what they thought of us. And all the time, there kept running through my mind, Oh, would the Lord the giftie gie you, to see yourselves as others see you!

Old Clothes

J. P. JORDAN

Final Examination, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

SOME of the most cherished possessions of any man are his old clothes. To him they are a symbol of freedom, a

reminder of the things which he used to do, and the only things that he can ever find when he needs them. They make

him braver, stronger, and more commanding. Even his wife, who is usually "the boss," trembles and does whatever he commands when he first returns home from a fishing trip.

The history of old clothes is very interesting. It is generally conceded that Adam and Eve were the discoverers of these valuable articles. When the famous couple were forced to leave the Garden of Eden, they needed more clothes immediately. So Adam, being a gentleman, obligingly killed two animals and had Eve make their clothes. But even furs wear out; so Adam was kept busy all the time furnishing his family with clothes and other necessities. Meanwhile, all the furs that had been discarded for newer and more modern ones were heaped in a large pile. Adam, being part Scotch, hated to see all of these articles go to waste, and so he built a tent for his children to play in and also keep them nearer home. He noticed that the tent was much more comfortable than the cave, and after Eve had been convinced that it was cosy and was the "last word" in residences, the entire family moved into the new structure.

Everything went along fine for years, but finally all the children left home, and Adam and Eve were all alone. Both were old, very weak, and unable to do any work. One day, Adam wanted Eve to go out and get him some wood, in order that he might carve a letter to his sons. But Eve was too weak; so she cut a skin off the side of the tent, handed her husband a hot poker, and he was able to

send his letter by the earliest caravan. Adam, although he was old, was very crafty, and he immediately patented the idea. He sent out men to buy up all the old clothes—"rags," the women called them—so he could sell them again as the newest thing in letter-writing. But this caused a shortage in materials for houses, and the people threatened Adam if he didn't find a way to keep the families together. Adam concentrated for a long time, and at the county fair he made the solution of the problem known. He said to the people, "If we use for letters what we did use for homes, why not use for homes what we did use for letters?" And so he discovered the wooden house, but you must remember that old clothes led to all of these and many other discoveries.

The preparation, uses, and properties of old clothes must be merely mentioned. Old clothes are prepared by over-enthusiastic boys, careless men, and modern women. The process is slow, and the only catalysts known which will speed up the reaction are barbed-wire fences, boards with nails, and cigarettes. Hard work is also a good agent, but it isn't used by the women. Old clothes have many different properties. They are usually ill-fitting and have numerous patches and holes. They are used by men for doing enjoyable things, and by the women for doing detestable things. So when you name the most valuable discovery that has ever been made don't forget old clothes.

Taking Notes

GEORGE F. FRITZINGER

Final Examination, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

TAKING notes is an art. You have to be a genius to take notes that are readable. You have to be a stenographer to take notes from a lecturer. You have to be a librarian to keep them after you get them. In fact, you have to be a little of everything to be an expert note-taker.

To take notes in a lecture room that has no desks is indeed a problem. You can write on a book placed upon your knees if you are an acrobat or wish to become hunch-backed. Even in a room in which there are arm-desks you can hardly write, because the co-ed next to you insists that her coat must not get out of shape. A person who wishes to become a master of the art is wise if he or she will learn short-hand. If you know short-hand you can follow any lecturer, except perhaps Floyd Gibbons. Also, if your notes are in short-hand, your very dear friends will probably not be able to read them, and therefore you may find them when you need them.

Note-taking in the library is an entirely different thing from taking notes in a lecture room. You have plenty of room,

and sometimes have plenty of time. You can get a reference book, take it to a table, and work at your own pace. As soon as you get one note-card filled, a friend comes along and wants to share the book. You argue with him until he is content to take your notes and copy from them. When you get them back they are liable to be covered with ink blots or remainders of some candy bar.

After you get the precious notes you will probably want to use them, if they are still readable. A small card file comes in handy if you know how to use one. You will probably have to buy one with a lock on it, or you could buy a small safe. When you want to use the notes to write a theme or to study for a quiz, be sure that you have the window closed, or you may spend the rest of the night sorting your notes.

At the end of the semester, if the notes are in good condition, you can auction them off. If there are no bidders they can be made into confetti, or used as book-marks, souvenirs, or to start the fire.



The Art of Goat Milking

JACK E. ANDERSON

Expository Theme, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

HAVING spent many years of my most adventurous life among the misty and mysterious realms of numerous mountain ranges, I have, as a result, broadened my knowledge of mountain life, and have advanced many of my theories which came as a consequence of my extensive research. It has not only given me a thorough understanding of the composition and decomposition of the various types of mountains, but it has rendered me competent in several chores of the rugged mountaineer.

That which I have practiced most persistently is goat-milking. At frequent intervals during my explorations, it was necessary that I obtain food by other means than that of transporting it, because it was impossible to carry extra provisions. It was then that I had in my company at least a half-dozen mountain goats to insure myself against starvation.

I immediately got the impression that the goat was a very friendly animal, and a very desirable companion, but when it came to the problem of milking it, I soon learned that one must be as considerate as possible towards it, lest he be confronted with the task of learning how to climb trees. Since I have found this goat-milking to be a very tedious and perplexing process, it is best that those desiring to become adept goat-milkers adhere closely to the rules laid forth by one who is experienced.

Beginners should practice with only the highest breed of mountain goat, because this will require their making a

journey into the mountains, and they should take advantage of every opportunity to travel. The highest breed is desired, because the higher the breed, the higher they live in the mountains, and one should aim to travel up into space as well as out into it. When the actual milking is begun, a radio will present itself to good advantage by keeping the goat in a good humor. Since a goat can not swat flies as easily as a cow can, someone should be present with a fly-swatter. If the goat objects to being swatted, every effort should be made to capture the flies before they find the goat. This is rather immaterial, however, because there are no flies in the mountains anyway. If, for some unknown reason, the goat should become angered, and turn upon his inciter, no effort should be made by the latter to flee. Rather, he should very cheerfully allow the goat to butt him a few times, and in most instances the goat's rage will be subdued to such an extent, that he will lie down and go to sleep. Of course, if one is so charged by a goat that doesn't seem to be that kind of a goat, he might do well to climb the nearest tree, and if the goat happens to be the kind that can climb trees, one, by all means, should not climb the same tree the goat does. Of course, if the goat persists upon climbing the same tree as does the person whom he is pursuing, one should try to sing songs to the goat, or employ any similar means that will so move the animal's emotions that he will be in no mood to fight. As to the method

of obtaining and drinking the milk, it is practically identical to that in the case of the cow, only in the former instance, one does not have to sit upon a stool.

One should not be discouraged if he fails to make a success of this venture, because he must remember that people are all born for the various professions,

and in each case they make a name for themselves. So if one can not co-operate with the goat, he should just remember that if he will exchange a few harsh words with the goat before he abandons the idea entirely, in all probability, the goat will give him a name he will never forget.



Fireside Spectres

F. G. FELTHAM

Theme 17, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

KEEPERS of all hours we are in this twentieth century. That is, those of us who see no merit in adhering to a stringent Franklinian code of action. And so, it is not surprising that we are to be found at this late hour. We have just arrived home from a tiring and interminable evening of bridge, or a dance and late dinner, or a tryst with a captivating inamorata from whom we did not wish to part. And we are tired, almost to regretting the hours wasted in social intercourse. Cold, too, for Winter is almost on, and though there is no snow mantling the ground, the air is biting, the walks and windowpanes are covered with frost, and the muddy puddles in the roadways are rimmed with ice.

But our room is cosy. We take off our wraps, and hang them up or throw them

down as we see fit, and walk over to the fireplace—for fireplaces are still extant—to warm our hands in the welcome, friendly blaze. It is restful to be alone, away from all disturbing noises—raucous voices or idle and trivial patterings. Outside all is still, with an unfathomable, formless silence that bursts in upon us like a concurrence of shrill, voiceless screams. Somewhere, we know not where, there is a something, we know not what, waiting for something to happen. A few gaunt elms, with bare limbs stretched beseechingly toward heaven, are visible through the frosted pane. A few, weak, meagre rays of silver are spared by a sickly moon.

Within all is still, too, save for the logs in the grate as they spit and crackle in fierce defiance of their cremation, and

an occasionally muffled thump as the house moves on its aching timbers.

We are quite aware that we ought to be in bed. We will be there—after we have sat for a short while in reposeful contemplation before the open fire. The heat envelops and caresses our bodies. Slowly we become slaves to an age-old fascination, a fascination which stirs within us a tumult of emotions and arouses dim, atavistic desires for a solitude which, with a poignant sense of frustration, we know can never be wholly ours. We pay mute homage. We sink into a mental and physical suspension. It is not night; it is not morning; the time is indefinable. We are not in the present; we are vaguely between the past and the future, thinking in terms of the past and in terms of the future—though held more by the past. Our flux of chaotic thought, of troubled illusion, is subject to no norm of mathematical precision. We are alone in the world. We alone are animate. We are worlds in ourselves. The walls of the room close in and become our orbit. The lambent flames throw long, writhing fingers of evil on the cold and distant ceiling over us. The trembling shadows have no beauty, and are repellent, but they catch momentarily our glances.

Phantoms of other days pass before us in quiet panorama. Yesterday is at our fingertips, at our beck and call. There is Jack! There is Jim! There is Margaret! They have not changed. The years have taken no toll of them. Faint in the distorted light of retrospection they are yet as we knew them eons ago. We clasp hands. We renew old friendships; relive the old, careless hours when life, fraught with no disquieting significances, stretched meaningless and endless ahead of us; fight our fights over again; suffer the same defeats; are moved by the same

passions and fears that moved us as children.

And now the imagery becomes almost grotesque, bizarre to the point of absurdity—though nothing seems absurd. Our semi-conscious thoughts impinge themselves upon our subconscious thoughts. Gradually our eyelids close down. Faintly, faintly on the heavy air comes the solemn, wavering ululation of a distant locomotive; it blends into and becomes a part of our drowsiness. The flames leap and pulsate, advance and retreat, against a nebulous background of hallucination. New eidolons subvert the old. History, mythology—characters from our literary forays—push back, disperse the palpable spectres we had dragged from their graves of years. Centuries and millenniums are traversed in a few, fleeting seconds. DeQuincy smiles in his opium dream. Voltaire leers sardonically as he records the caprices of human nature. Nelson falls again to the slippery blood-soaked deck of the "Victory" crying, in his supererogation, "Thank God I have done my duty!" Napoleon gloomily relives his gloomy Waterloo, sees his shattered hopes tumble before him in mocking ruins. Caesar expires groaning, "*Et tu Brute?*" The truculent Achilles once more battles the desperate Hector before the walls of Troy. And Orpheus again wanders from Hades, alone and disconsolate, sadly calling to his lost Eurydice.

But the fire has smouldered low, and we are awakened by the cold, no longer warmed by our nocturnal visitants. Vanished our dreams. Gone our feeling of suspension. We are no longer self-sufficient universes: we are but pitiable, infinitesimal parts of universes. Somewhere a clock chimes its inevitable awakening tocsin. Somewhere, we are assured, others are up and stirring. A

faint auroral flush stirs the darkness. Away with illusions! The daylight will not support them! Back to realities—the

so-called verities of life. The present with its practical and tangible figures looms up sharply, is once more with us.

Modeling

RUTH G. McCLAIN

Theme 15, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

BEAUTIFUL clothes, curving stairs, an artistically furnished salon, lovely girls walking, pirouetting gracefully before well-groomed society women—such was the idea of modeling that motion-pictures and a vivid imagination had painted for me. Therefore my excitement knew no bounds when, because of the kindly recommendation of a friend who, I confess, had greatly exaggerated my experience and ability, I received a call from a well-known dress establishment to appear ready for work at ten o'clock the following morning. At last my dreams were to be realized: I was to sweep majestically down the curving stairs, the dress I wore the center of admiring eyes. So I practiced a sedate step before a full length mirror until far into the night.

At a quarter to ten the next morning I approached, somewhat timidly, the "mecca" of my dreams. The outside of the building was, at best, discouraging, but summoning my courage I entered the somewhat dingy foyer, climbed innumerable stairs, and arrived at the door, whose plate glass proclaimed, "Henri de Jardin: Distinctive Dinner Dresses." A hasty dab of powder, and I entered to

find—not the "salon" of my dreams, but instead, a long, rather ugly room, carpeted in blue, with high, uncurtained windows across two sides, and racks of dresses everywhere. After a brief interview with M. de Jardin, wherein I lied bravely but, I fear, not very convincingly, I was ushered, by a sullen, colored maid, into an adjoining room. A dress, lovely in texture and design, was handed to me, and, as I slipped it over my head, my self-confidence returned. I again practiced my sedate step before the mirror, and, like a prima donna poised to greet her public, I emerged from the doorway and walked slowly, and, as I thought in the best "model" manner, across the room.

Expecting to find approval and admiration written on my interviewer's face, I was deeply hurt to discover that he was smiling, not in admiration but in complete amusement. Worse, the smile turned into a grin, and then into a hearty laugh. I, somewhat dejected, stood still and then in sudden anger rushed from the room. But I was hired! I was hired not because I could model but because the "buyers" were to arrive at any moment; in the next few minutes I was

coached until I could walk naturally and briskly. Then, the "buyers" began to arrive in twos and threes—hard, calculating men and women. They did not notice the model, but took in every detail of each dress. In the next hour I wore some twenty dresses, and before

the day was over I had worn those same twenty dresses five or six times each. My head and bones ached; I no sooner arrived home than I fell asleep to dream of scintillating satin and rustling taffeta, only to awake to realities—namely, tired muscles and throbbing feet.

José Pardo

ERNESTO DEL RISCO

Theme 10, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

JOSÉ PARDO was a queer man. He was bold, ironical, and shrewd. Indifference and forgetfulness constituted the basis of his temperament. Nothing was important for him, and he would always forget everything.

He had spent nearly all his money in his journeys through South America and Mexico, as a newspaper man in one town, as a merchant in another, here selling cattle, there selling wine. He was one of those men who accept everything without protesting, and who fail in life because of their indifference and inertia.

He was a dreamer. It was enough for him to look at the running water, at a cloud or at a star, to forget the most important plans of his life, and to leave his most important task undone.

On a certain occasion he went to work in a large plantation in Argentine, and as José was rather good looking and had a pleasant personality, the owner of the plantation offered him his daughter's hand in marriage. José, who liked the free life at the plantation, accepted and was about to be married, when he began to get homesick for his little town in the mountains.

As it was not his custom to give long explanations, one morning at daybreak he told the father of his fiancée that he was going to Buenos Aires to buy a wedding present. He mounted his horse, and when he reached the capital, he got on the train, and bidding farewell to the beautiful pampas and to the hospitable land of the "gauchos" he started on his way to Peru.

"The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck"

NETTIE FINE

Impromptu—Assigned Title, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

HE was the leanest, lankiest grandfather I had ever seen. As he sat in his old arm-chair, or moodily slammed newspapers to the living room rug, he looked like an elongated question mark. A good many years before, he had come to live with us, and was a permanent fixture as far back as I could remember.

Grandfather's head drooped on a very lean neck, so that his body and head were riveted together by an outstanding Adam's apple. The venerable old man was very self-conscious about it, and always wore heavy scarfs to conceal this peculiarity.

His head always bobbed in the fiercest way and his neck contracted when his word was doubted or his never dormant anger aroused. I shall not forget the time I argued with him, and mother cautiously murmured, "The Rivet! Careful for the Rivet!"

From that time on, the barometer to

Granddaddy's emotion was his neck. We could see a storm brewing or a storm subsiding by looking closely. I think he realized this, for he would always tap his cane and order me away whenever I would stare, fascinated.

If he was especially pleased, he wore the most bitter expression and swallowed very slowly, once, and twice. At times like this, the rivet in grandfather's neck almost fell out.

There was the time Sister Sue married John. Granddaddy was very pleased, but hated to show it. He tried manfully to overcome those two "swallows," but was conquered by them. Laughingly, we gathered around him and watched the struggle. When he lost, Sue came over and kissed him.

But the expression on Grandfather's face was very bitter, and the rivet in Grandfather's neck very prominent, as he snatched his scarf and wrapped it around him.

My Own *Beaumont and Fletcher*

H. DAHLKE

*Impromptu theme—After reading Lamb's "Old China,"
Rhetoric I, 1931-32*

HOW I did admire those German university students who sauntered down the streets twirling a cane in their hands! To me, although I was only eleven years old and a recent arrival from America to that quaint town of Jena, the canes

possessed a magnetic influence. Often I would sneak up behind some students who were talking with one another and look at their sticks. Some were natural canes; others were artificial ones, but all carved and polished in a most wonderful

manner. In my imagination I often swaggered down the street with a cane in my hand. One day as I passed a woodworker's shop, I saw a beautiful walking-stick hanging in the window. A ram's head was carved at the handle, beneath which were leaves of a vine curling around the cane and encircling the ram's head. Many mysterious and peculiar designs were carved on its length. Oh, it was a wonderful cane. Day after day I passed the shop and paused to admire it. Finally, I plucked up my courage, walked into the shop, and asked, "How much does the cane which is hanging in the window cost?" "Eight marks," answered the woodworker. I turned and walked out quickly; as I closed the door, I heard the shop-keeper laugh. That laugh humiliated me. But—eight marks, and I had only two in my pocket. Looking at the cane, I made up my mind to have it.

Upon my arrival home, I announced to my surprised mother that if she would increase my weekly allowance I would be a good boy, and that if she would increase my allowance still further I would do the household chores—things that were highly distasteful to me. How my brothers chuckled when they heard that I was going to be the model boy! Shades of Tantalus! his tortures were mild when compared to the trials I went through. My brothers certainly had a well-developed plan to frustrate my attempts. The cane, however, was continually before my eyes, and I endured their measly and petty pranks as any stolid Apache Indian would endure the tortures of his captors. Slowly my money began to increase; now, I had four marks. If I was offered money to go to a show, I

took it and then went for a walk. My mouth watered when I saw my brothers munch on candy bars. I held steadfast; I wanted the cane. Absolutely no pleasure did I allow myself. For a stimulus in my efforts to gain the cane, I would look at it every day, and thus kept up my interest. Nobody knew what I was going to do with the money, and suspicions were being aroused in my mother. If I could only stave her, as well as my brothers, off, and then bring the cane to them, and show the prize which I had acquired!

Finally, having the eight marks, I rushed into the town to get the cane. I ran as fast as I could; I tore down the narrow and crooked old streets; I bumped into people; and I barely escaped the passing automobiles as I whizzed across the streets. Around the next corner was the shop. I whirled around, and, there, the cane was not hanging in the window anymore. A student stepped out of the shop with my cane—the cane that rightfully belonged to me. My whole world collapsed; I had failed, and tears of disappointment rose in my eyes. The world was unjust. I firmly resolved to be an enemy of all university students. They were all alike; all they could do was to make little boys miserable, for that one who bought my cane had no right to do so. Instead of drinking my grief down as an adult would, I ate it down with candy. In a short time I tottered weakly homeward. In a semi-dazed condition, I heard my mother say as I opened the door and tumbled in, "Why Henry, what is the matter with you!" then, "Call the doctor, Quick!"

The Swimming Hole

HELEN WESTERMAN

Impromptu Theme—Rhetoric I, 1931-32

BY no stretch of the imagination could my old place for swimming be called a pool—it was a hole and nothing more. In some wide bend of the creek in the woods we would find a place where our knees did not scrape bottom as we dog-paddled about; this became our swimming-hole for that summer. Since then I have learned all the geological reasons for the water being deeper on the convex side of a stream meander, but at that time we were glad to find any hole deep enough to swim in. We would construct some sort of an insecure spring board on the bank or just swing out on some overhanging willows and drop into the water. There was always a small sandy beach to play upon and old logs to use for canoes. The water was dirty and full of debris, especially after rains, but we seldom were kept from our daily plunge by anything as insignificant as the increased variety of ingredients in the water.

One thing I shall always remember is the great variety of bathing costumes worn. The bathers ranged from the ages of four to sixteen and the costumes had a comparatively wide range of individuality. A few fortunate swimmers wore regular suits but these were usually the reward of learning to swim. Some came in old dresses, some in overalls, some in

gymnasium bloomers, some in cut-out coveralls, and some even in union suits. It was comical to see someone floating along on the water with his clothes ballooning above him like sails.

Perhaps in reminiscence I magnify the fun we had, but I do not believe so. We splashed about on water wings and rubber tires and boards, and swallowed gallons of water and germs; but we had the best times of our lives in that old swimming hole. We had to use persuasion and bribery on our mothers to take us there, but we managed to go at least once a day.

As I look back, however, I see one dark spot on this memory—Aunt Jane. Aunt Jane (who could ask a more typical name?) had a very queer idea of what constituted an afternoon's swim. She would take us to the creek, allow us to swim for ten minutes, scrub us with soap and a brush for fifteen minutes, tell us to wash the soap off, and then insist upon going home. We seldom asked Aunt Jane to take us swimming.

I would probably be very much shocked if any child of mine should want to swim in as dangerous and dirty a place as the old creek, for there were quicksands and whirlpools, but I am glad that I once had the opportunity.

Crowding the Hero Bench

EVELYN NELSON

Theme 14, Rhetoric II, 1929-30

I was a sophomore in high school and had entered a beginning swimming class. I had always felt that some day I would meet death by drowning, and I was determined to overcome the fear that seemed to grip my soul when I came near a large body of water. The class had met for three weeks, and I began to feel proud because I was not afraid to walk in water up to my shoulders—yes, I was really brave! The first fundamentals of swimming had been given to us, and I had learned to float on my back.

It was on the first Wednesday in October—a day I will never forget—that the teacher announced that the advanced swimming class was holding a life saving test after school, and the teacher thought that probably one of the beginners would volunteer to act as the rescued person. "It would be so much better for the other girls if we really had a girl who couldn't swim," said the teacher.

All was quiet, save for the lapping sound of the water against the side of the pool. We looked at each other; we were all alike in one respect—cowards when it came to deep water. After a long pause a weak voice said, "I'll volunteer." It was my voice! I wondered what had prompted me to defy my fear for that moment. I shook as I looked toward the deep end of the pool—it was there that the life saving test would take place. My eyes shifted to the side—the mark read fifteen—fifteen feet, horrors! that was three times my height. I shivered and somehow I didn't enjoy my lesson in

floating that day as much as I had previously.

The geometry class seemed extremely short that day, and the class in English was even shorter. It was four o'clock! Shucks, there was nothing to be afraid of—at least I wouldn't pretend to them that I was scared—besides they were all good swimmers.

I dressed, or rather undressed, and went to the pool. There were five seniors taking the test. I had met the girls before. They thought it was so nice of me to let them practice on me. Practice? I thought they knew everything about swimming and that this was a test, not a practice.

The test began and the first girl took me across the length of the pool with her hands at my waist. The instructions were to lie perfectly still and I complied. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the fifteen foot mark, and a dull, sinking sensation came over me. I shut my eyes for a moment, and I imagined I knew just how Joan of Arc must have felt. The second trip started. The senior held me by the chin, and with a side stroke proceeded to cross the pool. It happened before I realized it—her hand slipped and she pushed my face into the water. I was terrorized! My eyes caught the number fifteen! It was deep! She had let go! My time had come! I splashed madly about, waving my arms wildly. The girl dived under the water and tried to bring me up from underneath. I made one grab for her neck and hung fast. She

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tried to loosen my hold but it was frozen, and with a desperate kick she pried herself loose and swam toward the edge. Someone was shouting, "Float, Evelyn, float!" Float? What was floating? Who was floating? Where had I heard the word "float" before? Couldn't they see I was drowning? My eyes were full of water, my mouth was full of water, and my stomach was full of water too. Then I remembered that someone had told me that one never comes up after the third time. I had gone down twice, and I knew, I just knew they would let me drown. My eyes were hazy but I caught the sight of the teacher making a running dive for

me. I wouldn't die after all—she was the teacher—I was going down for the third time.

Someone was asking me how I felt. They were pumping what seemed to be gallons and gallons of water out of me, but I was sure it would take days. I thought of only two things—they had not let me drown, and I would never volunteer to play the hero act again.

The next day the school paper came out with an article entitled, "Water in the swimming pool is lowered two inches as sophomore quenches thirst." No one knows, or ever will know, what I paid for such publicity.



My Playhouse

VELMA A. DENNY

Theme 10, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

THERE are playhouses and playhouses. Some of them are of the finest wood and design, while others exist for the most part in the minds of their owners. The houses built from the imagination are sources of wonder to the parents who just cannot *see* the roofs and walls which their offspring absolutely *know* are there. Is it any wonder that parents start muttering that inevit-

able "I wonder what this generation is coming to" behind the backs of their six-year-olds?

But my parents never had to stretch their imagination in looking at my playhouse, for it was a *barn*! Yes, even if my middle name is Alice (a name which should only be applied to delicate, doll-loving little girls), I spent my happiest days in our old red barn. I shall never

forget how thrilled I was as I whizzed down the best sliding board of all—the hay mound. I knew perfectly well that Dad would never have permitted me to do it if he had known. But that enchanting and peculiar ticklish feeling which came to me just before I finished my slide quite overcame my fear of Dad's anger!

The hay was also another enjoyment for me. The cows many times had sneaked into the barn when *some one* had forgotten to shut the door. They had started immense tunnels through the sides of the hay. This maze of tunnels became a mythical and romantic labyrinth for me. How much courage it took to make myself crawl into that intense, smothering darkness! I was always fascinated by those tunnels, and the sweat stood out on my forehead as I thought how awful it would be if that hay should cave in upon me! But that Marco-Polo, just-conquered-the-world feeling which came to me as I crawled out quite repaid me for my fears.

Then, too, how could I ever forget the oats granary! If you have never lain in a cool bed of oats and poured the trickling, slick grains between your bare toes, you cannot understand this enticing part of my playhouse. Why, I almost learned to swim in the granary! No one could have made me believe that that pile of grain was not the largest ocean in the world!

Then, I will confess my greatest thrill of all (and the most embarrassing one, too). I used to stand on our old, rusty corn planter, which was a glorious Roman chariot to me. With the frazzly, old buggy whip I would furiously beat the imagined horses. Then, in keeping with the chariot race atmosphere, the squawks of the chickens, frightened by my mad ravings, seemed to be the applause of the spectators in the arena!

So all of these things formed my childhood playhouse. And, although you may not believe it, I have lived through it and I shall always say that I am glad that my playhouse was the old red barn.



Reflections in the Coal Room

MARVINE DOVER

Theme 17, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

BEING locked in the coal room, with nobody home, is not a laughable situation. Even now, when that incident is brought up in my presence, I blush, hang my head sheepishly, and quickly change the subject.

One Sunday, because my parents had left for the day, I had the duty of caring for the furnace. Although I had been down twice and had put in several shovels of coal, at four o'clock the house seemed chilly. Whenever I went to the basement I was frightened, and, since I was all alone, this time the trip was more distasteful than ever. I hastily unlocked the door, turned on the light, and started, with much reluctance, down the steps. When I reached the bottom one, I looked all around to be sure no one was hiding in the dark corners. When I was sure that I was alone, I ventured into the furnace room, grabbed the shovel, and in two seconds was in the coal room. A little path had been cut into the coal which had been put in just a week before. I went to the end of this and started shoveling. Coal started rolling on both sides of me, and, before I realized what was happening, the door was securely blockaded by three or four tons of dirty, black coal!

Reflection is a mild word to describe the thoughts which raced through my mind as I realized the situation in which I had been placed. With much repugnance I seated myself on a large lump of coal. I thought of all the pleasant things I could be doing—of the radio upstairs,

of the mystery story which I had just started. Time dragged on. From four o'clock until six o'clock I sat on that coal pile and thought. I did not think frivolous thoughts; I thought out great plans by which I could get back to comfort and civilization again. However, every plan seemed to have a flaw in it. When I tried to crawl out by the window, I found that it had been boarded up for the winter. When I tried to dig myself out with the coal shovel, the coal only rolled back with more energy than I could shovel it. I gave up. I would die there, and when my body was finally dug out, I would be praised as a martyr by everyone. With these morbid thoughts in mind, I began idly to pick up the coal and to throw it over my shoulder. After several minutes, I noticed that the coal was staying behind me; it did not roll back as before. With this theory in mind, I started to work. At six-thirty I had a small space cleared in front of the door. At seven o'clock I opened the door and actually ran upstairs. When I reached the stairway to the second floor, I looked at myself in the hall mirror. Shoveling coal with my bare hands had not improved my appearance. My hands and arms were black, my face was streaked with coal dust, and I even tasted coal for a week!

After I had cleaned up, I sat down to think about my strange imprisonment. I realized at last the real reason why I had escaped. It was not by hurrying and

frantically trying to shovel the coal out of the way. I had gained my freedom by slowly placing each piece of coal in a firm, stable position. Several times since

then I have been inclined to be too hasty, but I always stop and remember that afternoon in the coal room before I do anything without thinking.



Incident at Sea

JAMES PHELAN

Rhetoric II, 1930-31

TWO seamen loitered aft on the schooner, talking.

"Where you sailin' from, lad?"

"Boston. First voyage off the coast."

"Mmmm." The old man bit down upon his pipe reflectively, and was silent for a minute. "Thinkin' of stickin' to it? I mean for a trade, sort of?"

"I dunno, sir. The sea seems to be a splendid thing, always alive and moving; never a time when it's dull, like the land. And I have no ties. No home folks, I mean."

The old sailor shifted his position to guard his pipe bowl from the quartering wind that flapped through the pennants. "It's the sea then for you, my boy, and

no willing it on your part. I know. I stood in your shoes forty—no, forty-two years ago, almost to the month. At New Bedford it was, when whalers went out for four years, a year to Greenland and then around the Cape to the north Pacific with never a stop at home port. The whaler I shipped on is rotting on the bottom now, I guess, but here I am smelling the salt winds and heading down ag'inst the Gulf Stream again."

The boy looked at him with a trace of questioning in his eyes. "You talk as though you might be regretting it, sir. I envy you."

The man hemmed disparagingly in his throat, and made as if to speak, but re-

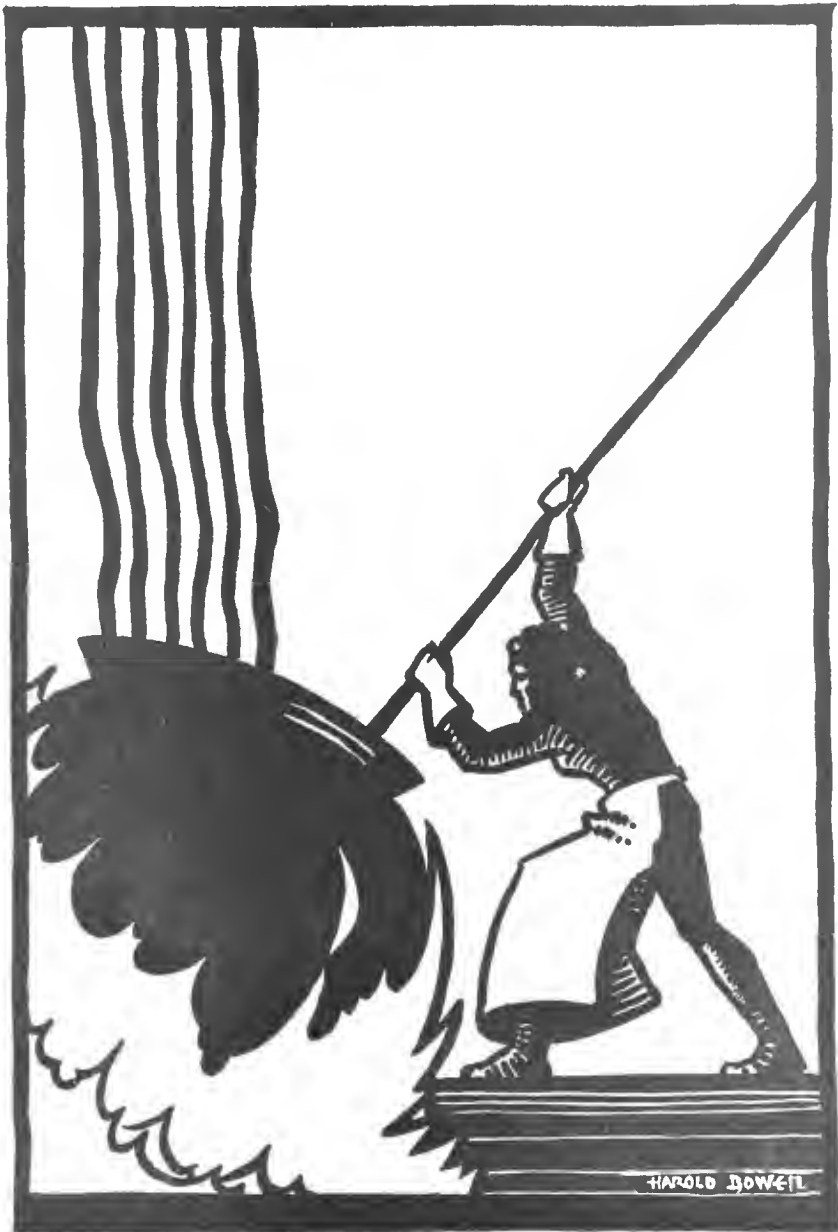
mained silent a while. Then after a pause he replied slowly, "There's some-
thin' in the sea that — challenges you.
Devil sea, the old sailors call it, but you
don't see it that way now, of course.
After forty years, like me, you begin to
feel that life comes down to just a pri-
vate battle between you and the waters
of the world, as the Bible calls it, with
hands off to everyone else. You go for
days at a time on friendly speaking
terms with each other, you whistlin'
some tune under your breath, and the sea
as calm as a valley pond, and then one
night she begins growlin', and snakes a
wet arm at you out of a heavin' storm.
And always at night, when you're layin'
in your bunk, you can hear the waters,

tons of them, whisperin' within three
feet of your head, luring you, like them
women in foreign ports. But she's pati-
ent, the sea is, like no woman, and 'll
wait thirty or forty years for you, and
never complain. Long as I've beat her,
I'm still watching myself during a dark
night, when there's a wet deck under me.
It's a hard life, son, and a cold, cold
death."

They stood silently looking over the
rail, and the old man took his pipe from
his mouth and pointed the stem down
at the wake. He grinned. "Show your
teeth, you old ——; you won't get
me." Then he knocked the coals from
his pipe against the rail. They hissed as
they fell into the sea.



THE GREEN CALDRON



THE GREEN CALDRON

May 1932

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The Forceful Mr. Pierce

JEROME NELSON

Theme 13, Rhetoric 2, 1930-31

“YUP, my boy, I ain’t never had any luck but bad luck.”

It was five minutes to five o’clock, and Mr. Pierce and I, lost to the sight of the foreman, lingered among the stock boxes which were filled with small steel castings. He was terribly dirty. His shoes were heavy and worn over at the heels. His overalls, covered with a coating of machine oil and fine steel filings, pulled on his frail shoulders. The blue shirt that he wore was soaked with sour-smelling sweat, for the day had been beastly hot. As I hastily glanced at his face (I could hardly bear to look at it), I could think only of a chicken. The cords in his neck bulged out as he spoke, much as do the windpipes on the neck of a featherless hen. The day’s growth of beard, clogged with sticky dirt, gave his face a ghastly look. His narrow, short chin, and his Hebrew nose brought out the hen appearance to perfection. And his small, wild, ignorant eyes searched me for pity, which I found it difficult to give.

“I had a nice little farm near Elburn a few years ago,” he continued in his chattering, squeaky voice. “The first year I got pneumonia, yuh know, and it took all of the year’s harvest to pay the doctor.”

He clapped his toothless jaws together and stared at me, expecting sympathy. I did feel sorry for him, but one could see in a glance that he was always ill. In fact, I doubted whether he had had pneumonia.

“And then the next year the big barn burnt down.”

“Didn’t you have insurance?” I asked.

“That’s the funny thing, yuh know,” he gasped. “The insurance ran out just a week before and there weren’t any chance to git to town to renew it.”

I sighed a sympathetic “Oh,” but well I knew that if he had had a hundred ways of getting to town he wouldn’t have had the policy renewed.

“Yuh know when wheat went down last year so much, I couldn’t keep goin’ and had to git out,” he added mournfully. “But did I go into bankruptcy? No! I didn’t. Yuh know most men would ‘ave done that to git out of paying their bills. I’m goin’ to pay everyone of them back!”

This sudden spark of life and determination startled me, but it wasn’t long before I could see that he was just talking. That’s all he could ever do.

“If it wasn’t for my wife, I don’t think I could ‘ave stood it,” asserted the poor man with a jerk of his knobby head. “She’s a good woman. Yuh know, she supported the family when I was lying useless on my back with rheumatism last winter.”

Poor woman! I felt much sorrier for her than I did for him. Love is a queer thing if one *could* be firmly attached to such a helpless creature. The bell rang and I tore out to the time clock, leaving Mr. Pierce to fight his way alone through the rapidly increasing mob of tired workingmen. I would have been willing to wager money that he was the last to “punch out.”

On a Dog

EDWARD DUDZINSKI

Theme 3, Rhetoric 2, 1931-32

“PAL” came to me when I was just entering the glorious age of boyhood. I remember him now—a roly-poly puppy he was, all feet and ears, and possessed of the most inquisitive nose I ever saw. I recall that first day clearly—how I fondled him and played with him all day long, and how, at bedtime, I loathed to bring him down stairs to his temporary home in the basement. There he whined and whimpered till I finally stole downstairs again, after all the house was dark, and brought him to bed with me.

That was the beginning of the countless joyful summer days which followed. “Pal” grew rapidly those first weeks, and his energy kept pace with his growth. The amount of mischief into which he could get in an hour was inconceivable. If he was not digging up the flower beds, he was pulling sheets off the clothes line. If he was not chewing a brand new shoe, he was upsetting flower pots. Stockings could never be found in pairs. He got into every conceivable nook and corner with his inquisitive nose. He was irrepressibly full of life. He even had the effrontery, one day, to bark imprudently at a grown dog four times his size. But he prudently went no further than the barking stage.

Rapidly, “Pal” grew to young doghood. We were now inseparable. Everywhere I went, he was bound to follow me like the historic Mary’s lamb. Roving through fields and wood became one of our favorite sports. Long hours we spent in spreading fields of green grass and

fragrant flowers, or in cool, shaded woods where shafts of sunlight, striking through the dense green foliage of the trees, lent an air of enchantment to the surroundings. Often I sat and rested, but “Pal” was continuously on the move. He ran and barked and jumped every foot of the way. He chased unceasingly after butterflies. Once he pursued a bee and sniffed it curiously when it alighted on a flower. The next instant the inevitable happened, and “Pal” bounded away yelping and shaking his head. Several yards away he sat down and energetically pawed his nose. He chased no more “buzzing butterflies” that day.

Thus we grew up together. But soon the joyous years of my boyhood were over and I turned to more serious pursuits. I no longer had time to rove the countryside with “Pal.” However, he was losing the friskiness of his youth and was well content to abandon our early pleasures for hours of silent companionship while I studied. When I was absorbed in my studies until late at night, “Pal” could always be found stretched out on the floor beside my chair. When I sat reading, he lay at my feet dozing.

So time flew, as time has a habit of doing, and I was soon a student at Illinois. Needless to say, one of the things I missed most, during the first few weeks, was “Pal.” And as distance makes frequent trips home inadvisable, I grew to miss him more and more. When I went home for Christmas vacation the first one to greet me was “Pal”—an old and grizzled “Pal.” The muscles that

were once like steel strangely seemed to have lost their elasticity. The shaggy hide pierced by honorable scars of battle was dull and lifeless. Good old "Pal!"

When my all-too-short vacation was over, and I made preparations to leave, he followed me around on his stiffened legs. The last I saw of him he was gaz-

ing at me mournfully out of sad, dulled eyes.

The chimes slowly toll midnight. Somehow I feel strange and foreign to myself. All I can do is stare dully out into the silvery night. My room is quite dark and deathly still. On the table, at my elbow, lies a half-read letter. "Pal" is dead.



A Fourth of July

MARY CATHARINE STONER

Theme 14, Rhetoric 2, 1931-32

WE looked forward to our annual Fourth-of-July party on Lake Michigan from one year to the next. But on one particular morning I awoke to learn that the rain fell in torrents, wind and sand blew every direction—our plans were smashed. . . .

Climbing to the top of the dune which protected our cottage against the cruel winds from the lake, I saw a startling sight. The beach was lonely and empty save for one or two life-guards stationed here and there. The lake was one mass of silver—the wrong kind of silver. To me it looked like one continuous white cap. Once in awhile a great wave would

leap up, forming an upper lip of some gigantic sea monster, and closing, would suck in white caps as its prey, again leaving the lake one mass of fury. The roar was deafening—the atmosphere terrifying.

Suddenly I heard a siren scream and, turning quickly to my right, I saw a white streak shoot behind the dune which lay between me and another beach some few hundred feet away. My heart jumped to my mouth and a heavy lump settled in the pit of my stomach. What should I do? Stay here and be eaten with terror and curiosity or go there and see the results of a disaster, because

I knew that was what it was—a disaster. Before I clearly decided I was running fast and excitedly to the scene. Running down the steep side of the dune I crossed the road leading to our beach, ran across front yards of other cottages and up the long sloping side of the other dune. My feet seemed to sink down and down in the sand as I frantically made my way upward. Would I ever reach the top! Completely winded from the fast climb and from anticipation, I stumbled to the top and started down again. Already I saw a small group of men and women, and against the dark background of sky and water was the ambulance!

As I neared the group I saw three lifeguards working madly and furiously with ropes; no words seemed to be spoken; only time was being considered now. Spying my uncle I ran to him and clutched his arm. "Look out there," he shouted.

What I saw so completely unstrung me that I felt faint. At first two—no, three—oh God—four of them! Can't we do anything—anything. Only a few feet out—so near—so far. Now the lifeguards were motioning to the group. Each man seemed to know what to do. Horrified—terrified—I watched them walk into the lake to form a human chain. . . .

After an hour of struggling one was saved. I left—I could stand no more. Frozen with terror and grief I walked home—stunned into silence by this tragedy. Three times later that day the screaming ambulance rushed to the beach to carry away another victim of the lake. What a form of celebration!

For three days I stayed away from the lake, for three days I suffered hallucinations—always those four heads and eight hands, clutching, grasping, bobbing. . . .

Harvest with a Combine

ROBERT D. JONES

Theme 7, Rhetoric 2, 1931-32

MOTHER is calling, "Six o'clock!" I hurry out of bed, wash, throw on my clothes, and snatch a hasty breakfast. It is a bright, warm July morning, still early enough for the trees to cast long shadows on the cool, shaded, dew-covered grass; an ideal morning. After breakfast, I still have time to romp with my dog before Pud comes, but as soon as Pud honks the horn on his little Whippet, I am in the car and we are off to the farm. Pud is the son of Mr. Kratz, the owner of the large farm.

When we arrive at the farm, we find the activities at their height. The morning chores have just been finished and most of the horses are harnessed. Already two teams are hitched up and starting to the elevator with loads of grain that were left over from yesterday's work. One man is cleaning a bin. The women are busy preparing dinner. But Pud and I have no time to linger, and we stop at the farm house only to get a jug of drinking water. Again we board the little coupe and tear over the

dusty lane into the field where the combines are. Here our duties begin at once.

Two combines are used; Pud works on one and I work on the other. The men have already started putting the machines in order. The canvas conveyor must be replaced, bolts tightened, and parts oiled. I start fueling the engines. I get the gasoline from a tank wagon that we carry with us from field to field. The tractor takes about ten gallons of gas, five quarts of oil, and an unlimited quantity of water. The smaller stationary engine on the combine is more conservative in its desires; yet it is harder to fuel because of its inaccessibility.

Each machine has a crew of three—the driver, the combine tender, and the scooper. Upon the driver of the tractor lies the responsibility of keeping the combine moving and in position to cut the grain. The combine tender rides the combine, tends to the machinery, and guides the reaper. The scooper is a general handy man who may be called upon to do anything, but his main duty is to keep the grain from piling up under the spout. This necessitates scooping. On one combine the grain spout leads into an attached bin and when this is filled, the grain is run out into an empty box wagon. However, I am working on an older machine, which is so constructed that an empty box wagon can be attached to the machine and the spout then leads to the wagon. I ride the wagon as it is pulled alongside the combine. And now that the morning dew has disappeared, we are ready to begin threshing. The engines are tuned up; their humming fills the air. We're off!

The newer machine swings out majestically and starts cutting a twelve-foot gap into the large field of waving wheat. We follow close behind, putting a deeper dent into the field. I have taken

my post in the attached wagon. It goes bumping along the rough ground, nearly shaking my insides out; however, the riding becomes smoother as the wagon fills. When the grain piles up so that it nearly reaches the spout, I begin scooping it to the back of the wagon. Presently we get a load. While changing wagons, I close the spout to keep any grain from pouring out; then the combine is pulled forward, leaving the unfastened filled wagon and making room for another empty. This is attached and we move out again.

Getting the first load is a pleasure to me, falling into harness again and not as yet being bothered by the heat; but after the first four or five rounds of the field, my job begins to be more like work. The constant jiggling of the wagon begins to make me feel a little shaken up. As the sun rises higher in the sky, the heat becomes more intense, and the dust becomes thicker; yet the worst evil of labor does not appear—monotony. For each load means that we are getting more and more of the field done. It also means that we will have the company of one of the box drivers for a minute. As there are seven teams, I can not always tell who will be the next person to take the load. Will it be Steve, Mr. Kratz's small son, with his old slow team—a team I used to drive four years ago; or the "girl," the tenant's daughter, who had been in grade school with me—I always help her hitch her team; or Ben, her husband, a young hired hand; or Ducey, an engineering student from Illinois; or the "old man," a sixty-year-old German who had once owned his own farm; or George Johnson, the comical young hand who always ran his team; or will it be Ted, a quiet, good-looking lad who did not appear to be a full-time farm hand?

I am keeping a close watch on the sun now. It is getting near to noon. I have been hungry for hours. As we approach the home corner, the one nearest the house, I notice that we have almost a full load, and as we reach the corner, we keep going straight. Ah! This means dinner.

The noon hour is a pleasant relief from the strain of the hot field. In the farm yard all hands find a comfortable spot in the shade, while awaiting their turn at the wash stand. I am covered with dirt, and I use three pans of water to get my hands and face clean—the cool, refreshing water is a luxury. Come to dinner!

The food is plain but substantial. The men do not talk much for they are occupied with their meat, potatoes, and beans. Everything is good, but I most thoroughly enjoyed the iced tea—a real treat for men from the harvest field.

Having eaten, I feel better but I am reluctant to depart from the shade of the farm yard. During the short rest after dinner, our conversation turns to our work. We have hopes that we can finish the wheat field today, for it means that we will be through with wheat for the season.

I am the first to leave the shade and start to the field, for I must refuel the engines. It is torture to go alone out in the hot sun, hoisting heavy cans of gasoline, carrying greasy buckets of oil, and lifting the water containers. Here come the crews and the work is starting. I find that the heat and the bouncing of

the wagon do not mix well with a hearty meal. I become slightly nauseated; thus, I am a good target of depression as things start going the wrong way.

Within the next two hours the heat becomes almost unbearable, the thermometer registering one hundred degrees. Everything is going against me. The dirt, dust, and chaff fly into my mouth, eyes, and nose; I can hardly breathe; the gas fumes of the engines become suffocating; blisters appear on my hands; the spout jumps the wagon bed, spilling grain on the ground; I cut my hand trying to jerk the spout back in; I am almost overcome with thirst and fatigue; will it never end? Then a breakdown. The climax is reached.

The breakdown is really a blessing. While resting during the short time that the combine tender is making the repair, I am able to get control of myself. Then I am sent after some water. I now feel better speeding along in the little Whippet to a school house where I find some delicious water—so cool. On returning, I have a further change of occupation—I get to drive the tractor for the first time in my life, a great achievement for a town boy.

Just as the sun is setting, both combines are working on the last strip in the field; we finish it with bursts of shouting and whooping. The machines are prepared for the night and we are on our way home. As Pud and I pause at the farm house to get a drink, we hear the proud farmer speaking to his wife, "Well, Mandy, we finished the field."

Violent Emotions

GEORGE A. JOHNSON

Theme 6, Rhetoric 2, 1931-32

I CAN hardly decide whether the strongest emotions of my life were experienced the night my favorite girl quit me, or whether I was more shaken the day the horse kicked me on the head. My feelings were really about the same after each incident, but I am not so reluctant to tell about the blow from the horse.

A few years ago, my brother and I were plowing corn one sweltering day. I was using a double shovel plow which requires only one horse for locomotive purposes. Old Prince was that horse. Prince was the laziest and dumbest horse I have ever seen—or maybe he was the smartest. He didn't even know that if he walked faster he would get to the shade quicker. Since I knew that simple fact, I was continually urging Prince on to greater speed, but my urgings were of no avail. The more I yelled at the horse the angrier I became, and the angrier I became the more I yelled. So one thing led to another until I felt like a toy balloon, with a pin scratching me. At this inopportune moment the grass and dirt clogged on the plow so as to make plowing impossible. I couldn't become any angrier; so I tied down my safety valve, as it were, and started to clean the plow. To do this I had to hold up the plow beam with one hand, and with the other I scraped the dirt off with my knife. Of course the horse took this opportunity to thrash me thoroughly with his tail, and a horse's tail feels like fire when used on a person's hot face. Now ordinarily

I would have taken offense when Prince switched my face, but I was standing directly behind him and well within range; so I controlled my temper and cut off more dirt from the plow shares. I had taken so much provocation that my emotions began to subside like a reversible reaction in chemistry when an excess of one product is present. Then Prince added the last straw. In trying to back up and relieve the pressure on his trace chains, he stepped on the singletree of the plow which I was holding up with one hand. I was so angry that I couldn't speak, and I couldn't hit the horse with the plow because he was standing on it; so I did the only possible thing—jabbed him with my knife. I got instant response. Prince raised both feet off the singletree and planted one or both of them firmly against my head. I promptly sat down on a cornstalk about ten feet away. My recollections of what happened after that are rather vague, but I remember having an insane desire to tear the horse into little pieces; then I was no longer hot and angry, but I was chilly and afraid. I went about in a semi-conscious condition the remainder of the afternoon, gradually getting back to normal.

The lesson this experience taught me was never to allow myself to get angry on a hot day, while working with a lazy horse. When the horse goes to sleep, I also take a nap, thereby saving my nerves and my head.

Cause and Effect

NETTIE FINE

Theme 16, Rhetoric 1, 1931-32

THE tempest of water and dustpans, brooms and mops, had raged wildly over the once peaceful plain of our house. But it had spent itself, destroyed by its own fury, and now the sun of cleanliness shone.

Mother, a lock of hair over one eye, a smudge of dirt on her face, leaned triumphantly against the door of the living room. She looked very happy. After days of work and worry, the floors shone, the tables sparkled, the flowers smiled, and the kitchen clock laughed out loud. Our house was in a clear, clean dazzle.

There was a certain place in the living room, directly in back of the sofa, between it and the wall, which I cherished very dearly. Here I fought Indians, rode the Western plains, and discovered America. It was the Mecca for my brother and me, the place where dreams came true. For days I hadn't been there, because of the housecleaning.

In a very self-possessed manner, I smiled up at mother and calmly made for the living room. She became electrified with action:—seized me by the collar of my abbreviated dress and held me.

"Young lady, that room is forbidden. Please remember that."

I looked very much astonished, but she

only smiled at me and told me "to run along, dear."

I sat down on the back porch, narrowed my eyes and began to concentrate. Why wouldn't she let me in there? Mother didn't do things purposelessly. There were always reasons. There must be a reason for this new situation. It followed that there was something very enticing in the living room. My taste for adventure became whetted. I began to connive dashing entrances, secret tunnels, and wild escapes.

But an easier way presented itself. Mother left for the grocer's, and the house was alone, *undefensible*. Very leisurely I went on a tour of the house. The kitchen, the dining room and the hall, passed in a glare of cleanliness, and then—the living room. I stopped. But life was too short for drawn-out decisions. I opened the door and went in.

Why, there was nothing changed. The piano stood silently in the corner. The books looked pleasantly disheveled, and then—

I ran wildly from the room, my heart beating madly. Hot, scalding tears ran slowly down my face. How could one's own mother be so cruel! Panic had descended upon my small world. The sofa had been pushed back, pushed straight back against the wall.

Why I Don't Like Cactus

LEILA NENDELL

Theme 15, Rhetoric 1, 1931-32

AS far back as I can remember, my favorite antipathy has been cactus. To me, it is a squatty, repulsive, treacherous plant, and despite the good it does mankind, I cannot conceal my dislike for it. I have lived in Texas most of my life and have seen large cactus, small cactus, tall cactus, short cactus, wide cactus, and narrow cactus. I know every habit it has and all its virtues. Still, I don't like cactus!

I had been in Texas several years before cactus came into my life. I had seen it and admired its orange-tinted, pear-shaped fruit, and its broad, green, flat leaves, but had been advised not to pick it. I always follow good advice. But one day during a solitary stroll through the hills at home I decided to taste one of the prickly pears. I tore a branch off a mesquite tree, stuck it into a very tempting pear, and giving it a yank, had the pear at my feet. I lifted it on the stick to my lips, and without inspecting it closely, sank my teeth into it. It suddenly seemed as though a million little devils were piercing my lips and mouth with their pitchforks. As I then learned, these pears are not called "prickly pears" without reason, for they are covered with tiny spines. I tore the pear from my anguished lips and drew as many of the tiny spikes as I could from their tender resting place, then ran home to Mother.

It was many days before I could eat with my usual heartiness. Needless to say, I avoided cactus as much as possible after that time. Alas, had I only known

that that was just the first of my lessons about cactus and its treachery!

Several months later a friend who owned a pony visited me. As she rode up to the door, all the boys and girls in the neighborhood flocked to see the pony and to admire it. Marge consented, rather hesitantly, to let us ride; so we led the pony to a small clearing in the sparse woods and gaily took our turns. When the fun was at its height, someone suggested that we play "Follow the Leader." We chose a leader and lined up, ready for the game. Our leader first jumped upon the pony and slid off its back, landing safely on the ground. When my turn came, I lost courage and refused to follow, but the taunting of "the gang" was not to be ignored. Therefore, I daringly climbed upon the back of the patient pony, gathered all my courage, and began to slide. I was in a cold sweat and could almost feel those hoofs in my stomach. Just before I reached the ground, one of the boys, full of the irrepressible spirit of youth, excitedly yelled that the pony was going to kick me. I became terrified, pushed myself away from the pony, and kept going backwards until I reached the end of the clearing where a large colony of cacti awaited me. Thud! Ouch! I felt myself bombarded by thousands of large needle-like thorns and millions of tiny spines. I sat there speechless. Finally my brother gallantly came to the rescue and dragged me out—a metamorphosed porcupine. I looked at the pony, which was standing just as he was when I had begun my

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fateful slide. With eyes closed, he was apparently dreaming of horse-heaven, all oblivious of my catastrophe. I managed to get home, and, with the help and sympathy of Mother, spent the rest of the week picking out cactus splinters.

Since these events, I have eaten prickly

pears — properly peeled — and have admitted their edibility; also I have found that cactus is absolutely harmless unless one sits in it, but I can never look upon one of those luxuriant children of the desert without shuddering and recalling my past unhappy relationship with it.

The End of the *Narcissus*

W. S. EISFELDER

Theme 14, Rhetoric 2, 1931-32

IT was a warm, sultry afternoon, and the little breeze that blew around the ship was like the breath of the devil. The *Narcissus*, which was on the fourth day of its trip to the city of Callao, in Peru, to which place it was conveying a cargo of oil, had been built during the World War. Subsequently, it had passed from line to line until it had come into the hands of a small company which used the vessel for its tramp business.

As the *Narcissus* moved through the placid waters, a spiral of smoke suddenly rose from the ship. A cry of fire was heard, and the ship that had been traveling along so sleepily, quickly became a scene of activity. The mate dashed to the captain's cabin and yelled into his ear, "Sir, the ship is on fire. It is in hold three!"

The captain, followed by the mate, dashed up on to the deck, where all was confusion. His quick orders, "Batten down all holds. . . . Rig up the pumps Flood the forward holds," quickly restored order from out of the chaos.

Everything possible was done, but it was a losing fight, and the captain was forced to turn to the radio operator and

say, "All right, son, the mate will give you our position;—send out an S.O.S." While the operator was sending the message, the order, "Prepare to abandon ship," was given.

Within five minutes the life boats were in their davits, the entire crew in their places, and the final command, "Abandon ship," was given. By this time the heat was intense, and the boats were quickly lowered and pulled away from the doomed ship.

A dark cloud had enveloped the *Narcissus*, and every few seconds flames, like fingers of the devil, were seen snaking through the thick smoke. Loud explosions were heard, and slowly the ship settled into the water. Suddenly, the bow seemed to lift itself, plunge back, and bury itself beneath the waves, until only the flag on the stern remained above the surface of the water. A playful breeze filled the flag out, and then while this symbol of our country was proudly waving, it too disappeared. Only a cloud of dark smoke, hanging above the water like a lost soul, marked the spot where the once proud *Narcissus* had sunk.

To a Prospective Duck Hunter

G. C. SHARP

Theme 7, Rhetoric 1, 1931-32

DEAR JACK,
I suppose that by this time you have heard of my unfortunate accident last week. At any rate, I'm taking for granted that you have; and so instead of regaling you with the lucid details I shall proceed at once to my real purpose in writing to you at this time. To put it briefly, I want to discuss, in a manner not-so-brief, the thing we had planned on—your first duck-hunt.

First of all, the hunt is not to be called off on my account. I realize that in this short vacation lies my only chance of converting you to our ranks; therefore I have prevailed upon our mutual friends, the Rice brothers, to act in my stead. They will conduct your coming initiation into the great brotherhood of wild-fowlers. Both the Rices were here yesterday and together we completed all the plans for the hunt. They will meet you at the station and you are to be their guest for the night. All these plans, of course, have been made without your approval, but we are counting on your promise not to fail us. And now, since I won't see you until after your return, I want to give you some information that should prove useful to you.

To begin with, I suppose you will want to know just what to bring in the way of equipment. Perhaps it will be best if we consider first the matter of clothing. And here I want to caution you. Please do not attempt to array yourself in what the well-dressed man will wear afield this season. Remember that you are going hunting, not posing for a *Vanity Fair*

illustration. The primary considerations are warmth and resistance to moisture. Bring your changes, a warm woolen shirt and sweater, and, of course, gloves and cap. The hunting coat and trousers should be of water-repellent brown duck, the coat with slicker interlining if possible. Plenty of lengthy woolen socks and hip-boots, if you have them, comprise the other essentials of apparel. Food, bedding, and firewood are always on hand at the cottage; so you won't be concerned with those.

I remember seeing in your collection of artillery a good old double gun. Perhaps I am prejudiced in favor of the double, but I advise you to bring it if you can, for it combines two very desirable features, namely, a full-choke barrel, with lots of reach for the "long ones," and one of modified choke for the closer shots which will comprise most of your shooting. And as to ammunition—bring plenty of it; this is your first trip you know, and besides, the flight is ready to start any day now. You have heard the honking of geese the past few nights, haven't you? Well, that means but one thing, for the geese always precede the real flight of ducks. So regardless of success I predict plenty of shooting for you. If you choose a heavy load for your shooting, be sure to get it in a medium-shot size. Most hunters favor heavy shot for wild-fowl, but I consider this a mistake, for a heavy charge and increased velocity tend to scatter the pattern of the shot. This effect can be counteracted by an increased number of

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smaller shot. These, of course, are only suggestions which you are free to follow or ignore as you choose. Since this phase of shooting is new to you, you may profit to some extent by the things I have learned from experience.

When you reach the cottage on Thursday, the shooting will be over for the day. In this locality ducks are rarely to be seen in any great numbers after the noon hour. There will be other things to fill your time, however—for instance cards or trapshooting—or if you like, you can take the boat for a pre-view of the blind with an eye to its possibilities. You will find it at the southern end of the second island this year, near the scene of your fishing triumph last summer. Remember how a narrow lane of water wanders between the island and the mainland, re-joining the river at this point—so that the tip of the island wedges into the stream with water on three sides? The blind may not be readily apparent to your unpracticed eye, as we have utilized natural cover wherever possible in its construction. If, however, you row into the narrow inlet, you will perceive a natural indentation near an overhanging willow. If you beach the boat here you will see the path which leads to the blind itself. And here you will be in for something of a surprise, for you will discover that the blind isn't at all in accord with your own conception of just what it should be. Instead of the opaque, airtight structure of milady's-boudoir construction which you have expected, you will find only a flimsy screen of slightly inter-woven twigs and reeds. You will say that the quarry can see through such a transparent device as easily as the hunter himself. Yes, but you must remember that a brown hunting coat blends naturally with the blind in front and the background of reeds behind. The blind

serves exactly the same purpose as the screens of leaves and woven wire used in concealing batteries of artillery during the late war. In other words it is but a camouflage, designed to break the outline rather than to conceal the figure. Thus it gives the hunter the advantage of being able to observe his game while he himself remains invisible, an integral part of the background. Of course the hunter must remain entirely motionless when game is in sight. It is important to remember this as even the slightest movement is apt to betray the whole scheme. No cigarettes either—smoke is a danger signal to all wild creatures. Be careful, too, that the sun does not shine upon your up-turned face; in this way light is reflected to the bird on high as if from a polished mirror. Ducks, as a rule, are low in the scale of mentality; never forget, however, that your quarry is as wary as he is stupid. He is able to see much from his "bird's-eye-view" and is not disposed to trifling with possible danger.

And now about the decoys. Probably about two dozen of them will be put to use, either more or less—never an even number. Tradition, or superstition perhaps, decrees that an odd number of decoys shall always be used. This rule is never broken by the experienced. The lay-out of decoys is called the "stool." This term originated in the days when stools of live pigeons were used to decoy passenger pigeons to the snares of professional market-hunters: hence the present term, "stool-pigeon." Your stool will consist of both live decoys and artificial ones of painted wood known as "blocks." The blocks are placed in a semicircle before the blind, each spaced a distance of about eighteen inches from its neighbor and fastened, by means of a swivel and short leader, to a common

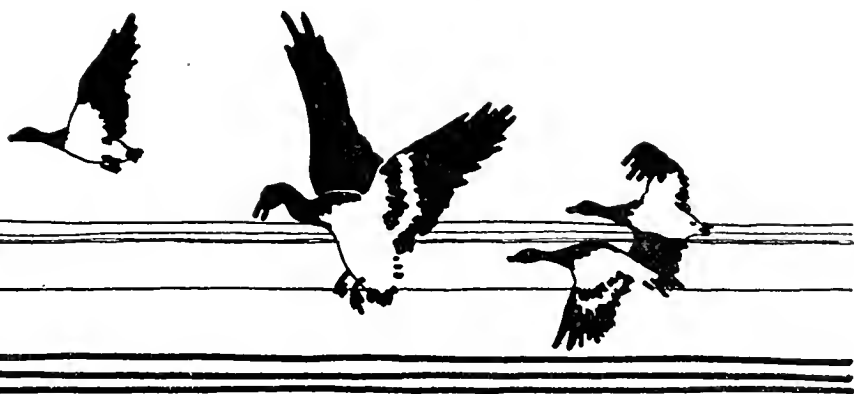
line, which floats beneath the surface of the water and is secured by means of a stake at each end. The "callers," or live decoys, are always placed in the same manner, but inside the ring of blocks, to guard them from chance or stray shot. Other "blocks" are anchored outside this array to break the symmetry of the arrangement. The "blocks" are used merely to lend atmosphere, much like stage scenery; the "callers" are the real heart of the scheme. They are the feathered sirens, trained to lure their wild brethern into fatal range of the guns. The "callers" are mostly hens chosen for their quality of voice; the drakes are not gifted vocally—the deep, throaty sound made by them is audible only for short distances. The ability to utter incessantly a soft, musical chatter is the thing most to be prized in live decoys. A loud, raucous note is apt to frighten rather than charm the prospective game. All of the decoys you will use have been carefully trained to "sing out" in response to a low signal from the blind—to utter it you make a sound that is on the borderline between a hiss and a soft whistle. Usually this signal is unnecessary however, for the decoys invariably sight the high-flying wedge before the hunter. The older birds will call to anything that flies—even crows and blackbirds. The ex-

perienced hunter learns to watch his decoys rather than the heavens, for the caller always cocks one eye to the sky in the direction of the sighted bird.

Just one more thing—I want to caution you in regard to musk-rat runs. These little rodents have a most disconcerting habit—that of burrowing treacherous tunnels beneath the spot where one may wish to set his foot. I have many a well-filled boot to lay at their door, and water feels uncommonly cold in November weather. With this warning I think I have tempered in advance one probable drain on your store of spontaneous words reserved for such accidents.

I have given you much that I learned only by experience. Many things remain which you must learn for yourself in the same manner. Needless to say, you have countless thrills in store for you. You will encounter few moments the equal of the one when the first speeding V drops from the sky to bank and turn over the decoys in a swift flush of shining feathers and beating wings. This thrill is never to be forgotten; once you have experienced it you will be as ardent a duck "crank" as I.

Well, Jack, I have said far more than I intended to; so I'll end now by wishing you all the luck in the world for your new venture.



Air Minded

BEEKLEY MILLER

Theme 7, Rhetoric 2, 1931-32

AFTER many weary days of constant and scathing ridicule, I at last persuaded an old friend to take an air trip with me. He was still somewhat hesitant as we made reservations on the evening plane for Chicago. His fear was gradually dispelled, as I explained the adequate safety measures taken at every available opportunity by the transport company.

Upon our arrival at the airport, my friend, who had visions of seeing just a corn field, commented upon the largeness and seeming completeness of the equipment. The facilities for parking cars and the orderly arrangement of cars already parked amazed him. He was unconsciously made to feel at home when the customary "red cap" took our bags and said, "Right this way, sir, the plane leaves in five minutes." Here was something that caused him to feel a familiar warmth. Somehow red caps the world over make one feel at ease.

While we were sitting in a luxuriously equipped passenger station waiting for the plane to be brought to the line, I explained the use of various markers and lights that were visible through the large plate glass window, which gave us a complete view of the field. I pointed out the red lights which mark the boundary of every airport, and are placed on all objects, such as radio towers, telegraph poles, hangars, and the like, which are in the vicinity of the field. My friend was now becoming very much interested, and called my attention to several batteries of lights. I told him that these were used for landing planes at night.

The plane arrived, and the porter took our bags. We followed him out to the plane, the intervening space being protected by a canopy which was much the same as those leading from the door to the curb of an exclusive night club or hotel. I called my friend's attention to the wire guards which surrounded the idling propellers, a safety measure that is taken to prevent passengers from being accidentally struck.

We were assisted into the plane and to our seats by a steward. He fastened our safety belts, which are always used for the take-off and the landing. After so bravely embarking on this air expedition, my friend was anxious to be off, and became somewhat impatient.

I accounted for the delay by showing him the pilot and mechanic making a final check of the plane. This checking is part of a very rigid system of inspection maintained by all the transport operators. A very detailed inspection card is thoroughly scrutinized by the pilot for omissions that may have been made in the servicing of the plane. When the pilot is convinced that the plane is in good order, he signs the report card. The ship and passengers are then in his care until he fills out a similar card at the other end of the line.

The pilot and co-pilot came aboard, and were assured by the steward that the passengers were all ready. The pilots took their places and gave the signal for the blocks to be removed. An increasing roar was heard from the motors, and the plane taxied out to one of the long

cement runways. Here we stopped and waited for the signal, to "take off," from the observation tower. This is always done to prevent a collision with other planes which might be landing. At this time, I also explained that taking off and landing are always done in the wind. The signal was given, and there was a deafening roar as the three motors burst into their song of power. The plane moved forward, picking up speed, and we soon left the ground far below. My friend glanced nervously at the receding ground. In order to divert his mind from any unpleasant thoughts I began to explain the use of the many instruments we could see. I began with the tachometer, which tells the pilot the number of revolutions his motor is making. Then there was an oil-pressure gage, an oil-temperature gage, and a gasoline gage. These are all very valuable, for they help the pilot to determine the efficiency and actions of his motors. I then told him of the instruments used for flying in thick weather. This group consists of a bank and turn indicator, which tells the pilot when his ship is banking and turning, and an inclinometer, which shows the rate of climb. The altimeter indicates the altitude of the plane. Perhaps the most interesting of them all is the artificial horizon. This instrument has a little plane on a movable disc. A line across the center of the disc shows our plane's relation to the horizon. The little plane is our plane, and if the instrument shows it above the

line, we are climbing. If it is below the line, the pilot can tell at a glance that the plane is diving. There is always a compass on a plane to tell the direction of travel. Radio was the next topic for explanation. My friend was greatly surprised to know that the pilot was in constant communication with the ground, receiving weather reports and data deemed necessary for the safety of the plane. He was also interested in the fact that he could call any of his business associates from the air.

The next hour was spent in viewing the interesting and beautiful panorama that lay beneath us. Just below us a lonely house could be seen among the hills, and further along the sun glistened on a winding river, dazzling the eye with a million sparkling facets.

It was dark as we approached the field in Chicago, guided by the homing beacon. The pilot had to circle the field before landing. The ground below us was illuminated—a weird but strangely magnificent sight. The siren sounded from below, indicating that all was clear. The pilot snapped out the lights in the cabin after telling us that we must fasten our safety belts. We slipped from the darkness into the haze of light. There was a gentle shock, and we were safely landed on the ground. Once again we found ourselves under a canopy, as we were helped out of the plane and into a waiting cab. This is another victory for the air—another passenger has been won.



The White Angel Jungle

ELDEN F. MILLER

Theme 3, Rhetoric 2, 1931-32

SAN FRANCISCO is a strange, adventurous town to many people living east of the Mississippi. And though it may be flooded with tourists, and altered by modern city life, some features of San Francisco will probably never change. One such feature is the White Angel Jungle.

In the midst of the business district, and only a few blocks from the huge San Francisco Bay, is the White Angel Jungle. Around and about its half-block of vacant lots are great piles of rusty anchor chains from sailing vessels that will sail no more. In the middle of this square of chains is a structure with outlines somewhat resembling those of a ship. Nearby are open kettles, with food boiling, tended by men who have seen better days. Close at hand are tables and benches where men—hoboes, we call them—sit and eat and drink. Some write letters, and some just sit and think, while the air is vibrant with tug-boat whistles, traffic whistles, factory whistles. A place where homeless men can rest, "boil up," and get something to eat—such is the White Angel Jungle.

If a man is out of work and needs a haircut, or if he has some cuts and

bruises, and if he is in San Francisco, he goes to the White Angel Jungle. What he gets there costs him nothing. The food and service are supplied by the city council and various stores and factories.

Such a "Jungle" could well be adopted by other towns and cities throughout the country. When a man has a place to sleep and something to eat, he is not likely to turn to crime, even though he is a vagrant. Too many municipalities put such men in jail, sometimes only over night and sometimes for ninety days, believing that they are menaces to the community. They do become menaces when they know they will have to sleep in damp cells and be treated like animals. It is only natural that they will steal and rob to avoid such treatment—any human being would.

And so, in their common-sense method of dealing with vagrants, the people of San Francisco have unconsciously set up an institution whose like can be found in no other city. They have set up a "sight" which Middle-Westerners treat as a California idea and yet which they themselves could apply with profit in Illinois, Iowa, and every other state in the union!



The Popularity of Jazz

JAMES L. RAINEY

Theme 13, Rhetoric 1, 1931-32

FOR some time it has been customary for writers and lecturers to express alarm over the popularity of jazz. Whether jazz represents a definite contribution to music, or whether it is any worse than the wishy-washy ballads so popular twenty or thirty years ago are points of contention among these self-appointed guardians of the public mind. But they agree on one thing, that the average American likes jazz and cares very little for classical music.

No less than seven or eight million writers have reached the conclusion that the reason for this state of affairs is the chronic inability of the American to appreciate worth-while things. A few million more have decided that the only reason jazz is so popular is that it happens to be used as dance music. Another group maintains that we can learn to appreciate good music just as we can learn to appreciate good books, and that we do not like the classics because we are too lazy to go through the tedious process of becoming familiar with them. This last explanation is by far the most reasonable. Indications of its truth are not hard to find.

As an example let us take one of the latest popular songs. Any one will do, since they are all very much alike. In order to gain its popularity, this song had to have a simple, catchy tune, one that everybody could whistle more or less ac-

curately after hearing the tune once or twice. Now if we should empanel a jury of typical Americans and ask for their verdict on this song, we should undoubtedly find that most of them think that it is a very good piece of music. We should find that most of them tune in regularly on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights to hear So-and-So's orchestra play snatches of it between long stretches of flamboyant advertising. Now let us ask the jury another question. Let us find out their opinion on the words of this song. Again the verdict will be unanimous. The jury will rise in its wrath and consign to everlasting flames the poor person who would even think of writing such an asinine lyric. All this would seem to indicate that there is a tremendous gap between the artistry of the tune and of the words. There is, however, no reason for believing that there is any difference at all in the relative merits of the two. The tune of the song is just as bad from a musical standpoint as the words are from the standpoint of good literature.

The real difference lies in the ability we have for appreciating literature and music. Everyone has read enough good poetry to realize how poorly written are the lyrics of modern songs. Familiarity with really good music could produce the same result in regard to the tunes.

A Consoling Crumb for Eve

JAMES PHELAN

Theme 1, Rhetoric 2, 1930-31

HER sleek, black hair is drawn sharply back from her forehead, accentuating the pale ivory of her skin. Her eight-inch eyes are half hidden by drooping eyelashes and her eyebrows slant a bit upward, to give her a slightly feline appearance. Her ten-inch nose is narrow and patrician; her scarlet, foot-wide mouth hints at a smile that reveals the tempting fullness of her lower lip. And such is the advertisement for Old Luck cigarettes—Smother than any satin.

The picture will change, tomorrow or next week, but not the *motif*. The feline may give way to a rose and yellow lily of Scandinavia, or a vivacious red-head from Hollywood, but she shall retire secure in the knowledge that her successor is a female. The ten commandments of the publicity men are expressed in one word, femininity, followed by a heavy exclamation mark, and surely damned is he who even thinks of transgressing this mono-decalogue. Does the manufacturer wish to advertise a cold remedy, woolen socks, steam shovels, luxuriant transportation by bus to Kansas City? Then he

shall have a wide billboard or a half-page spread, and the very center of it shall be a female, with shapely legs—pardon, limbs to *you*—diaphanous clothing, and a smile that would bring St. Simeon scrambling down his stone pillar like a fire chief down a brass pole. Such is the dictum of those who cry in the modern commercial wilderness, and the heads of the merchant tycoons bow before it.

There is irony in this. Man is, indeed, lord of forest and cave, more recently of fairway and apartment! All day he labors with his power, sending wheat up three-eighths of a cent, amalgamating Combined Copper and Independent Steel, deciding that the new Wittset eight shall have grey leather seats instead of wine-red plush. A pretty picture and a mighty creature. And yet, turn where he may, to the right and left, ahead, behind, above, on the wide billboards of the city is enthroned woman, aloof and superior. There she perches regally, like Cleopatra on her barge, and her smile is touched with the acid of contempt.



A General Education for a Specific Career

FLORENCE I. ADAMS

Theme 7, Rhetoric 2, 1931-32

IT was no thrill for me to play the scale and simple exercises for my music teacher when I was a child practising my piano lessons. My one thought was to get it over with. Yet, much as I disliked my lessons, I was always singing—just as any carefree child sings at play. It flattered me to be asked to sing at a Children's Day program, or at the Friday afternoon program in the primary school, (I was especially good at "Teddy Bear Has His Lair Under Johnnie's Rocking Chair"). As I grew older I enjoyed singing more and more and my amateur performances became a matter of course. Still I never thought of studying music seriously. In fact, I did not think of studying anything.

It was not until my Aunt Flo came to live in our town that my voice was discovered. Aunt Flo had sung in opera; so when she said that my voice was worth developing a new world was opened to me. I saw myself as a concert soloist and as a prima donna in the roles of Carmen and Marguerite. I worked hard with Aunt Flo as my teacher, and I thought myself well on the way to success when I got the leading roles in high school operettas and won medals in music contests.

The time came for me to decide upon a college. The few years of musical training I had had merely strengthened my determination to have a musical career. My family was not fully convinced that my ambitions were not just dreams, or that my hopes were warranted. Aunt Flo, however, still had faith in my voice, and I realized that any kind of success

meant earnest hard work. I did not mind spending years in preparation; so I set about deciding where I should study.

The names of both the New England Conservatory and Cincinnati Conservatory of Music attracted me, for these two were generally considered the best music schools in the United States. Both names were magical to me—I was sure that after a few years study in either school I would be no less a luminary than Jenny Lind herself. I finally decided to go to Cincinnati Conservatory, partly because Aunt Flo had gone there, and partly because it was not far from home. Aunt Flo told me of the exercises, the practising, and the concerts that made up the life of a music student there. I was more enthusiastic than ever.

The Conservatory also offered courses in elective subjects, principally foreign languages, history, and English. This was an advantage, because such courses as these are necessary to anyone and yet one would not have to waste four years in a liberal arts school to get the same knowledge. I am not one of the few persons who strive to gain every atom of knowledge that comes their way. I see no reason for wasting my energy and time on anything in which I am not interested, and getting rather mediocre grades in them, when I might just as well be getting good grades in the work I enjoy doing. It seemed to me that the only way to make definite headway into a career was to get started on it and not to dawdle about in half a dozen fields.

I had decided all this for myself. Then I met some opposition. My family was

unusually sympathetic toward a career, but they had ideas of their own as to the best course for me to follow. Their first point was that I was too young to start specializing—that I lacked the cultural background necessary to a well-rounded personality, and that specialization without a general preparation would be narrowing to my view-point and to my development as a person. My mother feared for my health under the rigorous curriculum of the Conservatory. She also thought I needed more preparation in music before I went there. I would have been further advanced if I had mastered the hated piano lessons, but still I was confident that my zest would make up for any inadequate preparation, once I reached the Conservatory.

My family brought up still another objection—what if my grand career was a failure and I had no training but music? With a general education, they said, I would have something to fall back on if I did not attain the expected success in my career. My spirits were dampened, but I had to admit that my voice might not carry me to the triumphs I expected so confidently. Then my health might fail—a thousand things might happen. It would be unfortunate, in such a case, if I knew nothing but music—while, if I were prepared to teach school or to write advertising copy, I need not worry about starving.

In the end the matter was practically decided for me. The business depression came along. I realized that it would entail great sacrifice on the part of my family for me to go to Cincinnati. I knew that my father would have sacrificed a great deal for me to go anyway, had I insisted, but that was more than I could ask, and if I were so ambitious now—surely a year or two would not

keep me from having my career. I made a right about face and decided to come to the University of Illinois. So it was not my argument nor the opposing argument that won. Circumstances decided my education for a few years, but not forever, because I still intend to carry on the postponed schedule.

It was disappointing at first, but I tried my best to be convinced of all the arguments on the side of a general education. I have tried to be enthusiastic over the great wealth of knowledge I shall have when I finish with history, biology, and English literature. I have tried to believe that these courses and others will make a charming, cultured woman of me. But with little success, for too many other people are doing the same thing and I find none of them cultured or well-educated. I have worked toward the musical education I hope to have later. I have signed up for as much work in languages and dramatics as possible, for these subjects are necessary to my future career.

I have spent almost a year now in a liberal arts course, and I do not feel that I have gained much. I have done moderately well as to grades, I have had a passably good time, but I am not seriously interested in the courses I am taking—and consequently I do not feel that I am receiving as much benefit from them as possible. Perhaps they are basic for more interesting work to come—I hope so. Certainly I could not earn a living with what I have learned so far. I have lost what progress I had made in music as I have had no time to keep it up. For this reason I cannot help feeling that every year that I spend in this liberal arts course sets me back just that much in my real education—music.

Textbook: World

OWEN REAMER

Theme 3, Rhetoric 2, 1931-32

THE two most important gates of man's brain are sight and hearing. Through these two portals enter most of his sensations. If he is born with a modicum of intelligence, and early learns to keep those doors open, he will probably leave the world with no small amount of wisdom. Man, when young (not being blessed with easy adaptability to environment as are the animals) experiences many bumps, physical and otherwise, while he is becoming orientated in his immediate scheme of things.

The years from four to twelve are, to my mind, eight of the most important ones in a child's life. During that time it is decided whether he is to be ignorant or intelligent; normal and average or abnormal and moody; physically fit or a health problem; one who would be benefited and individualized by a college education or turned out as just another stereotyped citizen. These qualities depend a great deal on the environment a child is reared in. He is born with an intelligence, but those who rear him must see that that intelligence is developed.

I spent these important years in a small town with few children in my immediate vicinity. I was thrown on my own invention for amusement. My mother was (and is) overfond of me, but even she could not spend the long days amusing me. It was indeed fortunate that our house was in a large yard with many buildings—a woodshed, a chicken house, a washshed, an old empty stable, and a garage with wonderful tools. These buildings were interesting and were storehouses of interesting knowledge, only

waiting for tiny inquisitive minds to release it.

The chicken house taught me elements of zoology; chickens have peculiar organs that enable them to sleep on a small rod without falling off; hens lay eggs which, if left alone under the mother's care, hatch into miniature copies of the older bird. The washshed, rebuilt by my father from the wreck of a larger barn, taught me what fruits manual training, patience, and frugality give. In the garage, which was both machine and carpenter shop combined, I watched my father and learned the use of tools. He never allowed me to tamper with his more expensive implements but he delighted in having me ask him questions. The woodshed intrigued me. In the fall I helped to fill it with the fresh-cut wood. We filled it till only interesting gaps and spaces high up near the peaked roof were left. These woody retreats were to me as haymows are to a farmer boy. There I built myself rustic thrones with arms and back and footrest from the rude half-logs. Often I enticed playmates to sit there and talk with me. They stayed a little while, but I am afraid they did not appreciate the dim solitude, pierced only by the dust-laden shafts of sunlight. I think I obtained my first liking for argumentative discussion through these infant bull sessions.

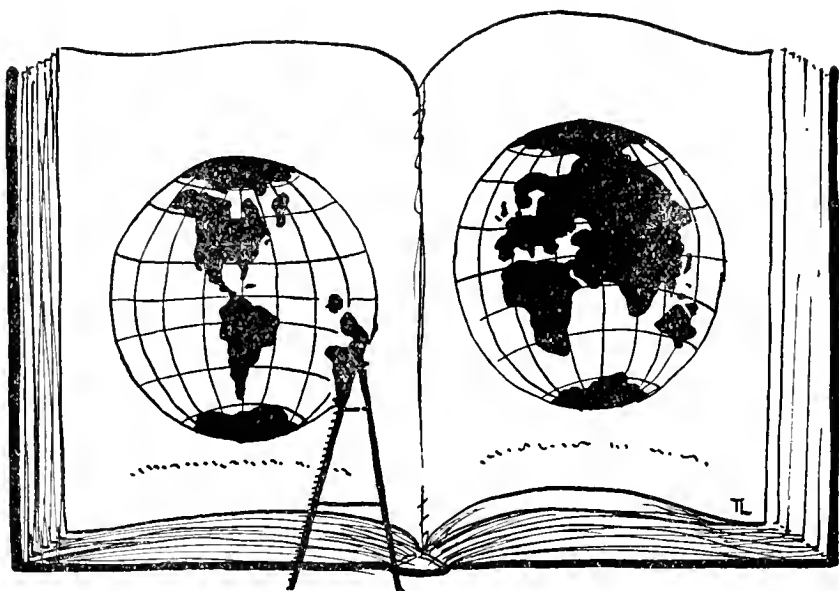
So my small town days passed and I learned many things. No one believed then or believes now that I had any different ideas from the rest of the children. As I was often alone and confined indoors by bad weather, I learned to read

very quickly. In second grade I read books that others scarcely touched till fourth. In some strange manner this endless reading left me with the desire to find, in real life, the things I read about.

I stayed near my elders and asked them countless questions. If they silenced me as they very often did, I remained near them and silently watched. There were so many things I wanted to know, and, even with my questionings, I could find few answers. Even with my eyes and ears open I began to realize how crassly ignorant one man is. When I asked my brother a question and he evaded, I thought he was teasing. Even my father failed me on some inquiries. So it goes. Those to whom I look for aid in my inexperience are frequently as ignorant as I. I realized that I should never know as

much as I wanted to, but I kept my inquisitiveness through my teens. Everyday brings new information on life or its interesting sidelines. Sometimes I find these facts by personal endeavor; again, if I keep my eyes and ears open, I hear little details by accident—encouragement from the Muses, one might say.

It has been interesting and has contributed immensely to my personal enjoyment of life, this finding of answers to my juvenile questions as I grew up. I should advise all people who train children to teach their charges to read. Then send them out into the world and tell them to look for the answers to the questions that will undoubtedly arise in their minds. With such personal observation and examination of life, life is bound to yield up a portion of her endless wisdom.



Esperanto

M. A. McQuown

Theme 7, Rhetoric 2, 1931-32

NINETY-NINE out of a hundred average Americans will look at you in astonishment. Esperanto? What is Esperanto? Perhaps the hundredth person might answer somewhat in this fashion. "Oh, it's just some hare-brained scheme for a universal language which was discussed in the magazines some twenty or twenty-five years ago. It's probably dead by this time. I haven't heard anything about it for twenty years. Besides, it's impossible anyway." And he would dismiss the subject with a wave of his hand, and turn back to his work.

It is with the one person in a thousand, however, that we shall concern ourselves. That person, upon hearing of Esperanto and upon learning that it is an international language, will let his natural curiosity get the best of him, and will go to an encyclopedia. It will enlighten him somewhat like this: Esperanto, destined to be an international auxiliary language, was invented by a Russian, Dr. L. L. Zamenhof, and was published in 1887. It has spread more or less rapidly since that time and is unique in the history of international languages in having aroused much controversy, and in having been put to practical use on a large scale. It meets all the requirements generally agreed to be necessary in an international language. It is simple—it is said that it can be learned thoroughly in about one-fifth the time necessary to gain a fair acquaintance with a national language—it is euphonious, it is flexible, it is logical, it is regular, it is phonetic, and it has met the test of practice. It has developed a style

in its literature, and it is capable of expressing the most delicate shades of meaning. It has a large literature, there being about 6000 volumes in the library of the Universal Esperanto Association in Geneva, Switzerland.

Having consulted the encyclopedia, this person would become more interested, would write to one of the addresses given in the notes at the end of the article, would purchase an Esperanto grammar, and would set about learning the language. In a short time he would find that he could write letters easily in the language, and he would then subscribe to the national Esperanto magazine. In this magazine he would find addresses of Esperantists all over the world, to whom he could write. He would commence a correspondence with some of these people; and an old friend, meeting him some time later, would be very much surprised at the cosmopolitan outlook on the world which he had developed, at his excellent knowledge of geography and conditions in many countries, at the sudden interest which he had acquired in the life of the Japanese at home, for example, and at the intimate knowledge which he had concerning it.

I

In the little town of Bialystok, in the province of Grodno, in what is now Poland, but in what was then the domain of the Czar, on the morning of the fifteenth of December, in the year 1859, there was born to Mark and Rosalie Zamenhof a son, their first son. This son they christened Ludwik Lazar. The in-

habitants of the town of Bialystok were a mixed lot. In one quarter of the town lived the Russians, in another the Poles, in another the Germans, and in still another—by far the poorest quarter—the Jews. It was in this quarter of Bialystok that Ludwik Lazar Zamenhof was born. His father was a teacher of geography and modern languages in the schools of Bialystok. His mother was the daughter of a Hebrew merchant.

The atmosphere of the town in which Zamenhof was born greatly influenced his character and his development in later life. In his own words: “. . . I was educated to be an idealist; I was taught that all men were brothers, while, all the time, everything around me made me feel that *men* did not exist; there only existed Russians, Poles, Germans, Jews, and so on. This state of affairs was a continual torment to my young mind—though many, perhaps, will smile at such ‘grief for the world’ in a child. And as it then seemed to me that ‘grown-up people’ were all-powerful, I used to say to myself that when I grew up I would certainly abolish the evil.” The hatred which existed between the peoples of his birthplace greatly affected the sensitive mind of the young Jew. He witnessed the terrible pogroms, those interracial butcheries in which Russians massacred Jews. He witnessed the uprisings of the Poles and Latvians in their efforts to shake off the iron hand of the Russian Czar. He observed the terrible effects of perfidious Russian propaganda in pitting the Poles against the Latvians, and against the Jews who had been driven out of Russia and had settled in Poland. And the great barrier between these peoples was that of language. They did not understand each other. In the words of that greatest of Esperanto writers, Edmond Privat:

“What do these people know about each other? That they (the others) too have a heart, know joy and sorrow, love home and wife and children? Such a thought never occurs to them. There exist only Jews, Russians, Poles, Germans—not human beings, only races.”

During Zamenhof’s youth in Bialystok he learned Polish and Russian. His father taught him German and French while he was yet a mere boy. Zamenhof had a talent for learning languages and always lead his classes in the “Gymnasium.” In the “Gymnasium” Zamenhof studied Latin and Greek—as every one did—for the full nine-year course. During all this time his mind was occupied by the problem of an international language. He had become convinced that no national language could possibly become the international language by the example of the hatred of the Poles for the Russian language, by the obvious fact that, if a national language were chosen as the international language, the nation so honored would inevitably receive such a prestige and such an influence over the other nations of the world that these other nations would never consent to it. National pride and national jealousies are too great an obstacle to overcome. He was convinced that an international language must be a neutral language, must not be anyone’s property, must moreover be an auxiliary language, a “second language for all,” and must not encroach upon the rights of the national tongues. So he came to the conclusion that the international must be an artificial language, since Latin (because of its enormous difficulty) and national languages were ruled out.

When, in the fifth class of the “Gymnasium,” he began to study English, the simplicity of its grammar impressed him so much that a plan began to form in his

mind. The grammar which he had already tentatively prepared was based on the enormously complex grammars of Latin and Greek. He began to realize that the complexity of the grammars of national languages was not a necessary thing, and that thoughts could be expressed just as accurately by a much simpler one, and the grammar which he was preparing soon melted down to a few pages. However, his great vocabularies still worried him. One day he happened to notice that the signs over the shops of the town had certain terminations, as we in America might notice the signs "Bakery," "Grocery," and "Laundry." These terminations had a definite meaning. So he conceived the idea of using prefixes and suffixes to express the relationships of words derived from one another. For instance, he decided upon the suffix "-in" to express femininity. Thus "patro" means "father," and "patrino" means "mother." By the use of these suffixes and prefixes he soon boiled down his gigantic vocabularies to a few thousand "roots." By learning twenty or thirty suffixes and these few thousand root words one has without further effort a vocabulary of many thousands of words. By 1878 he had completed the first form of what we know today as "Esperanto."

Soon afterward, Zamenhof was forced to put the new language aside for a time and go to Moscow to study medicine. However, during his years in Moscow his mind was continually occupied by the problem. When he returned and established himself in business in Warsaw, he began work again on the language. Many of the things which he had thought excellent in theory he was forced to throw overboard in practice. He worked on the language for five years, continually perfecting and testing

it. He taught himself to think in it. He translated the most difficult pieces of literature into it. Finally, on the fourteenth of July, 1887, he gave his work to the printer. He describes his feelings thus: "I was very excited before this thing; I felt that I stood before a Rubicon, and that from the day when my first brochure appeared, I no longer would be able to go back; I knew what fate would attend a doctor, who depends upon the public, if this public sees in him a theorist who occupies himself with 'other matters'; I felt that I was placing upon the table my whole future peace of mind and my whole existence together with that of my family; but I was not able to forsake the idea, which had entered into my body and my soul, and—I crossed the Rubicon."

II

A lengthy discussion of the history of the Esperanto movement would be here out of place. It will suffice that I mention the outstanding events which have occurred in the intervening years since that day in 1887 when Esperanto was given to the world. The movement progressed at first slowly, as was natural, spread from Russia to Sweden to France to Germany and then to England. It appeared in England about the beginning of the present century. In 1905 an event occurred which proved the use of Esperanto in practice.

From the seventh to the twelfth of August, 1905, there was held at Boulogne-sur-Mer in France the first Universal Esperanto Congress. There were 688 people from twenty different countries present. Many of these people had never heard Esperanto spoken before; many of them had learned it only a few months before, expressly for the purpose of coming to the Congress. The

final test was about to be put to the language. People speaking different languages were to gather together at a congress and attempt to do business with one another through the medium of the international language, Esperanto. Again I must quote Edmond Privat to give an accurate picture of what occurred there: (The delegates to the Congress were gathered in the town theatre.) "An excited tremor went through the crowd as they waited. Suddenly there sounded the music of the hymn 'La Espero':

En la mondon venis nova sento,

Tra la mondo iras forta voko . . .

"At the same time we all arose—there upon the stage, with the presiding officers of the congress, entered the beloved 'Majstro.' Short, timid, touched to the heart, with a very broad forehead, round eye-glasses, a little beard somewhat grey. Everything was already flying or waving in the air, hands, caps, handkerchiefs, in a half-hour salute. When he arose after the greeting of the officers of the town, the acclaim thundered out again. But already he had begun to speak. The noise stopped. Everyone sat down again. Through silence sounded his words: . . .

"Thus spoke Zamenhof. In his hands the paper trembled. He felt a powerful emotion. Could he read on? Nevertheless something pushed him on. Although unaccustomed to public speaking, his voice grew and became loud . . . " And everyone of them understood him! During the five days that followed all manner of business was carried on, everything in Esperanto. Many sceptics had had doubts about pronunciation. What happened at the Congress quite dispelled them. An Esperanto translation of a play by Molière was presented by people of several different nationalities. They had had no practice before the Congress opened. Yet the perform-

ance went off without a hitch. No difference in pronunciation was perceptible. A play by Shakespeare, however, presented in English by a cast consisting of a German, a Frenchman, a Spaniard, an Italian, a Russian, a Swede, and a Japanese could not help but be a ludicrous failure! Since that time, twenty-three Universal Esperanto Congresses have taken place, the largest in Nuremberg in Germany in 1923, at which 4963 from 43 nations were present.

In 1907, the Universal Esperanto Association was founded. This association was formed to administer the purely practical side of the Esperanto movement. It uses Esperanto as a means, not as an end. It publishes the monthly review, "Esperanto," which is sent to its ten thousand members in some eighty countries of the world. It has at the present time about 2000 "delegates," in seventy countries, whose duty is to help travelers in foreign countries. It has a tourist bureau which gladly gives assistance in planning itineraries. Through its help international associations of the blind, of railway men, of young people, of lawyers, of Catholics, of merchants, of Christians, of doctors, of motorists, of tourists, of teachers, of musicians, of policemen, of telegraphers, of postmen, of scientists, of Boy Scouts, of stenographers, and of theologians have been formed. It plans and conducts the annual international congresses. The association states its purposes thus:

To disseminate the use of the international auxiliary language Esperanto.

To facilitate all kinds of relations, moral and material, between human beings, without differentiating because of race, nationality, religion or language.

To create international services which may be used by all men, whose intellectual or material interests aim at something beyond the boundaries of their racial or lingual territory.

To build up among its members a strong bond of solidarity and to develop among them an understanding of foreign peoples.

In 1917 Zamenhof died. In 1922 the League of Nations issued a lengthy report of the status of Esperanto in the world at that time but failed to pass the following resolution by a small margin:

The League of Nations recommends that the teaching of Esperanto be made general in the public schools of the whole world as a practical and popular means of international intercourse in no way calculated to prejudice the age-long prestige of civilized national languages.

Also in 1922 nearly one hundred of the world's leading educators, from 28 countries, met in Geneva at the invitation of the League of Nations, and passed the resolution reading in part:

We find that Esperanto is entirely adequate for practical use as an international language for all purposes, and that, moreover, it possesses remarkable qualities as an educational instrument. We cordially recommend you to encourage the teaching of Esperanto, not only because of its utility in commerce, science, and other international activities, but also because of its value as a stimulus to friendly relationship between the peoples of the world. Esperanto should be made a part of the educational program of every civilized country.

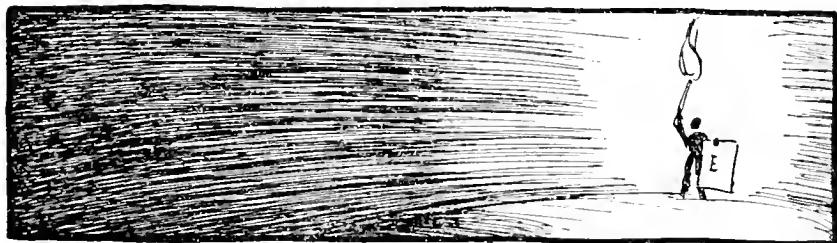
In 1925 Esperanto was made a "clear" language by the International Telegraphic Union, so that one may now send telegrams in it. With the advent of radio the need for an international language has become more acute and the International Union of Wireless Telephony has recommended that radio sta-

tions broadcast in Esperanto for fifteen minutes each week and announce the name of the station daily in Esperanto. Most of the larger stations in Europe now do this.

Regarding the number of Esperantists in the world, little can be said definitely, because of the impossibility of collecting complete statistics. In 1928 an attempt was made. It appeared that there were 126,508 Esperantists in over 100 lands actively engaged in the movement. Of course, these are only a small part of those who know and use the language but belong to no organization. The "New York Times" stated last year that the number of Esperantists in the world, at a low estimate, was five millions, and this number is rapidly increasing.

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The subject which I have been discussing is of immediate and practical importance, and I hope that the subject matter of this paper shall have awakened some little interest in the mind of the reader which will lead him to further investigation; so that, perhaps, another of those people will have found himself—another of those people whose minds are capable of going beyond their immediate surroundings, and capable of visualizing that time when in truth "the walls between the peoples shall have been destroyed" and mutual understanding and peaceful relations shall prevail on the earth.



There Ought to be a Law

HELEN WESTERMAN

Theme 3, Rhetoric 2, 1931-32

THERE is a certain set of people in this present age that insists upon making wild estimates of the state of this world in—say, fifty years from now. Certain of their conclusions regarding the development of machinery I will grant, but they have some fantastical ideas which certainly have no scientific foundation. I have in mind the idea, which some one advanced, that in the future food will be concentrated entirely into tablet form and eaten as tablets only.

To me a day is naturally divided into three distinct parts by breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Suddenly to take away these divisions would leave the day in such an unsettled state that it would be difficult to systematize one's work. No longer could one plan to do so much work before lunch and the rest before dinner. The mere swallowing of a brown, a white, and a green tablet for a full course meal should not necessitate any break of routine. Twelve o'clock noon would no longer have the significance which it now has—no more noon whistles would shriek. The monotony of a day would be unbearable with no breakfast to hurry to, no lunch to invite bridge players to, and no dinner to dress for and enjoy under soft candle light. The anticipation of a meal may keep a person in a happy frame of mind for several hours, but there is nothing exhilarating about a couple of tasteless tablets

which can be swallowed in three seconds with no pleasant sensations. The memory of a happy and pleasant meal may last for any length of time. In literature some of the most famous incidents occur at banquets or in banquet halls. Heroes are honored with feasts of prodigious proportions, but it would be a farce to hand a pink tablet to a visiting ambassador and then ask him to make a speech.

And beside this we have the practical side of the question, which is probably more serious. Future homes would have no pantries, no kitchens, no dining rooms. There would be no need for canning factories, grocery stores, restaurants, vegetable markets. (And incidentally, what would become of the college home economics student?) These sweeping changes in all phases of life are too stupendous to investigate and too startling to attempt grasping.

I believe it to be cruel and heartless to spread such an idea among the people and there should be a law against it. But, because there might be some truth in the prophecy, I have started on a campaign of "food appreciation." From now on I intend to eat whatever and whenever I please, so that I can tell my grandchildren all the joys of chocolate cream pie, chicken fried in butter, waffles, and fruit salad, while they sit at my knee crunching concentrated vitamins in dusty tablets.



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THE GREEN CALDRON

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"Improved" Property

MARGARET HENDERSON

Theme 4, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

ACROSS the street from our house stands a very new and modern apartment building. It is a very nice apartment building, as apartment buildings go. It has all the most recent improvements in the lighting, heating, and refrigeration systems, and the exterior is of the finest quality red brick. People are constantly hurrying in and out of its doors.

There was once a very old orchard across the street from our house. Its inhabitants were ancient and gnarled apple trees, bent from many years of fruit-bearing. In the spring the whole orchard was filled with the pink and white blossoms, which sent their spicy fragrance over the neighborhood. In the fall the apples hung heavy—red, yellow, and green. Guarding this quiet old place from the rest of the busy community, was a weatherbeaten old rail fence. Inside its protective pales, at each corner, was an

immense lilac bush, and the perfume of the flowers mingled with that of the apple-blossoms. Each bloom-laden bush stood like a huge sentinel. Two tumble-down old red barns leaned and rested in the center of the orchard. Neither was very large, and by climbing one of the trees and then jumping, we were able to get upon the roof of one of them. As often as we were allowed, we ate our lunch perched precariously on the roof top, high among the branches of the trees.

There is one very forlorn and desolate lilac bush standing beside the apartment building. In the space which was left for a back yard, there is still a lonely old apple tree, which very bravely bears a few yellow apples each year.

The property upon which the building stands is listed as "improved."

The Illidgiac Mood

JOHN H. SCHACHT

Theme 16, Rhetoric II, 1931-32

IHAVE seen political candidates congratulated upon winning an election, and I have seen airplane pilots received after crossing the Atlantic, and both politicians and pilots seemed proud of themselves, but I have yet to see anyone look quite so haughty as a youth in a light gray suit whom I once saw at a formal

dance. He was outwardly the most complete, perfect, and absolute example of pride and aloofness that one could wish to see; yet I know well that he was the most embarrassed lad on the dance floor. He was a perfect example of the Illidgiac mood.

What is the Illidgiac mood? It is the

state of emotions that Frank Illidge, of Huxley's *Point Counter Point*, found himself in at Lord Edward's reception, when he came down the stairs to confront a crowd of unfamiliar, utterly foreign, and therefore utterly hateful faces. So, though he felt completely out of place, he elevated his chin, squared his shoulders, and advanced, looking like Napoleon at Augsburg, and feeling like Napoleon at Waterloo.

Have you ever seen a boy the first time he goes to a roadhouse? He carefully avoids the couples wrestling on the front porch, opens the door, sees everyone hilarious and tipsy, and internally wilts. But he, like Illidge, and like the boy at the formal, draws himself up to his full height and looks about him with a cynically amused smile and an air of disdain.

Or have you ever seen a batter in a baseball game, facing a pitcher who is too good for him? The batter, feeling empty inside, lolls about with a bored look, carelessly handling his bat. Then he stands like a wooden Indian, while the pitcher throws three strikes, gives the umpire a withering look, and retires.

Now, this air of assumed superiority has, I suppose, causes both mental and physical. Fear, of course, is responsible for the whole thing. The boy at the dance, the batter, and the boy at the roadhouse, are afraid. But what really terrifies them is the fear that they may appear afraid. So their vanity suggests to them that they put on their easy, right-at-home pose. This would be quite successful if they were all George Arlisses, but unfortunately their nervous system wins a decision over their will-power; they tighten up, and act like pieces of statuary mystically endowed with locomotion.

I suppose there is no real preventive for this mental complex, since people are almost certain to slip up sometime and

come to formal affairs in light suits; batters are sure to encounter pitchers that are too good for them; and, if youths insist on going to roadhouses, there must be a first time for all of them. But, since this mood is due to fear, and so perhaps to an inferiority complex, it seems to me that if a man would approach these situations in the proper frame of mind, he could carry them off very well.

I should suggest taking the bull by the horns. Frank Illidge skidded on the stairs, and had to clutch the bannister to preserve his balance. His slip made him more nervous than ever. Now, the proper thing for him would have been, I think, to straddle the bannister and slide down into the assembly with a loud shout. His arrival would then have put the party on a good, homelike basis, and he would undoubtedly have felt more at ease.

The batter should give the umpire and pitcher a good talking-to before he bats; thus he could relieve his nervous tension and feel a good deal better even if he subsequently was called out on strikes. And I am sure the boy at the roadhouse would look less like an automaton and feel less like a hollow shell if, upon entering the dance hall, he should turn a few handsprings and upset a table or two.

These remedies, though violent, might be more effective than ridiculous (though not much more so), but they would never be employed, for the Illidgiac mood is too deeply seated. As well try to reason the fear of darkness out of a child as to drive the fear of the unfamiliar out of a man—at least when he feels he is being scrutinized by a hostile crowd. So men will go on assuming their pose of hauteur to hide their embarrassment, and silently praying that, unlike Illidge, they will not topple on the stairs.

"Somewhere in Kansas"

RUTH McCLAIN

Theme 15, Rhetoric II, 1931-32

IT was gone! I ran madly down the track, the ice cream cone that had caused the disaster still clutched tightly in my hand, but to no avail. The illuminated sign on the last coach—"Pacific Coast Limited"—faded into the distance, and, still panting, I turned and walked slowly back to the town. I was dressed in pajamas, covered only by a light coat, just as I had been when the train paused at the little town of Pekong (somewhere in Kansas) and, seized with a sudden longing for ice cream, I had snatched my purse and headed for the enticing sign, just back of the station, "Ice Cream Emporium." There I was, all alone in an unknown town with a very few dollars in my purse (the rest had been safely stowed for the night in the very bottom of my suitcase). I walked with great dignity into the ancient depot, and, despite the curious gaze of an old man hunched in a corner of the rickety bench, I advanced toward the amazed telegraph operator and explained my predicament.

"Well, ma'am," he answered, slowly scratching his forehead and eyeing my attire with evident disfavor, "I just don't know what to say. The next train won't be in until four this morning, but you're welcome to sit right here and wait."

I thanked him effusively and wrote out a telegram to the porter of my coach; it

read, "Sam, Coach Carolina, Pacific Coast Limited. Please put all luggage of mine off and check at Denver. There's a dollar for you at the telegraph office. Lower number 9." Then I settled back on the uncomfortable bench (vacated kindly and hurriedly by the old gentleman) for a long, long wait. The town was so quiet I could hear mice scratching in the walls, the click of the telegraph instrument, and the drone of voices as the operator conversed with someone just outside the door. I finished the cone with something of satisfaction (a just punishment for the miscreant) and somehow dropped off to sleep, to dream of rumbling trains and huge mounds of ice cream. I was awakened by a rough grasp on my shoulder, and I blinked up at the queer picture of the highly respectable operator, standing before me, very red of face, and holding a faded red gingham dress in his hand. He offered it sheepishly with the announcement:

"Here, ma'am, the Mrs. said you were to have this. She won't need it, of course it might be big—but—no, I don't want any money for it—here, take it, ma'am."

I took it, and boarded the four o'clock train, dressed in a much too large and long gingham dress and a short coat, carrying a neatly tied newspaper bundle under my arm.

The World I Left Behind Me

JUAN BANIQUED

Theme 4, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

DURING my very early childhood the advantages of being grown up were quite strongly impressed upon my mind. Perhaps washing dishes would not now be such a detestable task, if in those earlier years it could have been accomplished without the aid of a chair. How I envied my mother because she could see at once both sides of the table when she set it. Had the time that I spent wishing I were older, been spent learning to whistle, I should now be the world's champion whistler. Of course, when I got what I wanted, it was no longer desirable. By the time I was fourteen I was quite willing never to grow older.

The truly happy years that I have left behind me, from the time I was four until I was seven, were spent on a farm. No cloud dimmed, or even remotely threatened, the succession of bright, happy days. No thought of tomorrow ever troubled my sleep. Heaven and earth were mine, though my earth was a very small one. Then, the earth was bounded by the dim blue horizon where the world ended, where people fell off if they were not careful. Not even death could darken the future, for heaven was very near. The trees reached the sky, and their leaves whispered things about the glories they saw. The stars were candles lighted

by angels so that little children need not be afraid of the dark. All these things I believed before I went to school.

On my seventh birthday, my carefree life was traded in on an education. Never since have I been free. The burden of learning was not the delightful task it was supposed to be. For a carpet of crackling leaves and soft grass, they gave me a hard, dark floor. For hills and mountains, blue sky and bright sun, they gave me dull walls and an unchanging ceiling. For the companionship of brothers and sisters, they gave me books, pencils, and papers. Thus I gave up the earth and all that was on it for the questionable benefits of the schoolroom. Like fading pictures, shadowed with soft light and accompanied by far away music, return the scenes of my happy home. What grown up pleasures compare with chasing calves through a meadow of red clover, or swimming in a silvery stream? Is it any pleasure to know that the bird you thought was an eagle soaring against heavy clouds was only a chicken hawk flying through the same stuff that comes from the spout of a teakettle? Then it was mysterious; now it is a commonplace. These pleasures I had to give up for always.



My Philosophy of Work

FERNE FETTERS

Theme 15, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

“EVERY man is as lazy as he dares to be” is an oft-quoted maxim. Perhaps the reason that all people do not reveal the same amount of laziness is the varying degree of sensitiveness in their consciences. Personally, I believe that those people who work merely for work’s sake are, indeed, scarce; but the fact that many others do work despite their negative inclinations, suggests their motivation by some inner or outer force.

By a powerful will, many people manage to overcome their antipathy for work and to escape the designation of laziness. These individuals, fearing adverse public opinion or dreading poverty, try to conceal their deficiencies of ambition by a seeming desire for labor. They are impelled by the inner force of their character. Others, not having so delicate a pride, are indifferent to society’s attitude toward them. Only through the driving power of an employer or superior who happens to be attracted to them are these dilatory human beings made to function actively in life. These latter persons are urged on by an outer force—by the force of another one’s character.

People have not only different incentives for working, as I have shown, but also different attitudes toward their work. Why is one manual worker dull, slovenly, and sullen, while another one, performing the same task, is interested, diligent, and cordial? The gulf between these two individuals lies, in all probability, in their opposite ideas of labor. The one thinks that he is being imposed upon by society and that he never gets a

“break” in life, whereas the other is delighted that he has a position and that he can honestly earn his bread. In the correct philosophy toward work centers the nucleus of personal happiness.

Educated people have a better chance for understanding the need for work and for studying the benefits the individual receives from it. But the day laborer, with his total ignorance of philosophies, may bitterly deplore his state and make himself perfectly miserable and inefficient by groping helplessly in the dark for an answer to his problem. Far happier is the workman who, luckily, does not question the deeper principles of life, but who, without bothering his head about unexplainable conditions, enjoys the shallower pleasures meagerly meted out to him.

Not only manual laborers but even students should develop some type of philosophy adequate for their happiness. What sort of philosophy a person develops to meet his demands matters not, for individual needs vary. I do maintain, however, that each college student should have his own private attitude toward work.

For my own part, I think the best philosophy that I ever heard was expressed by a lecturer to whom I recently listened. After talking of our present economic disorganization and the difficulties confronting everyone, he spoke a few words that I have treasured ever since. Referring to the familiar biblical story of Jesus, and Mary and Martha, sisters of Lazarus, the speaker said, “Most of us

are sons of Martha—not of Mary. The great majority of us cannot sit and idly worship as Mary did, but we must perform, as Martha did, the actual, undelightful tasks of life.”

So whenever my work begins to assume a formidable aspect, whenever, on

the same day, a combination of three or four themes, reports, and hour examinations faces me, I square my shoulders and console my self-pitying body that I must expect such a lot, since I, too, am only a “daughter of Martha.”

The Ice Wagon

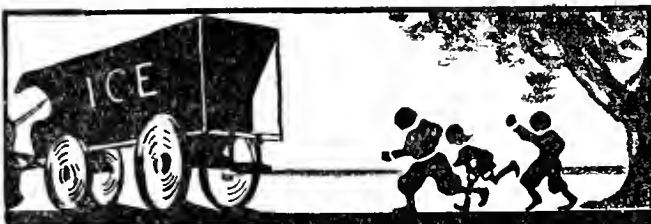
C. R. GAIRING

Theme 12, Rhetoric II, 1931-32

THE blazing sun had forced us to take refuge in the cool shade of a chestnut tree. Here we were playing mumbly-peg when we first heard the creaking clatter of the ice wagon, accompanied by the regular plodding of the horses’ hoofs on the dirt road. A loud “whoa-a-a” ended our game. We hastened toward the familiar yellow wagon, as the shaggy, unkempt horses came to a stop, and the leather-vested iceman descended from his high seat behind the horses. We watched him jerk the ice tongs from their hook on the side of the seat, and followed him to the rear of the huge plank box. The ice pick clicked on one large transparent cube, and the glistening chips fell onto the wet, dirty planking which floored the wagon. The cube suddenly broke, and half of it slithered through the chips. The iceman seized this piece with the tongs and, with a grunt, hoisted it to his shoulder.

As soon as he started across the street, we scrambled over the high hind wheels, or mounted the single step at the rear, into the wagon. We scooped up the cold chips from the floor; one boy even looked under the heavy wet canvas which shielded the other cubes from the hot sun’s rays, in search of larger pieces. How cool these wet crystals were inside our mouths! Despite the dirt from the bottom of the wagon, they were refreshing on so hot a day.

The clink of the ice tongs warned us of the iceman’s approach. We clambered down to the ground and watched him mount into the seat via the axle and iron-shod rim of the front wheel. A few clucks from the driver, and the wagon creaked off. Munching our ice chips, with the melting ice running down our arms to our elbows, we stood watching the clumsy, lumbering vehicle slowly creak and clatter away.



Étude

F. C. ARTHUR

Theme 7, Rhetoric II, 1931-32

THE Missoula river is a lost river. It treads heavily and restlessly through a countryside that has lost an old serenity. Unheeding, the stream moves past pattern-like corn fields. It is faced by cliffs, and turns aside grimly, unwillingly, morbidly. The sun stands in its old place and smiles at the water. The water is an angry child; it frowns darkly. It is a lost child; it frowns wearily. No sparkling ripples dimple its glum face, only souging winds, noiseless swells. Lookout Rock still stands stiff and grand. But the grandeur is the grandeur of an exiled prince. Shabby are its surroundings; mean is its following. No eagles bank above its barren majesty. The songs of small birds pierce the stillness of the ravines no more. A toothpaste poster leans uneasily at a cigarette lithograph. Angered, repelled, the river twists and strains to escape. Off it goes on a tangent.

Such is the river that runs through Nordlac. It was a river of silver; it is a river of lead. The time was when stately white columns were mirrored in its shining and peaceful breadth. There stand those columns, those mansions, high upon the south bluff. They are sedate. They are respectable. Their owners collect antiques. Their owners are respectable. Their owners are the progeny of the restless men who came on the flood-
ing river to build a new settlement.

New settlements used to be good business propositions. The people who came down the river had nothing to divert their attention from the task of building

towns, fortunes, and respectability. Country stores, country lawyers, and country doctors all flourished. The next generation was still imbued with the priceless spur of ambition. Clay was unearthed; silica was found. Enterprising men, with the aid of their fathers' money and position, built up factories, hired labor, and turned out bricks and glass. Nordlac was industrialized. A germ had crept in. Years before, England had become industrialized. The country and the people were metamorphosed by the Industrial Revolution. What reason was there for a little Middle Western town to follow England's footsteps? It was mockery; it was imitation. Men with vision, men of respectability, were behind the move. Men with fat cigars, fat bank accounts, and houses on the bluff were the leaders of the glorious movement. They became rich. They wanted to become richer.

No longer did they depend on the honest trade of honest farmers for their income. They looked for labor, cheap labor; for markets, good markets. The labor came. Dissatisfied farmers, slovenly vagabonds, and ignorant foreigners made up the incoming troop. They had heard of high wages. They worked long hours. Across the river from the tall houses they threw together their hovels. Down on the muddy flat where the unlovely brick plant sprawled they put up their shacks of broken tile and brick. They brought squalor to Nordlac. They brought their brothels and their saloons. The highly respectable gentlemen who resided on the

south bluff shot a cold, calculating glance at the situation and put in a stock of shoddy clothes and moldy groceries. Business was good. People were building in Chicago. Bricks and glass were in constant demand. The men who stuffed the bricks and blew the glass were free with their hard-earned wages. Nordlac prospered.

When Nordlac prospered Nordlacians became conscious of their position. The wives of the bluff-dwellers looked over the way and turned up their noses at the sight of red-faced women and numbers of dirty little children. The women from the big white houses suddenly felt the power of their money. They bought clothes; they took on fads. This was natural. They were children playing with their pretty new toys. If one urchin has more marbles than the next brat, he immediately considers himself a superior being. He has an urge to become less patronizing, less friendly. He goes off to play by himself until he is met by another boy who has more marbles than he. My ladies of the older families of Nordlac began to be sharply aware of their superiority. Of course they were superior. They had distinction, culture, and understanding. Their husbands were not in the habit of dragging themselves home drunk and exhausted. . . . Of course they drank, but they drank as gentlemen drink. They were not too particular where they chose their standards of gentlemanly conduct.

Birds of a feather flock together. The elegant women formed clubs. For a long time they had demure and dignified study clubs. Erudite matrons racked their brains for distinctive and original mottoes and names. Thus sprang into existence such organizations as *Non Pro Nobis* or *Not for Ourselves*. Wild and wonderful subjects were studied. Books

were read, were frowned upon, and were discussed in whispers. Some bright member of the more sporty set of men came back from the East with his head stuffed with plans of fairways, bunkers, and greens. Fashionable Nordlac rushed to join the Country Club. A few of the younger members of the study clubs heard reports on the popularity of Mah Jong. With little hesitation they set out to play Mah Jong, much to the detriment of their study clubs and their studies. Poor old *Non Pro Nobis* was on its last legs. In a year or two everyone who was anyone was playing bridge for so much a point.

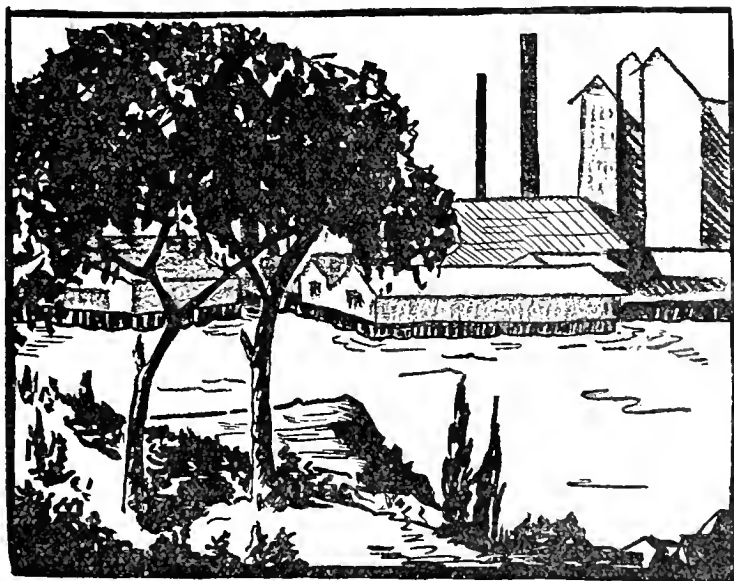
Last year the women who still collected antiques, and still tried to uphold an ideal of culture, had the brilliant idea of having a real symphony concert in the spacious auditorium of Nordlac's costly new high school. Civic pride and self-importance could only benefit from such a move. Accordingly, the Minneapolis Orchestra was given a contract to play a concert in Nordlac. Everyone felt it his duty as a member of the intelligentsia to drive to the auditorium and sit waiting for the overture with a great deal of crackling of programs and not a little impatience. Verrbrughen took his place on the rostrum, and the orchestra gave voice to Beethoven's *Egmont*. After polite and decorous applause, the audience settled back in their seats to listen to Tschaikowsky's *Fifth Symphony*. Here and there was a person who was unable to keep from yawning ever so slightly. They toyed with their watches or scrutinized their programs while the musicians bent to their labor of love. All the somberness, all the majesty and tragedy of the river that was flowing past the hall was echoed and re-echoed by the pulsations of the orchestra. Shimmering strings, strident brasses, reeds, and the

mellow harp sang together in a vast and sorrowful lamentation. Colors, nuances, and shadings trembled over the racks of the orchestra. Beauty and peace united in the brighter and more cheerful major of the finale. A sermon had been preached; the musicians had given their souls. While the crowd filed out amidst an orderly hum, the violinists, the clarinetists, and the rest packed up to go to an unlovely hotel and but a poor night's rest.

What of the people who worked in the factories? Were they at the concert? Of course not. They did not possess that marvelous appreciation of the higher things of life which was so admirably shown by the insipid listeners at the concert. They, poor people, stayed at home and had a capital evening listening to their super radios. They could not afford to go to a real concert. The people on the south bluff had been careful to keep the concert on what they considered the correct basis. Wonderful things can be done

with music. Music is beauty, music is idealism, music is profound sympathy. The people of the factories were and are denied the solace of music. No one so much as thinks about a community in which graceful thoughts and a love of beauty are the guides of the citizens. Oh no! Everyone is too busy talking about the glass factory. Five hundred more men were laid off to-day. There is no future but one of misery for those who must earn their bread in the factory. The people over there on the south bluff cannot do much about the situation. There is no market for glass. They must close down and save money. They shrug their shoulders and drive to the club for dinner in their new Packards. The glass industry seems to be a trifle overdeveloped. It is fortunate that they have their inheritances, is it not?

The river is sullen to-day. Sewage and more sewage has been dumped in it. It mutters softly as it moves slowly past the lower brick plant.



The Isle of the Dead

CHARLES GIBIAN

Theme 3, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

THERE is no more gruesome and less colorful painting than the one called the *Isle of the Dead*. It so completely expresses one man's impression of a land of death that it is considered the finest of art. In it one sees in the midst of a motionless expanse of water an island, the entrance to which is a cold, grey stone gate, more grotesque in shape than anything ever seen by man in the living world. Towering trees of imaginative proportions guard in a stately, silent fashion this realm of departed souls. There is no variety here, no night and day, no time, no petty cares or ambitions; it is a state of being rather than a scene, and words cannot express its greatness in being so.

I have known this picture as long as I can remember and, more recently, have loved and respected it deeply. It has a strange capacity for taking one out of a small world of reality into a larger, more fascinating one of imagination, and I used to gaze at it in leisure moments, drift, and imagine. I came to know it as a means of escape and, consequently, became more and more attached to it as time went on. It was not until my fifteenth year, however, that I discovered the real depths of its greatness.

I was sitting in my room one night during a brief vacation from school, brooding with all the profound seriousness of one just launched upon a high school career, when a voice from a radio in the next room announced the presentation of a symphony by Rachmaninoff—*Isle of the Dead*. I immediately began to

wonder if this music could possibly bear any relationship to that somber painting on my wall. While waiting for the piece to commence, I meditated upon the fact that I had never been able to grasp the full significance of certain music which I knew was beautiful. Painting, sculpture, architecture—I could appreciate them because I could understand in a measure what the artist was driving at, but most of the best music rebounded from my sensibilities like hail from a roof. But then the symphony began. At that very moment the cloud of incomprehensibility began to lift, and I felt myself taken into the confidence of another great artist. Not all of a sudden did this awakening take place, but gently as the music progressed and as I gazed at my picture.

Into the world of imagination I began to sink until the objects about my room no longer seemed to be there. I was in a boat, gliding silently through the motionless pool of water into the mist. Slowly the island took form in the distance, as a new strain entered into the music. Now I could see the tall trees, more imposing than I had ever imagined them before, now the great massive gate, now the rocks on the shore, and all the time I was conscious of the crescendos and diminuendos in the music, and of an emotional rise and fall within myself corresponding to each of them; each progression depicted a new doubt, an anxiety, an impulse, each strain told of a new fear as I sat there in the boat and wondered at the strangeness of it all. Gradually the

music progressed towards its climax, and just as gradually, I approached the mysterious island. With each minute an in-born fear of death rose higher and higher within me. All material things back there in the living world seemed small now—petty wants, achievements, ambitions; nothing was important now but to live, and as the mighty gates swung open, and the music reached its climax, my soul fairly shrieked in despair.

The music ended there. I looked around the room and then again at the picture; it seemed far away, but that mighty symphony was still beating in my ears. A few days later, as I was preparing to return to school, I stole another glance at the painting on my wall. I knew then that I would always love it for what it taught me during that holiday.

Hidden Treasure

G. D. WEISIGER

Theme 18, Rhetoric II, 1931-32

NEAR New Haven, Connecticut, a range of foot-hills comes down to Long Island Sound, leaving a ragged line of cliffs overhanging the beach. On and around these hills and on the beach of Long Island Sound my brother and I, with four of the neighbor boys, used to play a game which we called Pirate. Treasure in the form of ordinary red bricks and three or four row boats, which we were permitted to use, was all the equipment needed to make such a game unusually attractive to small boys between the ages of ten and fourteen. I have no doubt that the game is played by the boys there now just as it was played by us nine years ago and as it had been played for years before that.

Our little gang of six boys was not, however, in full possession of the beach, the hills, and the little body of sheltered water which we called the Swamp. This swamp was in reality a broad river mouth, protected by a projection of land from Long Island Sound, and shallow enough to be safe for boys to play in. All of this play ground we shared with an-

other gang of boys of about our own age. These two gangs continually waged war for the complete possession of the Swamp. Although it was large enough for all of us, it served at the same time for something over which to fight. The other gang also had boats, belonging to the father of one of the boys, and in those boats they used to meet us half way in the swamp and fight pitched battles with us. A ducking was not unusual for one or all of us, but was in no way dangerous. The Swamp was in only two or three places more than three feet deep, and those places we avoided by agreement. Sometimes we would hide a "treasure" nearby, and then challenge the other gang to go and find it. Very often we would have some neutral person hide the treasure and then each of our gangs would try to be the first to find it. Some of those hunts would last for several days before the treasure was finally discovered.

In any sea-coast town there is always to be found some old fisherman who de-

lights in telling tales of the sea to any boys who are willing to listen; and most boys are only too glad to listen when some old "salt" starts to unwind a tale. This little town on Long Island Sound was no exception. Sam Long was the oldest and had had the most experience of any of the fishermen who daily fished from the pier. His favorite story had to do with real treasure, which had been buried somewhere (he didn't know the exact spot) within a few hundred yards of the very pier from which he fished. About two hundred years or more ago an old sea captain, commanding a merchant ship for a New York City company, had disobeyed his orders and had engaged in a little piracy on the high seas. Not wanting to be caught with the treasure on board when he landed in New York, he had brought it ashore and buried it among the rocks somewhere within sight of the place where we were hearing the story. No sooner had he returned to his ship from hiding the treasure, however, than a storm blew up and carried his ship against some rocks, where it and all but one boy of the crew perished. The story, according to the old fisherman, had been preserved by the cabin boy, the only one of the crew to survive. Not having gone ashore with the captain to hide the treasure, the cabin boy was unable to locate it, though he searched the wreck of the ship years later and examined every inch of the beach for as much as a mile in each direction. Sam Long swore that his story was in every respect true, and others said the same thing; so our two gangs were firmly convinced that there was real buried treasure within our reach. We naturally set out to find it. This treasure was the subject of all of our discussions, and a large part of our spare time was spent in hunting for clues that might lead to our finding the hiding place of the treasure.

One day when our enthusiasm was unusually high, one of our boys ran up to us and showed us a piece of paper which he declared was a map of the surrounding country, and which he was sure would lead us to the hidden treasure.

It was an old, dirty piece of paper which we concluded to be parchment, though I doubt now if it was. A crude map which was certainly a map of that very vicinity in which we lived and with which we were familiar, had been traced on the paper. At a point about a mile up Oyster Creek there was a cross on the map. This, naturally, we thought was the hiding place of the treasure. Luckily the gang to which I belonged had possession of the map; so the other gang was not in on this new adventure. We kept our plans to ourselves, and it wasn't until our adventure was all over that the other gang heard of it. The next Saturday morning we set out, with shovels and a pick, for the place designated by the cross on the map. There we found a small cave, formed by a large overhanging rock, but no amount of digging and searching would reveal the treasure.

The next morning we found old Sam Long at his usual place on the pier. We showed him our map and told him what we had done. He seemed unusually pleased and offered to help us out with a few suggestions. Sam said that it was not probable that the treasure was at that particular place. "Pirates," he said, "never made things that easy." That was a place where we would no doubt find another clue. And, sure enough, a few days later we found another piece of paper in an old bottle which was tucked away in an old hollow tree. But it was just plain paper, a little dirty, with no marks on it at all.

Again we went to Sam for help. "Try a little heat," he advised. We took the paper to the home of one of the boys

and put it into the kitchen oven. When it came out, it was covered with brown markings. A few minutes more in the oven and a map appeared plainly on the paper. This map directed us to another spot, this time on the beach, to which we went with as little delay as possible. There, after several hours of searching, we found a large flat boulder on which had been carved with a sharp tool the name, "Devil's Point."

As none of us had heard of Devil's Point, we went again to Sam for help. Devil's Point turned out to be a large pile of stones some distance out in the Sound. At high tide it was completely surrounded by water, but during low tide it was connected with the beach by a sand-bar. As we had often played there, the place was not unfamiliar to us; so as soon as the tide went out, we, with our pick and our shovels, went to Devil's Point and started to dig. Each evening after school for several days we dug up the sand around the rocks, but there was no treasure. The only fruit of our labors was a short piece of iron pipe, stopped up with sand and mud at each end. We threw that pipe into the hole where we

had found it and left in disgust, determined to give up the hunt. We were sure that the treasure had been found long ago, or that it had never existed in the first place, and we were not going to waste our time trying to find something which was not to be found.

About a week later we ran onto Sam Long on the street. He asked us how we were getting along with our treasure hunt, and seemed to be sorry that we had given it up. We told him that all we had found at Devil's Point had been an old piece of iron pipe. We said that we doubted if there had ever been a treasure there. Sam seemed anxious for us to go on with our quest, and asked us if we didn't think that that iron pipe might contain a clew to the treasure. This thought had never occurred to us before; so we decided to dig it up again and see what it amounted to.

We found the pipe and pushed out the ends. It contained another paper which was a note signed by Sam Long. It explained what the treasure was and how to get it. The treasure was an all day fishing trip to Long Island in Sam Long's motor boat.

The Brass Pig

G. W. JAMES

Theme 4, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

IN the city of Shanghai, brass is omnipresent. Since it has no close competitors in cost and is susceptible to the dies and cutting tools of the native metal worker, it replaces, for many purposes, other metals which westerners would

consider more suitable. In such surroundings the brass pig, sitting on a counter in a certain place of business, is but a brazen figure. But the seeing eye perceives that beneath the metallic hide of this obese animal there rests a spiritual

portion of its being. The close observer must come eventually to realize that the oriental craftsman of whose hands this astute swine is a product must have granted it an inheritance of Chinese guile.

This animal's shrewdness is directed not against the people who gave him existence but at the stupid occidentals who, after making a purchase and finding themselves with a handful of coppers, are at loss to know what to do with them. These barbarians in their opulence feel that a half-pound of coins which will not buy even one good cigar is not worth carrying; so they seek a graceful means of disposing of them. This means is always provided by the Brass Pig, who invariably reposes nearby beneath a neat sign reading: YOUR PENNIES HERE FOR THE LEPERS. This sign is usually greeted with a smile by the "foreign devil," who cheerfully and gratefully inserts his coppers in the slot on the pig's back.

The tingling sound of coins falling into his cavernous stomach seems to affect the animal for he stirs ever so slightly, like a fat man in his sleep. Then his complacent smile returns and he settles back

with his eye on the cash register and his ears alert for its bell. This is no ordinary barnyard animal. This is a pig who has accepted Confucius' ancient teaching of service to the people. He knows that there are no small coins in big money, and that change from purchases made with paper money will always include some coppers which will be too heavy a load for the Caucasian's pocket, and that the clerk will not accept them for return to the cash register. He knows also that they will not be carried outside to be thrown to the street urchins, for such an action would create for the thrower a juvenile escort which would follow him many blocks in the hope of other such displays of generosity.

Thus, our inanimate but wily image of the despicable porker knows that his interior, though frequently emptied and the contents sent on their mission of mercy, will not long remain empty. For the heavy coppers, so annoying to the foreigner, will fall with an incessant series of clinks into his rotund body to help relieve in some measure the suffering of the thousands of lepers who walk the streets of the great city.



On the Loss of a Room

R. F. FISHER

Theme 4, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

I WAS just fourteen years old and so mean that I couldn't get into the Boy Scouts. Naturally I had known most of the tragedies of boyhood. My dog had been run over and killed, my pet rabbit had escaped and had been eaten by a dog, and all the rest. I always cried for an hour or so and then forgot as something else began to interest me. Then came the big tragedy. It broke my heart so completely I still feel tears come to my eyes when I think of it. A seemingly trivial thing, it meant more to me than anything—more than death in the family possibly could.

At the time of the tragedy we were living in a small house in a college town. The building faced east and the east room upstairs extended the full width of it. This room had been allotted to me, and I was certainly proud of it. I decided to make it a typical college room. I covered the walls with pennants and

put a study table in one corner. On this table stood a bottle of red ink, as well as my few text books. That bottle of ink was a great joy to me as it symbolized all that pertained to college. All of my belongings were in the room. I had the feeling that I was going away to school and living away from home. It was truly a room of my dreams.

One day on coming home from school I found Mother moving all my things into another room. She had rented "my room" to an old family friend going to school at the university. I was broken hearted, and for weeks afterwards I would sneak in while the friend was out, to picture my old room as it used to be. Soon afterwards we moved to another city, and I was glad to go. I hated the house after losing that room.

It is said that boys are not sentimental, but I disagree. The loss of that room still remains the greatest in my life.

Our Arabian Nights

H. C. BLANKMEYER

Theme 6, Rhetoric II, 1931-32

SINCE ten-thirty Scheherazade's spirit had pervaded the entire house. It was at that intermediate hour of the evening that Wally had slipped into my room for a conference on analytics, incidentally cramming his stubby briar full of my dwindling reserve of choice tobacco. I pushed aside the bound pamph-

let of interrogations graced by the title "Laboratory Exercises" and turned an attentive ear to this welcome interruption. Between rapid puffs of smoke, Wally outlined his opinion of college professors as slave drivers, in no uncertain terms. As I joined in enthusiastically with colorful illustrations, J. Quinlan

Macmurray shuffled in, his carmine slippers rustling over the worn fibre rug, and deposited his *Scientific German Reader*, closed, on top of Wally's neglected geometry book. He flipped the ash of his cigarette carefully into my dog's water pan and remarked abruptly that seven hours spent in school, ten in study, and two at meals totalled nineteen, leaving five hours a day for sleep, diversion, exercise, and letter-writing. "A program," he concluded bitterly, "that approaches monotony after the first few weeks of applying it."

"Well," I rejoined, "Why are you in school?" Instantly I regretted my inadvertent question, but too late to be of any avail. The "session" was on and studying was unquestionably dropped from the evening's program, for we had all begun a discussion familiar to every undergraduate: Why am I attending college? This is a popular subject among us students because it affords innumerable opportunities to switch the conversation to one's own interests. We disposed of the actual question perfunctorily and hastened on to the cold-blooded task of assigning economic values to our individual courses. Science, mathematics, and the modern languages were rated highly, while rhetoric and history were condemned to unanimous disapproval. We engineers could find but few real values in the latter courses with regard to our aspired vocations. Hence, we began to dis-

cuss the School of Liberal Arts, its purpose, and its enrollment. Why was So-and-So in this school, and what could he possibly get out of it? The forum was now in full swing and progressed rapidly as the topics shifted to success, friendship, love, and philosophy. By two o'clock we were all yawning, and though still mentally alert, we adjourned the session and sought our beds.

A wasted evening, you say? We must acquiesce when we consider how little studying was accomplished for the morrow, but on the other hand, was there nothing meritorious about our evening's conversation? Decidedly, yes. These rambling, informal chats are to us what the coffee-houses were to Elizabethan England, or famous salons to aristocratic France. We have no tutors to confirm or refute our conclusions; so we turn to each other for advice. We balance each view with the other and arrive at some definite conclusion upon the subject under discussion. We summon up undeveloped ideas that have long lain in dormant obscurity within our minds, merely because we have had no stimulus to crystalize them. Above all, we are becoming educated, for what does it matter whether we can recite verbatim Prout's hypothesis of matter if we have formed in the course of these few "wasted" hours the nucleus of our philosophy of life?



College Capers

LOUIS PLAMBECK, JR.

Theme 11, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

THE widely circulated impression among outsiders that university life is one "rah-rah" time after another is at last beginning to lose a few of its followers, but those who still believe that college capers are the rule rather than the exception are still numerous enough to merit a little special attention. It may be said in defense of these people that they are not entirely to blame for the impressions they have received as a result of the notoriety given to college escapades in recent years.

The general public's impression of university students and their way of living has undoubtedly arisen from a number of causes. The first and probably most important of these is that there really is a basis in fact for some of the ideas. The saying, "Where there is smoke there must be fire," is very true in this case. The mere fact, however, that a very small amount of fire may cause a great deal of smoke has not been considered fully in this particular instance. For this reason a mere smolder at a university gets as much attention as if it were a raging conflagration. People are often apt to believe the unusual thing is the usual thing if they read or hear enough about unusual things. In reading any newspaper it is wise to consider that a goodly portion of news is news merely because it is unusual or extraordinary. In this connection it is easy to understand why such a happening as breaking a few hundred street lamps is going to get more publicity than the fact that

eight thousand students faithfully studied their lessons for the next day.

The alumni have a great deal to do with the credence given to some of the tales which emanate from college towns. The old "grads" are always more ready to tell of the time when they crashed a theater or derailed a trolley car than they are to tell of the times when they struggled against sleep to prepare for a quiz or to write a theme. It is the omission of such minor details as these which helps to throw a cloak of mild piracy or insanity around the otherwise serious business of getting an education.

In reality the amount of horseplay that takes place is almost negligible when compared with the actual work that is done. In a university such as Illinois a student must do a certain amount of work in order to stay in school. If the students actually did everything that some people think they do, most of them would not have time to do any studying. It is unfortunate that so many future Illinois students who are visitors during the high school press convention and during Interscholastic week get the impression that Illinois is one big play-ground, no matter how much they are told to the contrary. No one in particular is to blame for creating these impressions, which I think arise from the natural desire to make the guests welcome and to cater to their every wish. I believe that it is a fact that many freshmen who have visited the university before are greatly shocked when they find that they most certainly are expected to work.

The Value of Pessimism

V. G. MEADORS

Theme 6, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

PESSIMISM is usually defined as the tendency to look on the dark side of life. A common fallacy derived from this definition is that pessimism is always coupled with an attitude of cynicism and hopelessness. A pessimist, to most people, is a person who seeks out the bad points of what has gone before and takes it for granted that the same mistakes will occur again. When spoken of in this strict sense, pessimism certainly has no value other than a detrimental one.

My idea of true pessimism, however, is somewhat different from the above. To me, an attitude of pessimism is almost synonymous with one of resolution. A pessimist is one who can see former mistakes (either his or others) and resolve to correct them, even if he has but slight faith in his ability to do so. An optimist usually rests secure in his belief that he is better than the average. As a result, he makes little effort for improvement, and, since he does not advance, it is axiomatic that he degenerates. The optimist is often disappointed, the pessimist rarely.

For instance, let us suppose that I am required to hand in an algebra paper. If I am an optimist, I assume that my problems are correct and hand them in, perhaps without checking them. If I do this, there will probably be several obvious

errors among the problems. Moreover, when the instructor confronts me with my mistakes, I take the attitude that they were exceptional and will not occur again. This is the optimist's greatest mistake. The most obvious errors will occur again and again unless care is taken to prevent them.

If I am a pessimist, however, I will check my problems before hand. In addition, when the instructor points out my mistakes, I will take precautions to prevent their recurrence. I realize my weak points and know that what I have done once I can do again. Therefore I, as a pessimist, have an advantage over the optimist.

From this example it may be seen that the value of pessimism lies in the tinge of optimism which should underlie it. This seeming paradox may be explained in this way. The deep, dyed-in-the-wool pessimism that sees bad in everything without attempting to correct the evil is valueless. Instead of the pessimism that discourages, I advocate the pessimism that encourages its possessor to caution. Such pessimism may almost be identified with conservatism. Pessimism, in this sense, acts as a governor for every phase of life, and as such I believe it to be invaluable.



The Romance of Our Trains

MARY V. CADY

Theme 3, Impromptu, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

WE had just moved to Arkansas and were looking at houses—that is, Mother and Father were. I was too small to have my opinion count. We were standing on the front porch of a house on the side of a hill. The view to the south was all one could hope for—wide valleys and low hills, gorgeous in their autumn coloring. Mother and Father were undecided about the house. It wasn't very modern and many repairs would have to be made. Then out in the distance, far, far down the valley a curl of smoke appeared, and we heard the faint distant whistle of a train. We looked closer. There, far out in the valley came a miniature train, creeping across the level plain below. But a moment more and then it curved out of sight behind a low hill. We watched and waited, hoping it would reappear. Sure enough, there it came, much closer. Out from behind the nearest hill it came, curving around its foot and racing across the valley only to disappear forever behind the next hill. There was no doubt now whether or not this house should be ours. All through my childhood one of my most vivid memories is of the times when I would be awakened at night by the sound of one of those fairy trains and would dash to the window to see it off in the distance, a gossamer thread of light, getting farther away, growing smaller and smaller, appearing and dis-

appearing until it finally faded to a speck and then was gone.

Who knows what loads those trains were carrying? Princes of industry there were, and paupers riding the rails; little old ladies sitting in their chairs placidly waiting for whatever fate had to bestow upon them, and young girls going to the big city to seek their fortune. And the letters that were carried in the mail car! Letters of blackmail, of love and hate; letters of dear ones who were soon to be together again; letters from a boy in the great city to his mother back home; letters that were to go all around the world and back again.

Whenever I see a train rushing by in the night, it makes me want to go, to get away from the drab, ordinary, everyday existence. I want to go where there are bright lights, and then where there are cool shadows with a blue sky overhead. I dream of wandering where there are icy blue lakes with towering snow-capped mountains, and again where there are low plains with the grain undulating in the everlasting wind. Some day I intend to see these things. Who knows, maybe when Mother and Father bought that little house down there on the side of the hill, they saw the visions that a winding train would put into their little girl's head, and they would have it that way.



A Change of Heart

WILLIAM E. RAPP

Theme 2, Rhetoric II, 1931-32

I WALKED down to Urbana today—to see a show. I set out alone—to the “Bucket,” the only moviehouse in town. As I journeyed up Illinois Street, I recalled the times when my friends and I, not yet out of grade school, considered seeing Tom Mix, in a thrilling “Western,” the event of a lifetime. On our way, we would imagine ourselves the heroes of the hour—that we were the riders of a winged horse, in pursuit of a dirty villain, to rescue the fair damsel. As we neared the theater, our pace quickened. At the door we gladly paid our nickels and then rushed down the aisle, in a wild scramble for a front seat. Five till two, and restless hands began staccato clapping, as if to hurry the operator!

On the screen flashed “International News.” Again we clapped—violently. We whistled, laughed, and shouted, but no less than others in the audience. Gee, we wished the advertisements would come to a conclusion. At last, the feature!

In silent awe, we sat as Tom, our hero, came riding gallantly out of the Bar X ranch in search of Dan McGuire, killer of men. A quick gasp—a shot whistled by Tom’s ear warning him of the villain’s presence. Now we rode with Tom as he raced over hills and through canyons to seek vengeance. We helped Tom throw his lasso—we yelled to him when he was in danger! And now, the climax! Tom, after an exciting battle on the edge of a high cliff, conquered and returned, the conquering hero, to the heroine’s waiting—eager—outstretched arms.

Today, as I approached the glaring postboards above the theater, I thought—I shall be that youngster again. Once more I shall go back to the land of make-believe. I shall worship anew the cowboy a real hero!

I got in line to pay for admission. Reaching in my pocket for a nickel, I suddenly realized that I must pay a dime more—the penalty for growing older and for a foot of added height. Eagerly, full of anticipation, I pushed and shoved in line anxious as I was to gain a seat in the front row!

Five till two and, sitting upright on the edge of my seat, I began to clap. No one else, it seemed, felt the urge to join me. My nearer neighbors cast glances of pity in my direction. It was too bad I could not read the clock! My clapping, steadily weakening, gradually ceased. A trifle disappointed, I sank lower into my seat, not quite sure that the half darkness concealed my flaming face.

I continued to sulk until the lights were out, indicating that the show had commenced. When “Pathe News” flashed on the screen, I ventured a whistle. The boys in my row gaped in amazement; then they became angry. What manner of person is this, they thought, who whistles in a theater?

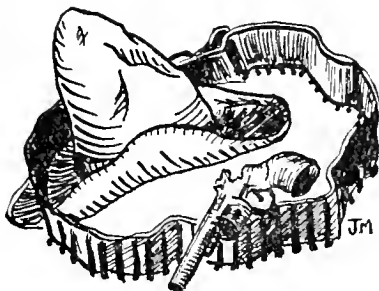
When finally the feature appeared, I decided to make one last attempt. I stamped my feet in an even rhythm; I pounded them heavily on the wooden floor. Achieving no accompaniment, I glanced hastily in the direction of my

comrades. To my surprise, the seats were empty. My disdainful neighbors had left. In the aisle, an usher was looking coldly in my direction; evidently demonstrations such as these were not to be tolerated at this moviehouse.

Today, unlike the hero of seven years ago, Tom talked to me. In a booming, eloquent voice, he swore by all that's holy that he would get Dan McGuire, killer of men! Tom, the idol of my youthful imagination, had changed; he rode his horse limply as if he were tired of riding after villains. He didn't ride

nearly so fast either. Instead of fighting on the edge of a high cliff as in the early days, Tom generously disposed of his victim by throwing him down a well. And there, not twenty yards from the battle-ground, sat the heroine in a nice, new shiny roadster, ready to whisk Tom away!

I got up and left. My illusions were shattered, my dreams destroyed. I had grown up. The care-free schoolboy left, a literal-minded, disillusioned sophisticate.



Anton

ELINOR DAVIS

Theme 18, Rhetoric II, 1931-32

ANTON did not want to lose his ticket. He had felt for its wilted reassurance only five minutes before, but once again he took the withered old billfold from the back of his colorless pants and felt fearfully around for it. A cracked forefinger touched it, and he held it close to his face to read once again that it was really "good for one passenger, leaving Chicago not later than 10:30, Sunday,

July 4, 1931," before he stuffed it further into the cavernous depths of his purse.

The train would leave now in fifteen minutes; he had better get on so that he would be sure not to miss it. There was no hurry, really, he told himself—nobody else seemed in a hurry to "catch" it. But somehow he could not force himself to wait quietly outside as the others did;

he felt safer inside the great monster, so strangely quiet as it sat there.

It was very hot in the day-coach. His nondescript coat he had suffered till noon, but now it was folded across his arm. He thought as he unloaded his bundles and laid his coat carefully on top of them, that he would walk to the fountain and drink out of one of those little paper cups instead of the tin, collapsible one he had brought. His wife was probably bent over the kitchen table "making up" tomorrow's bread, dipping water from the bucket at her side. He took the splashing cup to his seat and opened the almost empty paper bag that his wife had filled with sandwiches for him to eat on his excursion. He opened the dirty, crumpled edges and eyed the remaining food hungrily; he would eat only one; he would save the rest for the children—they loved sandwiches and didn't get them often. He wondered while he washed down his bites with the flat water how it would seem to eat in the "diner" and have the food served to him by one of those "niggers" with the white coats.

He put his head on the back of the seat and longed for his old iron bed at home with the steady, quiet noise of the frogs and the deathly stillness of the locusts, instead of this din of raucous voices from the smoke-laden air, and the incessant grind of the wheels on the rails. This was still Chicago!

The conductor's rough voice woke him with a start. It was late, after midnight, maybe. The train seemed to be going even faster as it slowed down: "St. Elmo—next stop. St. Elmo!" He stood on the platform and watched the cars whiz by—Chicago!

His crunching footsteps dropped into the stillness of the empty streets. His house appeared, flat-roofed and shapeless behind the lilac bushes. He opened the unlocked door and set everything just in-

side and sank into a chair. Well, he had always wanted to see Chicago, and the excursion was cheap. But there had been so many people, and they had brushed by and never had spoken nor smiled. He turned not at all at his wife's entrance.

"Well, Anton, did you have a good time in Chicago?"

"Yes, but—oh, Margaret—I'm glad to be *home*!"

"After just a day? What all did you do?"

"Well, I got there at almost noon, and sat down and ate my lunch. Those sandwiches were good!"

"Why you haven't ate hardly any."

"Well, the children—you know, they like sandwiches."

"Aren't you pret'near starved? Come on, I'll build a little fire and fry you an egg—the hens laid real good today. What all did you see?"

"Oh, just a lot of people. None of 'em would ever talk to you or anything. One man got real cross. I asked him what Chicago was going to do with their crime. He was a setting alongside of me there on the bench. One man, though, was selling pencils and things. He didn't have any legs and sat on the floor. He was real friendly. He said his wife was going to have a baby. I felt kinda sorry for him. He didn't know where he was going to get his next bite to eat. I give him one of the sandwiches. Then I had twenty cents left an' I give him that too. I sorta wanted to git the kids some peanuts with that, but I guess he needed it pretty bad. They had awful big peanuts there, though. I bought you a little something—it ain't much. They had stores in there, too. They had everything. God, it was big."

"It? What was big?"

"Oh, the station. I just stayed in there. Plenty to see right in there, I tell you. I might of got lost and missed my train."

The Hospital

STEWART WRIGHT

Theme 15, Rhetoric II, 1931-32

THERE were puddles of mud on the brick pavement of the alley at the side of the hospital. The puddles were so spaced that a wary pedestrian of experience could avoid splashes from the busy truck traffic. A red haired youth clad in a greasy cap, purple worsted suit, blue denim shirt open at the collar, and brown tennis shoes, sat on a fire hydrant at the entrance to the alley and appraised the spurts and starts of the pedestrians that emerged. The human units in this straggling parade were members of the hospital staff coming from the pay-off window. It was Saturday noon, and they were hurrying away to spend their money. Red, from his seat on the hydrant, was looking for employees walking off the job. Hopefully he surveyed them all. Nurses, dietitians, dishwashers, chefs, elevator girls, window washers, scrubwomen, student nurses, bus boys—all seemed to be leaving with the determination to be back at midnight. But finally a short, round man dodged onto the sidewalk from behind a bakery truck. He carried a roll of work clothes under his arm, and in his eyes was the light of liberty. It was dull, and it was alcoholic, but it was there. Red was off the hydrant and walking in step beside him.

"How's for a job, Shorty?" Red's thumb jerked toward the hospital.

"'Sistant Engineer's open. See Mr. Duval." And Shorty went on up the sidewalk.

The doorman at the alley entrance for

hospital employees gave Red a disgusted look and terse directions for finding Mr. Duval: "Three flights down, and holler for Jake."

As he started down the third flight of concrete steps, Red had the impression of entering, literally and figuratively, the lower regions. Up the stairway reverberated the crashing of the contactors on the elevator machines. Elevator motors growled in starting, whined at high pitch, then ground to a stop. Water gurgled through pipes. As Red descended the stairs, a steel scoop grated across concrete somewhere, lumps of coal rattled onto the floor, and suddenly a lurid glare threw Red's profile onto the wall at his side. At the far end of the basement a fat Beelzebub in dirty white duck pants and a red flannel undershirt stoked the everlasting fires in a locomotive-type boiler for heating the hospital.

Red hurried carefully along a narrow walk-way between the line of crashing, arcing, elevator machines and a row of whirring centrifugal pumps toward Beelzebub.

"You Jake?"

"'F you think you can do hospital work, take that Plumber's Friend up to the eighth floor and unplug their toilet. Nurse'll show you."

Red's mouth closed on the question he was just forming about pay. He picked up the implement pointed out by Jake, laid his purple coat on a dusty bench strewn with pipe fittings in wild disorder, and departed for the eighth floor. While

he was gone, Beelzebub visited the kitchen two floors above, on some mysterious mission.

"Nurse oughta know better nta throw dressings down there"—Red was trying to get Jake to talk when he got back with his short stick with the cone of rubber attached to the end.

Replied Jake, "Dishwasher's sink drain stopped up. Second floor above. Tape's under the bench."

Red pawed for a while under the bench upon which he had previously laid his coat. Finally, under the pile of short lengths of pipe, scraps of rubber gasket, and old valves, he found the "tape"—a steel ribbon about an inch wide, a sixteenth of an inch thick, and perhaps thirty feet long, with one end bent around to form a small hook. With this coiled up over his shoulder he mounted the two flights of stairs specified by Jake, wandered through the vegetable cook's kitchen and the salad room, until he finally emerged into the cubbyhole dedicated to the dishwasher's art.

A tall, thin, tubercular-looking man in a uniform that had once been white and a red rubber apron stood at the dishwasher's sink. He took dirty glassware and crockery from trays shoved at him through an arched opening in the wall at his left and placed it in a woven-wire basket he mysteriously produced from under a shelf below the arched opening. Then he would lift the wire basket into a wooden cradle arranged on trunnion bearings so it could be rocked to and fro in the sink, which was filled with enough soapy water to submerge the dishes while they were being rocked. After he had rocked the dishes a while, he would let the water out of the sink and scald the dishes with hot water from a hose. The

drain was flowing so slowly as to hold up the work. The final operation was to lift the basket out of the cradle and place it on a drain-board to the right. Then a bus boy would come and take the dishes out of the basket and carry them away on a tray. Red watched the dishwasher and wished he could get his job.

Finally the tubercular-looking man pointed under the sink and said, "Under there. Take the plug outta that tee."

Red knelt down under the sink. He was not kneeling on the real floor, but upon a false floor of wooden slats raised an inch or so, made necessary by the amount of water splashed around during the operation of scalding the dishes. There seemed to be a few roaches crawling under the slats. As the dishwasher shifted his weight in rocking his cradle to and fro, water oozed from the seams of his shoes. The dishwasher did not wear socks. Red unscrewed the plug from the tee with his fingers and inserted the hooked end of the steel tape. It shoved easily for a few feet, and then struck some obstruction. By shoving vigorously against the obstruction, pulling the tape back, and then shoving again, Red finally opened the pipe. The smell was not pleasant. When he pulled the tape back out, the hooked end brought with it a human ear. Something inside Red's abdomen flopped over and kicked.

A few minutes later Red was saying to Jake, "You can get your tape up there under the dishwasher's sink. I'm goin' back to my old job diggin' graves in the Bronx Jewish Cemetery."

As Red went up the stairs, pulling on the purple coat, Jake mused, "If they don't eat up that ear gag, they ain't fit for hospital work."

Danger Enough for a Day

WILLIAM JUDY

Theme 18, Rhetoric II, 1931-32

I SAT gazing idly into the muddy waters of the river. I looked at the sky—a mass of greyish black clouds which threatened more rain. It was a miserable day, and I was having a miserable time. I asked myself why I had come sixty miles with an automobile-load of dull girl scouts who constantly gushed silly anticipations of the coming week's camp.

That morning my mother had been asked to take some of the girls to the camp, and I had decided to go along. It had rained nearly all the way in an incessant, dreary downpour which had ceased only a few minutes before our trip ended. We had come to a kind of park or unimpressive summer resort known as Mackinaw Dells. The girls were to spend the day here, and in the evening go on to their camp, which was in readiness for them.

Upon reaching the park I had deserted the girls to attach myself to an older boy, Clarence S——, who had also accompanied his mother on the trip. We were a pair of rather disgruntled males in an atmosphere of feminine gaiety. We had taken ourselves off to the rain-swollen river which, with its clay banks and swift current, looked like an overgrown dredge ditch instead of a natural stream.

"Gosh, there's nothing to do here," I said to Clarence, merely to sum up everything we had found wrong with our surroundings.

"Not a darn thing!" he immediately agreed. "Can't swim in that swift current. Say, I bet the fish would bite after

that rain. Wish I had brought a line along."

As I absently chewed on a couple of blades of grass and regarded him, I felt he was not entirely dissatisfied with our situation, for I saw him cast frequent glances at one or two of the older girls of the party. I was a little angry at him for giving them such attention. It was beneath the dignity of "men" like us to make any show of frivolity at a time like this, I decided. I would have vehemently denied that I would think differently about such matters when I became as old as Clarence.

In an attempt to draw his attention back to me, I pointed my finger upstream and said: "Pretty high railroad bridge, isn't it? How'd you like to dive off that?"

"Not very well. Say, I bet it's over seventy-five feet high." And he scrutinized it closely. "Look at those embankments on both sides. Boy, they're 'way above the river!"

It was an unusual bridge for that part of the country—a prairie region with few elevations. The structure, of sturdy blackened timbers, supported a single track which curved out of sight behind a wooded knoll at either end of the bridge. The embankments Clarence had noticed rose abruptly from the low river bank.

We discussed the bridge at length and conjectured much as to its elevation and dimensions. When there was nothing left to say about it, we walked over the parts of the park we had not yet examined. A solitary, though rather large

dance pavilion, a concession stand which was tightly boarded up, some children's swings and slides, and the remains of other playground apparatus were about all the park contained. It was truly a dull place, and I expected to make a dull day of it. As I soon found out, however, there was a supreme thrill awaiting us.

Our tour of inspection concluded, we strolled lazily back to the bottom of the embankment at the east end of the bridge. There was something in that span high over head that called to the spirit of adventure in us. I looked at Clarence, and he looked at me. Before I could speak, he literally took the words out of my mouth:

"Let's go up there."

My prompt "All right" was hardly spoken before he was leading the way up the twisting cinder path. Clutching at the tall grass and digging our shoes into the cinders, we finally scrambled up to the road-bed, a breathless pair of adventure-seekers.

While recovering our breath we surveyed the landscape below us. The river wound between banks wooded with elms and hickory trees, which waved brooms of green leaves at the dusty-looking sky. We could see the whole park below us on our right. The girl scouts in their grey-green uniforms appeared as so many grasshoppers.

A vague apprehension stole in on my utter pleasure in the adventure. I said with concern to Clarence:

"I don't suppose there's any trains anyways near here now, are there?"

"No; guess not, on Sunday," he replied, as if he knew no more about it than I did. "You know how dinky this railroad is."

I knew it was "dinky," and I had often ridiculed it in my boyish scorn of anything small. But I did not particularly

enjoy the thought of meeting any kind of locomotive.

"What d'ya say, let's cross over to the other side," Clarence challenged me.

For a minute or two I objected to such a rash proposal, but finally I agreed to go. Timidly I followed my brave friend out on the ties. He walked surely, seeming to pay no attention to his steps, while I moved my short legs cautiously and looked at every spot I was about to set foot upon. Several times I turned my eyes down on the river, which boiled and eddied between the supports of the bridge. Its waters looked treacherous and dreadful.

As I went on, however, I became less afraid. Gradually I became accustomed to walking on the ties. It was fortunate that I did, considering what occurred in the next few minutes.

We two high-spirited explorers stood several minutes at the end of our crossing, discussing the perils and thrills of the trip. Scornfully we read a sign which insisted there should be "Absolutely no trespassing" on the bridge. What did railroad officials who put up such signs know of thrills!

We found if we descended the embankment we were then on, we would have to walk almost half a mile to recross the river on an automobile bridge. Clarence and I soon decided to take what seemed to be the easiest way to get back into the park—that of returning the way we had come. Therefore we turned our steps back to the bridge. Walking slowly there, high above the rest of the world, I gloried in the adventure.

Suddenly Clarence stopped and turned his head with a start.

"What was that?" he asked me, a note of fear in his voice.

I had heard nothing; so all I could say was "What?"

"It sounded like a train—there it is again."

I heard a faint whistling sound come from around the curve at the end of the bridge towards which we were walking. Its source was so far away that it was difficult to describe it as a definite sound. We were sure, however, we heard borne on the wind an eerie *whceoo*.

"It's a train," I shouted, while my heart began to pound. "What'll we do? Which way shall we go? Oh, gosh!"

Clarence made a quick decision. He said: "Come on; we're closer to that end." And he pointed to the embankment we had reached after our crossing a few minutes ago. "Run," he entreated; "come on and run!"

And I ran. Clarence's long legs enabled him to draw farther and farther away from me. I became short of breath, but I forced myself on. I again saw the water below me; it was ten times as treacherous as it had been before.

Thoughts crowded one another in my brain. How close was the train? What if I should put my foot a half-inch too far the next time I brought it down on a tie? I should be trapped between the rails, and crushed like an insect. What if I should try a leap into the river? Why, it was only a little brook hundreds of feet, no, a thousand feet below!

Clarence reached the end of the trestle and began to slide down the embankment.

"Step on it!" he called back to me.

Did he mean this as a warning that the train was in sight now? I dared not look behind me for fear of making a misstep. My legs ached from the strain of running so fast yet with such care. My breath came in irregular gasps. Perspiration streamed down my face, although the air was cool.

At last I neared the end of the bridge.

I could see the "No trespassing" sign again. If I only had obeyed it! If I escaped the iron monster which was after me, I would never do such a thing again, I told myself. A few more agonizing steps, and I was tumbling down the grassy side of the embankment. No grass had ever looked so green as that, and the air had never been so good to breathe.

We rested until our breathing was almost normal and our hearts had slowed down considerably. As we started toward the distant hard-road bridge, the train roared above our heads, its whistle shrieking. "Shriek, ahead!" I thought, but, nevertheless, I shuddered. It was a fast freight, and the weight of it sent tremors along the ground underfoot.

Clarence and I exchanged glances and tried to make a joke of asking one another how we should like to be up there with the train. It was a weak attempt at humor.

We said very little as we returned to the park by the circuitous route. The terror of our experience was still very real to us. Clarence was rather pale, and I needed no mirror to show myself I was even paler.

But when we returned to our party, we assumed an air of bravado which certainly did not reflect our true feelings. Neither the girls nor our mothers knew anything of the adventure until we related it to them, a short time after we returned. Our mothers scolded us, but they were very glad we were there to be scolded. My mother recalled that a number of people had been killed on this bridge in doing the same foolish stunt we had done. It had been an attraction for the foolhardy even when she was a girl.

Clarence and I naturally tried to make the danger we had faced seem as small as possible in our first stories of the adven-

ture. But we could not deny to ourselves that we had had the fright of our young lives.

I derived some satisfaction from the utter lack of interest the girls showed in Clarence's daring. He did not try to impress it upon them, and they were too absorbed in talking of their camp to

evaluate—or rather over-evaluate—it for themselves.

This event happened six years ago this summer, but sometimes I still see the scenes of it in my mind. I have awakened in the middle of the night, not from a dream but from sound sleep, to remember how I felt on that bridge, running from that pursuing train.



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On the Disadvantages of Being Two People

ANNE BRITTIN

Theme 5, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

IN THESE days of psychoanalysis everyone is entitled to have at least one complex. It may be nothing more than a yearning to greet Grandma Perkins by gently tapping her on the head with an axe instead of politely saying "Good morning" as usual. In common with the rest of humanity I, too, have such hidden depths in my nature. In fact, I am in the precarious position of being not one person but two.

I think my ancestors had something to do with my peculiar state of being. I come of a line of hard-working, thrifty, ambitious people. However, even they had a skeleton in their closet. That took the form of one of my respected great-grandfathers, who was anything but a skeleton in appearance. Whereas the rest of the family worked from sun-up to sun-down—and enjoyed doing so—he found life so strenuous that he rested from sun-up to sun-down—also enjoying the process very, very much. So far my family history sounds like an affair of mutual enjoyment, but, indeed, it was not. Great-grandfather's laziness shocked his relatives, while their smug industriousness irritated him. And I am an unhappy combination of that ancestor of mine and the more typical members of the family!

The two persons who I am have quite different ambitions for my future, and both watch me zealously to see that I follow them. But, as yet, I have worked out no plan whereby I can satisfy the two sides of my nature at once. One person—the serious one—has ambitions of my

becoming a scientist. She attempts to crowd forty-eight hours of work into a twenty-four hour day. She makes me study when I want to sleep and attempt to do more reading than I can ever accomplish. The musty air of a laboratory, compounded of the biting odor of acids, the scorched smell of cotton, and the glue-like odor of media, is the breath of life to her. In her eyes a wire basket full of clean, shining test tubes is more beautiful than a sunset.

But how different is the other person who I am! Her dearest ambition is to own a Pacific island, where she can lie on the beach and dreamily listen to the roll of the surf. To make the scene perfect, on one side must be half a dozen decorative natives "plunking" on their ukeleles and on the other side a stack of detective stories and movie magazines. And in her heart must be the delicious peace of the knowledge that she need not lift a finger unless she wants to.

Being two people would be endurable, if they only had some set rules as to when each one should make her respective appearance. I can go along being intensely industrious for several weeks, studying as I should, reading elevating books, remembering to brush my teeth, and even keeping up my diary. Then sooner or later there comes a period of three or four days when I go into a state of stagnation. Instead of studying for an especially formidable test I go to see Greta Garbo's latest film; instead of reading d'Herelle I read S. S. Van Dine, and Benchley. Neither the frowns of my

professors nor the rapidly mounting pile of neglected work can rouse me from the coma into which I have fallen. Nothing can, until I wake up one morning and find my serious nature back again.

I shall probably grow old, becoming more and more a credit to my ancestors who have preceded me (if the serious

person in me has her way). But one day I shall wake up to find the wind in the south and the sky all blue and white, a sea of billowy clouds. Then I shall put aside my serious business and start out to find if there is a golden road to Samarkand and if the South Seas are as beautiful and deep as eternity.

A Girl's Dad on "Dad's Day"

KIRKER SMITH

Theme 9, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

WHAT a relief! Dad has just gone home, and the most bewildering and trying day of my life is behind me. It is strange, but although a dad at home is delightful, a dad in a girls' dormitory is an unfathomable mystery. I had so eagerly anticipated his visit, drawing glorious mental pictures of the perfect fatherly gentleman, dignified, self-possessed, and yet jolly and friendly enough to make everyone feel at ease.

Even an amusing incident I had watched while awaiting his arrival in the morning had failed to cast any shadows of doubt on my anticipations. A large family car had pulled up across the street and an excited girl dashed out of the hall and over to it to greet her visiting folks. Her robust, heavy-set father, ensconced behind the steering wheel for protection from an overly-exuberant daughter, grimly surveyed her meeting with the rest of the family. When his turn came, he gave her an affectionate, although somewhat sheepish peck on the forehead and then hastily settled back into his

former rigidity. When the others got out of the car, he remained stubbornly in his place, unaffected by the earnest pleas of his daughter to come inside. After they had gone, he parked the car with great precision, taking ten minutes to do what would ordinarily take him two, buttoned his overcoat, set his shoulders squarely, and left the car, his last refuge from a house full of critical women. Then, assuming an air of pompous ease, he walked slowly up and down the street, like a professor studying the architecture of Main Residence Hall.

However, my confidence was so great that I actually pitied this girl for having such a shy father, who was obviously going to be something of a problem; whereas my father, with his natural sociableness, would enter into the spirit of the occasion and soon have everyone around him in the best of humor. Alas for the bliss of ignorance! When my dad arrived, he was like a stranger in a foreign country. Inside the house (and I had no small trouble getting him there,

either) he was obviously consumed with self-consciousness and limited his conversation to a few abrupt remarks. I wondered if that gruff, silent man could really be my dad, the jovial, talkative fellow I knew at home, who added humor and life to any conversation with his own engaging personality. He seemed lost and unable to cope with the situation. Stranded thus among so many chattering women in a place whose very nature was new to him, he had built a little wall of silence around himself for sheer defense against this strange noisy mob. The few other men in the room were similarly afflicted; and there sat the heroes of the day, stiff, silent, and so surrounded by girls that they could not even talk business with one another. It was hopeless! And my dad was as bad as any of them.

Occasionally, as though suddenly remembering that this was "Dad's Day" and he was the most important character in the gathering, he roused himself from this silent state long enough to express an opinion of his own or add his comments

to the conversation. Then the eyes of all the girls turned toward him (at last—a dad who would talk!) and immediately his old fears and self-consciousness returned and he was once again morose and non-committal.

This agony continued throughout the day, but at dinner a change took place. The speeches generally attendant on "Dad's Day" banquets are almost inevitably trite and boring; but they, together with the cheerful, friendly atmosphere which pervades a room on such occasions, served to lighten the feelings of my dad and loose his tongue a little. By the end of the dinner, when the house-mother, the toastmistress, the old "grads," and several other lesser lights had separately stressed the importance and generosity of the dads, mine had become his old self again and warmed to the task of entertaining these girls who were not the knowing, mystifying beings he had thought them, but merely ordinary, understandable mortals like his own daughters.



“What Every Woman Knows”

ELINOR LOURIE

Theme 16, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

“A WEE DROP of Scotch” quite perfectly describes “What Every Woman Knows.” It is by a Scotchman, the scene is laid in Scotland, the characters are Scotch, and the play contains that camminess and dry humor which are special attributes of the Scotch.

The main character, James Wylie, is what is generally termed a self-made man. He considers himself such, and so does the general public. Only Maggie, his wife, knows the falsity of this belief, and she, like the daisies, won't tell! It is true he has courage, perseverance, and real merit, but he lacks the dash and originality which only Maggie can supply. But so subtly does she suggest ideas to him that he really believes them to be of his own creation. It is only when, in his ignorance, he attempts to dispense

with Maggie's aid that he realizes how invaluable she has been; she was so unobtrusive a background to set off his character that she was not noticed until, suddenly, the background was no more. But even when he realized that she was essential to his success and happiness, and asked her to return to him—even then he did not fully appreciate her true worth, and she, like most women, loved him the more for his stupidity.

The play was very entertaining. It was brief, light, and witty, as all of Barrie's plays are. The characters were genuine and so were the situations, yet, with just enough difference to make them a trifle more interesting and amusing than everyday life. The play may be summed up in the one word—charming.

Why Work?

DICK CHILDS

Theme 10, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

Certainly it is from slavery we derive the conception that industry, even though it be purposeless industry, is a virtue in itself.—H. G. WELLS

JOHN SMITH is a credit to his community—he is always busy. He is a rather feeble-minded fool engaged in making a fake patent medicine, but he works very hard and seems to have had enough initiative to acquire a moderate sum of money to his credit at the local bank. His neighbor's wife is a splendid

woman—she has taught her child well that Satan finds mischief for idle hands. The child firmly believes that as long as he works diligently he will go to heaven no matter what else he does or doesn't do.

What good is work for work's sake? Don't misunderstand me. I'm not advo-

eating a general and complete strike. There is no disputing that labor is vital to any manner of success. What I object to is the contemporary worship of purposeless industry.

We are all told that genius is ninety-nine per cent perspiration and one per cent inspiration. Great captains of industry are held up to us as models to idolize. Everywhere we go we see and hear stories of men who have "made good" because of their ability to work. Recently our newspapers have been filled with news of one such model. He was one of the most talked about and respected men in the world of finance, chiefly because of his ability to organize and his tireless energy in applying his plans. Now he is an exile and one of the most hated men among all classes of people.

When some one sits and day-dreams, people immediately charge him with laziness, and, without knowing or caring about the purpose of his thoughts, they condemn him as a good-for-nothing. To them idleness is the cardinal sin. They can forgive any variety of faults if the defendant is an industrious man.

Surely it must be from some such source as enslaved ancestors that we have created that false standard. And it must be from some narrow-minded people that it has become such a criterion of worth. As a source from which good may be derived, work is noble, but it is not a virtue in itself. At its worst it may become a vice.

The man who straightens the already straight sideboard will never create a masterpiece. Neither has a masterpiece ever sprung from the artist who stands before his easel with the determination to do his day's work even though he lacks an idea. True, every worthwhile objective will require more or less hard labor,

but first there must come the preparation in the form of joy or hope or dreams. This vital fact is one which the advocate of constant labor ignores.

If one is to defend the dreamer, he must first acknowledge the fundamental need for the worker. Dreams alone have never built a bridge or written a book. Always there must be the one to apply the thoughts and inspirations of the dreamer, and perhaps it is from this truth that we have come to think of work as an objective. But let us not forget that because work is a necessity, dreaming is not therefore an evil.

Undoubtedly ancient civilizations were built upon slavery. There could have been no Parthenon if there had been no slaves, no pyramids without forced labor. Today we are faced with a new problem. The machine age has done away to a great extent with the need for blind obedience; and with it, it has done away with the old ideal of the "busy man." In the complicated system of our present manner of living there is danger of following the horrible example of the robots in the play, "R. U. R.," in which, because they have no impulse save to work, they become monsters. The idea is overdrawn perhaps, but it is essentially true that if we neglect the purpose of work and emphasize it as a virtue, we are apt to become blind to the better things of life.

Surely, one of the results of the future dependence on machinery will be shorter working hours and more leisure. What will be done with this spare time? More work? Will a man be branded as lazy because he does not spend this leisure in frantically earning more money? No, in the future there will be no fetish named industry.

Perhaps, instead, John Smith will lose his glamour, and the Jack Robinson who occasionally slips away from his ledgers

to indulge in fishing or in loafing in a cabin with a book will not be considered an undesirable citizen. Perhaps even the college student who now and then forgets an algebra assignment to argue with his

roommate on his favorite author will be accorded a certain amount of leniency.

"What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare!"*

*Davies, W. H.; "Leisure."

Country Fair Ballyhoo

MYRON WORMLEY

Theme 11, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

I HAVE an almost passionate aversion to country fairs, due perhaps to the circumstances under which I was compelled to attend them in the days of my childhood. For one thing, I never liked picnic dinners. To country fair enthusiasts there is only one way to eat at a fair—à la lunch basket. My imagination is unusually active during such a meal; and after I have watched the flies buzz around the food, my appetite wanes. I abhor sitting on the ground while eating, and dread the task of straining vainly to reach the choice morsel I desire. Without fail I spill milk or water during the course of the meal. Finally, I do not like potato salad, and as yet I have not been to a picnic dinner where that dish was not in evidence.

Then there always is the daughter of some neighbor who must be entertained; and I am usually the unfortunate one chosen for this unwelcome task. This of course means entertainment; but entertainment costs money. And what entertainment! Merry-go-rounds and swings have never failed to have a harmful effect upon my digestive system, and if I attempt to carry on this sort of dizzy

frivolity I soon suffer acute discomfort. Accordingly, as the second best thing, I must walk around the "midway" with the girl and act like a moron in order to be in the general spirit of the fair. The result of this procedure is that I run all over the place acting like a rabbit with "time on his hands."

Then there is the stock to see. Normally I do not mind stating my opinions about hogs, but when I am in such a disturbed mental state as a country fair produces, I can find nothing more disgusting than the sight of animals. The steaming and the protesting of the hogs combined with the stall-kicking and the everlasting tail-switching that one encounters in the dairy barns are bad for one's disposition. Furious stallions incensed by their captivity are the last straw.

To climax the day, the custom is to go to the grandstand (if one may properly call it by that name) and watch the various horse, mule, and chariot races, amid the blare of two or three high school bands. This is by far the most boring feature of the day's program. There are only two things to do: watch

the proceedings or go to sleep. The latter is not considered quite the thing to do when one is in the company of a young lady, and the former is an exceedingly difficult task. Another undesirable thing about the grandstand is the hardness of the seats. After spending a few hours

seated upon one I become ill at ease and feel as though I might fly to pieces.

Thus a day spent at a country fair is a day worse than wasted. Nothing is accomplished, nothing enjoyed, and mental, physical, and financial discomfort must be endured.



On Personal Charm

JULIA MILDRED LAKE

Theme 11, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

DO YOU smoke, drink, philosophize, eat crackers in bed, or have blind dates? If you do, do you do so in a charming manner? Personal charm—most people call it personality—depends on how one does the commonplace things of life. If a man can converse cleverly or smile in a winning way, he possesses a form of personal charm. However, taking personal charm as a whole, the old maxim, "Be yourself," is the true key to the secret.

Remember the old story of the cow who wanted to be like a dog? When the dog jumped into his master's lap, he was petted and fondled affectionately. The

poor old cow saw all this and thought to herself, "That dog has all the luck. Maybe if I jumped into master's lap, he'd rub my ears too." So one day when the master was idling in the orchard with his pipe between his teeth, the cow thought "Hooray! Here's my chance!" So gaily she gamboled over to the unsuspecting man and cast herself into his arms. Of course, you know just what happened to the cow. The poor thing had no personal charm, whereas the dog had. Why? The dog was itself—it acted naturally. Who ever heard of a dog mooing? It's equally ridiculous to think of a cow jumping into a man's lap.

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That is the trouble with so many uninteresting people—they try so hard to do that for which they are unfitted both physically and mentally. They aren't natural; therefore they don't have character. Why should the daughter of a brick-layer try to act like a debutante? She has neither the background nor the money. How much more charming she would really be if she were herself. Not that she should not try to better herself in as many ways as possible! She *should* do that. But being a hypocrite is not bettering one's personality.

Many writers have tried to analyse personality. They cannot—it is practically indefinable. It is made up of many small units all combining to make the whole. If personality were thoroughly understood, there would be many less undesirable people in the world, and people would have more affection for their fellow men. If one is natural, if he doesn't assume a perverted outlook on life or doesn't try to fool himself, he is one of those fortunate individuals who have personal charm—and a great deal of it.

Children and the Gangster Movie

KATHERINE STIEGEMEYER

Theme 4, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

"I'LL PUT YOU on the spot," came floating clearly up to me as I sat by the window vainly trying to concentrate. A childish voice and an equally child-like figure had broken in on my consciousness. Two small boys were fighting a heated battle by the side of our house. The opponents were sturdy, well-matched, and furious over some small-boy question. The older boy broke loose from his enemy's clutch and again shouted, "If you hit me once more, I'll bump you off! I'll kill you!" He did not wait for a renewed onslaught, but, picking up a large stone, threw it with all his might at the less aggressive boy. The stone struck the boy on his temple, knocking him unconscious. While the injured boy was cared for by his mother, I took it upon myself to reprimand the older boy. To my dis-

may he was not the least crestfallen, but declared, "James Cagney woulda shot 'im."

At that moment I crystallized a thought which had been running through my mind for many days as I had watched my small neighbors play "gangster." The play of children has always been shaped to a certain extent by the stage. Play habits change with each successive generation. My father played "train-robber" and "western outlaw," while my mother adored Bernhardt and Geraldine Farrar. Now adolescent boys are bootleggers and gangsters in spare moments, and girls copy the glamorous movie queens. The most casual observer will admit a difference in these types. The robber was always a bad man, and the western outlaw was always killed; the modern gang-

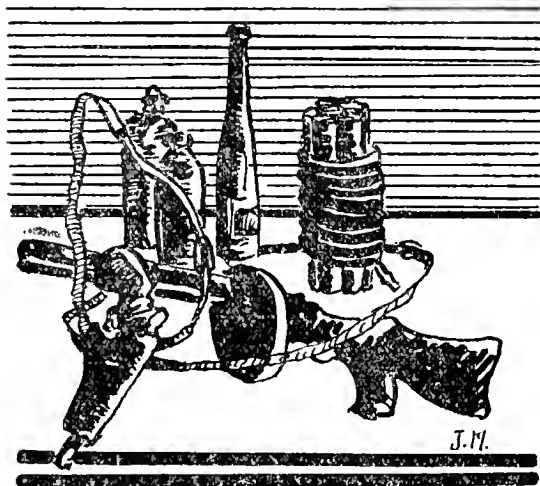
ster is a hero, a trampled idol, who is apparently fine in almost every respect. There is nothing of cowardice in his make-up; his deeds are motivated by noble bravery, not desperation.

Much has been written concerning the effect of movie-going on the child—much that is unauthentic. In the September and October issue of a popular magazine, reports of an investigation, under the direction of Dr. Samuel Renshaw, Professor of Experimental Psychology at Ohio State University, were published. He says, "The difficulty in so far as movies are concerned is that children do not look behind the grease paint. To them the monsters created by wax and putty are personal perils. Death is finality." Yet when lawlessness is made the essence of manly bravery, even the solemnity of utter oblivion fails to leave an imprint on the most impressionable child.

The first discovery made by Mr. Renshaw is that after seeing a thriller, Johnny tosses in bed. His restlessness is not

limited to the one night following, but extends for three or four nights more. He tosses during the early hours of his rest period, which are the most valuable.

In large theatres trained nurses are hired in case a hyper-emotional person in the audience succumbs to excessive excitement. On being asked if children are actually terrified, these nurses replied in the affirmative. Dr. Frederick Peterson, the noted neurologist, believes that scenes of horror on the screen may be definitely, even permanently, injurious. He maintains that many boys and girls are subjected to virtual nerve shellshock. Questioning public school children has shown that during a picture many children scream, bite their fingernails, wring their garments, and indicate overstimulation in many other ways. At home they are afraid to go to bed and dread being alone. All this supports Dr. Peterson's belief that movies overstimulate the nervous system and cause neuroses which may continue in adult years.



The Black Pirate of the Air

DONALD MELVILLE

Theme 4, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

OUT of the tall trees that edged the woods a shadow glided softly and swiftly, and after volplaning close to the ground finally settled with a rush of air and a glinting of ebony-black feathers. This huge bird of inky complexion was nothing more than a crow—a bird common to all parts of America, from the snow-blanketed forests of the North to the broad pampas of the South.

His reputation is as dark as the color that nature gave him. He is the lawful prey of every hunter, for he is known to plunder the nests of our songsters, and he is a problem to the farmer. A large part of a crow's menu consists of corn seed. The freshly planted cornfield holds a royal feast for the hungry crow, and a fairly large flock of them will consume a surprising amount of corn; that is, unless the farmer's son is patrolling the vicinity with a shotgun, and then there is not a crow to be seen.

It seems to me that crows have a sixth sense about guns. Walk into the woods with nothing more than a woodenstick in your hands, and you may observe the actions of the crows at your pleasure. But steal through the woods with a gun in your hands, and the only indication that there are crows in that district will be a faint caw from the neighboring hill or valley. So if you wish to learn for yourself the interesting habits of these birds, approach them unarmed, yet with stealthy foot.

The crow usually builds an ungainly bunch of thick twigs for a nest, high up in a pine tree, and in this are laid from two

to four large eggs, pale green, splashed liberally with brown. Both parents defend their home against all comers. When the scrawny, naked little crows arrive, the old crows are busy from morning till night feeding them, for a young crow will eat all he can and still caw for more.

A crow has a reputation for wisdom, and after studying its habits for months, I have decided that the wisdom of these birds is surpassed by that of no other creatures of the woods. The old crow will imitate perfectly the weak caw of its young in order to lure the hunter from the neighborhood of the nest. Almost all traps set for the black vandals are studiously avoided, and the hunter who conceals himself in a spot where crows congregate will find them very scarce. The length and number of caws have different meanings for members of the tribe. By their raucous calls the crows can spread an alarm or gather their clan with great speed.

The greatest enemy of the crows is the hawk. As the crows prey on smaller birds, so do the hawks prey on the young crows. When a hawk flies near the crows' nesting-place, he is attacked on all sides by the war-like birds, each one, in turn, making a swoop at him. Sometimes the hawk is wounded; sometimes a careless crow comes within reach of those terrible claws and pays the penalty for his carelessness. However, most of these skirmishes end with no serious casualties, for the crow realizes the inferiority of his fighting equipment to that of the hawk.

There is one good thing that can be said of the crow, however, and that is the great service he does in eating all kinds of harmful insects. Insects are his staple food, and in ridding the fields of

them he does the farmer a great service, so great a service, in fact, that it is a question whether it outweighs the damage resulting from his grain-eating propensities.



Fog in the Depot

BRUCE DEOBLER

Theme 9, Rhetoric 1, 1932-33

IT HAS always seemed to me that a busy depot is the center of much romance and adventure. The reunion of friends, the arrival and departure of business envoys, the power and force of the man-made monsters, the skill and courage of train crews, and the curiosity about the destinations and purposes of the travelers, all serve to spread an aureate influence of romance over the scene. These impressions, however, may be multiplied and varied if you will take the trouble to visit a depot on an evening when a veil of fog has descended over the city.

For some reason, the swirling curtains of vapor stimulate the perceptive powers of the human mind, causing it to seek significance in every eccentricity displayed by the people around the observer.

He sees a bare-headed, trench-coated youth make a rush to hand letters to the departing train's baggageman and wonders not *if* but *why* they are important. A stout individual's attempt to shield his throat from the dampness by turning his collar closer around his neck and face is interpreted as an effort to preserve an incognito. The observer involuntarily extends sympathy to the glum-faced woman who is probably worried over nothing more serious than the difficulty of finding a good taxi. The group descending from the parlor car wear a misty look of gentility and superiority. In the electrically lighted fog, beautiful faces become exotic, and plain faces become beautiful. It is odd that none of these wanderings of the mind occur in normal weather.

Clearly, the fog does something to the human mind. The crowd, the train, and the lights are all a part of every man's life, but the fog is strange and mysterious because man cannot in any way control it. Ancient men feared this phenomenon, and a vestige of this fear lingers in modern minds. It is this fear, or lack of understanding, that stimulates the mind of the observer.

Machine Shop

ROBERT WEBER

Theme 13, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

WHEN one enters the shop, the whirl and hum of the many machines is at first confusing. There is an atmosphere of brazen importance that tolerates no quiet meditation or thought, but insists upon action and noise. Overhead, rods and wheels rotate at rapid, regular intervals, giving out a monotonous clang and clack that makes one's head throb. The finishing and polishing machines give forth a high-pitched tone that is at first irritating in its piercing quality. Various parts of each machine move back and forth, clanking loudly as they do their work. A machine for drilling threads into pipes groans as the cold steel presses against the pipe. The pipe, in turn, sends back a shrill tone of protest as the metal is grooved out of its sides. A drilling machine, with greedy haste, eats out a hole in a large steel plate. The room resounds again and again while the tumult rises and falls. A bell rings. Gradually the noise dies down. There is a last lingering shuffle of hurrying feet, and then all is quiet.

The machine shop assumes a character so opposite to that which has just been witnessed that one shudders from the shock of the change. The noise and clatter of life have gone, and only the stillness reigns. Overhead, the rods and wheels have ceased to move. The finishing and polishing machines are awesome in their silence. The driving shafts have stopped so suddenly that they are left standing half way to the end of their run. The drilling machine has lost its greed and seems to be meditating on the work of the day. Faint sounds coming from the street seem quite remote. The light in the room becomes steadily dimmer. The machines seem to be sleeping. It is a peaceful sleep, but sad in the gloom of the dark walls and floor. There is no color to indicate the animation of the recent life. A coldness settles on the room, and chills the blood in one's veins. At last, darkness comes, and all is screened by the blackness of night.

The Mill

S. J. EWALD

Theme 10, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

IT IS OLD, very old, that mill with its moss-covered water wheel. A century or more its wheels turned, turned, turned, grinding the grain of the country folk from miles around. The miller and his sons toiled from dawn to dark and went to their humble home at night in ghost-like dustiness. But the miller is gone, and his sons and their sons, and all of the millers.

Now, the wheels go round no more, the castings are gone to rust, the great millstones have fallen from their sockets. Cobwebs glut the feed chute and fill the space about the beams above with filmy grayness. Bright rays of light stream through the sagging clapboard roof and lose themselves in dusty corners. Everywhere is dust; thick, heavy, gray dust that rises in dense clouds as I walk across the creaking floor. The floor, which once bore up the heavy millstones and loads of grain, now groans and gives beneath my weight. In the cracks of the worn oak sill of the door, stand slim, sear stalks of wheat rustling in the breeze. They have

been there, seeding and reseeding themselves since last the mill was run.

Suddenly a wild, inhuman shriek comes through a small, warped window. Across a rolling field of stubble a train of box-cars grinds to a stop beside a long platform stacked high with plump white sacks. There are large motor trucks and chains of wagons drawn by blustering tractors bringing more sacks from surrounding fields. In a distant field there is a huge heap of yellow straw, ever growing larger under the "blower" of a thrasher. Little men work busily about the machine, and two of them are on top feeding its greedy maw. The thrasher is driven by a long belt connected to a tractor. The white sacks are being filled at one side of the clanking, red thrasher. Another shriek, and more yellow grain journeys to the great mills of the city to be marketed at forty-two cents a bushel.

Only the deep blue water in the mill race remains the same, sparkling, singing, happy, unaware of any change.

On Returning

CLARA DAYTON

Theme 11, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

IT WAS like looking into a still black pool, and seeing at once all of the past reflected in its depths; then a sudden glare of sunlight blinded out the

vision of that one moment. Thus it seemed, as I stood gazing at the forlorn little farm where I had spent the first careless years of my childhood. How different it looked to twenty than to ten!

There was the old wooden gate that I used to clamber upon to watch the ruddy sun melt into the green pastures, while I waited for Father to come in from the fields, tired and hungry. The husky, sunbrowned workmen would be coming home, too, leading in the old black horses and heavy iron ploughs. In the barn was the smell of fresh, clean hay, and warm, sweet milk, the gentle mooing of cattle, and the neighing of the horses.

Behind the farmhouse now are a few straggling trees, representing what was once an orchard. In spring it was white with blossoms, and in summer the trees were laden with red and green apples, purple plums, or golden-yellow peaches. How many lazy hours I spent in that garden of Eden, knowing no evil or trouble but only pleasure and happy leisure!

In the fall I used to watch the men haul away the ripe corn in tall wagons,

pitch the hay into the loft, and store the oats and wheat in the barn. I marvelled at their power and strength as they hoisted heavy bales of hay upon their broad shoulders and swung them with a dull thud to the ground. Sweat poured down their brown faces, and muscles rippled beneath the blue cambric of their damp shirts, as the sultry day grew hotter beneath the August sun.

But the sun brings back the reality of to-day and dispels the vision of yesterday. To-day I am twenty, and wonder how many points corn has gone down, or if wheat has gone up, because we still own the farm, you see, even though there are other people living there. As I look at the gate now rather critically, I notice that it will soon need repair. It is sagging, and some of the boards are loose. Those ugly trees behind the house should be cut down, for they are old and useless. The man who is working in the barnyard now looks rather tired and unhappy—he is the only one who has a job there. Perhaps he is feeling the depression too.

The Lane of Forgotten Men

SYDNEY W. TAUBER

Theme 10, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

“WACKER DRIVE, Chicago.” A boulevard of rare beauty, with impressive structures of stone and steel towering hundreds of feet into the air along its cold curbs. Business and tumult, with the roar of trains buzzing in one’s

ears, while above, in magnificent offices resplendent with fine furniture and tapestry, ticker tape flows in never-ending coils. The drive itself is an animate picture; expensive automobiles race along, tires singing over smooth concrete. The

occupants are smug and comfortable in their wrapping of sleek furs. Chauffeurs, "— — — Yes, madam — — — No, madam — — — Most certainly, sir — — —."

The Drive begins at the end of Washington Boulevard and winds along the Chicago River, past the crystal beauty of the Civic Opera House, through the rush of the "Loop," and then off to the lake. And all one can see, as he rides over this monument to wealth and business, is the glorious effect of it, the fineness of it all, the glint of steel and polish of marble. But under Wacker Drive, where the American Masters of Finance never look, and never care to look, live the forgotten men of the city.

The Drive was deliberately built in two levels in order that those in evening dress and elegant cars could sail over its upper floor, while those who work and sweat for these men could run their swift trucks down below.

It is dark on the lower floor, dark and cold—and very dirty. The silent river flows at a level with this lower street, and in the winter its icy fingers reach into the cave-like dimness seeking warmth. And it is during the winter that we notice, become acutely conscious of, the pathos of this "lane of forgotten men." These are Chicago's unemployed, and they sleep against pillars, cold pillars of the selfsame concrete that paves

the thoroughfare above, with the stinging river-wind biting into them. They wrap their shivering bodies in newspapers, in burlap sacks, in anything that will turn away the cold. The police can do nothing to prevent the stay of these homeless men—and perhaps the police do not care to do anything about it. Bread line or soup kitchen—their only source of food. Slimy muck of "stew," reeking,—its only benefit is the heat to be derived from it. Days without food at all; too weak to go and stand hour after hour in the pushing, surging line of bodies, only to be turned away with, "Sorry, buddy, that's all there is."

A picture, not all lovely, is painted of lower Wacker Drive. We of Chicago are aware of its existence, because of the flowery editorials printed about it; we are aware of its existence, because "slumming" parties are invariably shown its sordid face. But life (if it can be called that) under the Drive goes on as before; the only change of residence or sustenance in the lives of these men occurs when they are dying of pneumonia or tuberculosis on a cot in the County Hospital.

Upper Wacker Drive sings its song of power—because those who ride upon its polished surface never choose to go below.

The Papaya

G. W. JAMES

Theme 9, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

CARICA PAPAYA—such is its scientific name—is a food really fit for kings. It is a royal delicacy which all who live in the tropics may enjoy. This

fruit far transcends in gastronomic appeal any other of man's foods. Its sweet, succulent meat melts in one's mouth and engulfs the palate with a tantalizing flood of deliciousness. The inhabitants of Olympus tremble when man plucks this fruit lest some mortal perceive therein the fabled ambrosia and by its sensuous inspiration be emboldened to doubt their spurious power.

Despite its intrinsic worth it does not blatantly cry its merits to the world. It is truly unimposing to the eye and presents no external promise of gustatory ecstasy. To the wanderer from temperate zones it might be a dwarfed Tom Watson or an unripe cantaloupe. This interesting native of the torrid zone assumes a variety of shapes and sizes. It may be elongated like a watermelon, or almost spherical, or even slightly compressed on one end, like our crookneck squash. In the unripe state its skin is dark green and smooth with a velvety feel to the touch. As it ripens, it becomes a light yellow. Within, it is arranged much like a muskmelon with a multitude of seeds which cling tenaciously to the firm, thick, salmon-colored lining which is its edible part.

The great number of seeds is in keep-

ing with the nature of the life of the papaya plant. With its tender shoots eagerly sought by the herbivores of the forest, with its mature fruit considered a delicacy by monkeys and fruit bats, and with its unresistant bole easily destroyed by the tropical winds, thousands of seeds must germinate to produce the ultimate single papaya. This useful plant, once the seeds are scattered, grows rapidly. It easily acquires a height of fifteen feet in a season, producing, while it grows, a large crop of its luscious pepos. It requires a rich loamy soil and the tropical combination of much moisture and abundant sunshine.

Thus, we inhabitants of the temperate zone are deprived of the pleasure of including the papaya in our diet. After a taste of this fruit par excellence, one can understand Columbus' reluctance to depart from the shores of the West Indies in the knowledge that, during his absence from the land of coral and palm, his board, however regal, would contain no papaya. It is, in fact, not impossible that this delectable food is the same with which Circe changed men into pigs, for many a man of discreet appetite becomes a gourmand in its presence.

The Baked Potato

MILDRED FISHER

Theme 12, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

BAKED potatoes ordinarily do not arouse deep emotions or bring romantic ideas to sane people. Well, I assure you, this was no ordinary situation

—nor was the potato ordinary. I was from Champaign, and the potato was from Idaho. Fancy our meeting in the attractive dining room at Marshall

Field's! As the waiter placed it before my eyes, a shock—a thrill ran through me. Never had I seen such a huge potato—why, it was equal to four regular-sized ones! It seemed almost as if it had been blown up by a pump to its most exaggerated capacity and then had slowly burst, sending forth a most delicious, delectable odor of melted cheese and rich baked potato. A bit of parsley made the picture perfect. Could anything appear more attractive to a potato-lover? It was nothing short of wonderful to me.

Was one supposed to eat the whole thing or just gracefully nibble at it? My

limited experience had not prepared me to answer such a question as this. Still wondering, I placed the first bite into my eager, waiting mouth. How perfectly scrumptious! My senses reeled with ecstasy. Heaven must be like this—baked potatoes, seasoned to perfection; hot, just from the oven; and covered with creamy melted cheese. Mine was a faithful potato too, for no matter how much I ate, there was always plenty more.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
Many and many a mile I'd go
To eat a potato from Idaho."

Disinterested Courtesy

JOHN W. WALDO

Theme 11, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

TAKING off the lid of the large box, with the gold coat of arms of the Finchley establishment emblazoned upon it, and inspecting the contents nestled in the tissue paper, I asked myself, "How is it that going for just a hat, I returned with purchases many times the value of the contemplated hat?"

I sat down and, gazing out upon the lake veiled with snow, I reviewed the events of the afternoon.

Entering the antique furnished lobby of this store for the rich or extravagant, I had been met by an impressive gentleman, who introduced himself as Mr. Schuler, a floor-walker. He looked like a utilities official to me. As I felt quite sure that my most painful affliction, "Shopper's Ecstasy," had been left be-

hind me locked up in my hotel room, I blandly said, "I'm just looking around—perhaps a hat."

The floor-walker introduced me to a Mr. Gregory, who took me in hand. My escort turned out to be a flesh and blood facsimile of an "ad" in *Vanity Fair*, illustrating "what the well-dressed man will be wearing." This human fashion plate immediately opened siege against my determined economy by inquiring if I were of the Boston Waldo's. I decided to impress him with my limited pocket-book and said, "Well, third cousins once removed. The proverbial poor relation!"

Whether this remark instilled pity into him or amusement, I could not determine. After learning that I might be interested in a hat, he conducted me to the proper

department. As we sauntered through the store, searching for hats of attractive shades, we discussed the afternoon's game and the colleges playing. A very charming person indeed was this fellow! I selected a Borsilino marked "Au Autumn." It was most becoming. As I took it off to look at it in the light, I noticed the price mark. "I don't believe this color is suitable," I lied, hoping that this conclusion would settle any discussion about the hat.

"With what color coats will you be wearing it?" he questioned. His nonchalant use of the plural form of "coat" upset my equilibrium, and I stammered, "Why, ah, grey." This was the only color that I could think of.

"Come with me," he said, leading the way into a huge room panelled in Jacobean fashion. He pulled a carved knob, and immediately the panelling along one side of the room folded back; there were coats of every describable color. He selected a grey overcoat and helped me into it, explaining that now I could see how very nicely the color of the hat would blend with grey.

As I walked over to the mirrors, I was hoping the coat would not be becoming. I looked twice in the mirrors before recognizing myself. "A lovely coat!" said I, admiring the gorgeous figure before me. "And some dispute the old adage of 'clothes make the man'!" I continued, feeling the dreaded "Shopper's Ecstasy" descending in all her disastrous powers upon me.

As I posed this way and that way, I expected the clerk to mention how rich the coat and hat looked on me and how shabby was the garment thrown across the divan. He disappointed me. He probably thought I was able to see this point myself. I liked the silence, broken only

by his saying that many of the boys, going East to school, selected a type similar to this one. He concluded by mentioning that it was his favorite type of coat. I was glad he hadn't said he had one. Clerks usually imagine that if they say they own an item similar to that which we are contemplating buying, it influences the purchaser to buy. It does the opposite to me!

"A lovely coat!" I again exclaimed, unable to think of a more appropriate adjective. "And I'll take it!" I added recklessly, realizing my extravagance.

He was not at all impressed. I was sorry. It seemed to be an important event in my life to buy as expensive a coat as this one; anyway getting the money to pay for it would be! I wished it meant something out of the ordinary run of events to him. If it did, he did not show it.

"And the hat?" he questioned.

"Yes, I'll take that, too. Let me see some gloves." The thought of the several pairs in my drawers at home was not present at this rash moment. Could I help being extravagant in all these luxurious surroundings and among all these beautiful fabrics?

He disappeared, reappearing with socks, a pair of gloves, some ties, and some handkerchiefs of hues blending with those of the hat and coat. Could I refuse the purchase of these comparatively small items that would mean so much to my ensemble? Naturally not! Had I been able to remember my numerous obligations, I would have reached for my old coat and dashed out past the suits, past the hats, past the gloves, and beyond the ties, out into the territory of safety, where I should be safe from any subtle salesmanship technique. I walked over to the oriole window, paused, and, glancing

across Michigan Avenue through the falling snow to the desolate and bleak park beyond, I realized how utterly empty material things are. How could I buy these things, thought I, while paupers were wrapping their frozen feet in scraps of stray newspaper! How could I spend such an amount on unnecessary items when, just below me, a poor woman, braving the piercing blast in her threadbare garments, was making her way to

a miserable dwelling that was home to her. I turned away from this dreary and ugly scene. Looking at the "tête de nègre" carpet, at the carved marble fireplace, at the stout gentleman in a Persian lamb coat inspecting some scarfs, my repentant mood vanished, and one of selfishness replaced it. I looked at the astonishingly well-dressed man beside me and said, "That's a charge."



The Fury of the Elements

WILLIAM F. EKSTROM

Theme 18, Rhetoric II, 1931-32

THERE is no escapade so thrilling as a battle with the elements, where the odds against man are so tremendous that the peril of each moment seems well-nigh unescapable. Such an event is especially memorable when it comes, as it did in our case, at the end of a delightful week-end excursion to a nearby city. We had been attending a conference at Princeton during the Labor Day holidays and were preparing to return home on Monday afternoon. Several of the girls of our party

wanted to visit Starved Rock Park near La Salle, and I obligingly offered to accommodate them. It was a perfect day as we started out, four girls beside myself, in a Pontiac roadster. We spent a wearisome afternoon climbing up and down the ravines of Deer Park and meandering about the plateau on the summit of the historic rock. At length, we left that site of pioneer heroism and sped rapidly northward in the direction of Mendota.

It was nearly six o'clock when we

arrived at that city, and we stopped there about an hour for dinner. We were in high spirits as we partook of the evening meal, entirely unconscious of the storm clouds that were gathering in the western heavens. When we returned to our car, it was very dark, but since it was late in the evening, we were not unduly worried. As a matter of fact, I was so little aware of the danger that I relinquished the wheel to my sister and went back to sit in the rumble seat. It grew rapidly darker, however, and, as we pulled out of town, I remarked casually to one of the girls that it looked as if it might rain. A dull rumble in the distance confirmed my opinion, and I began to think seriously of putting on my slicker. Suddenly there was a vivid flash of lightning in the west, followed by a prolonged roar of thunder, and, as if it were the trumpet heralding an oncoming storm, the clouds began to gather into a huge whirling mass. By this time, the blackness of the night was impenetrable, and a furious wind began to blow which all but threatened to sweep the little roadster from the highway. Before we had time to gasp for breath, the rain was coming down in torrents, driving at us from the west with all the fury of a gale. I tried to get into my slicker hurriedly, at the same time assisting the girls into theirs, but it was an impossible task as the wind blew the slickers inside out, and we could do no more than try to hold them up against the charging battalions of rain. I yelled to my sister to stop and let me drive, but my hoarse cries were lost in the violent crashes of thunder and the terrific fierceness of the wind. I began to wonder if there were any side curtains in the car to protect at least the girls in front, but my speculation was suddenly cut short by the awful sensation of riding on uneven ground as first one side of the

car and then the other would dip into a culvert or bump over fallen posts and fences. We were off the road! The roadster plunged on through mud and mire, through rain and gale, going its occupants knew not whither, and likely at any moment to stop with a dead motor, or a broken axle, or, worst still, to plunge from the edge of an unexpected precipice, or plough into the side of some unseen farm building. There I was with four terror-stricken girls in an open car, bouncing over a cornfield in the most violent storm that I had ever experienced. I groaned inwardly, but I tried to keep a steady voice as I inquired of the girl next to me if she were all right. Suddenly, I felt a violent shift in the equilibrium of the car to my side as we struck something or other, and the roadster settled back and stopped. There was one horrible second when a vivid flash of lightning, which occurred almost simultaneously, lighted up the whole scene and displayed before our view, not twenty feet away, the shelter we sought — a farmhouse.

We made one grand dash for the porch, our exit from the car being anything but dignified, and stampeded onto the low veranda without waiting to inquire into the hospitality of the farmer's household. The farmer's wife opened the door and, trying to protect herself from the onslaught of the elements by means of an old shawl, asked us what we wanted. To us, the question seemed so unreasonable that for a moment we stood there speechless.

"Good heavens, woman!" I yelled, "have you no humanity?"

She eyed me suspiciously, wondering, no doubt, what I was doing with four girls in an open car on a night like that, but, rather than expose herself any further to the frenzy of the storm by

prolonged conversation, she let us into the house. I made several heroic dashes to the car for luggage, until it was all in, and we were able to effect a change to dry garments which at once renewed our hopes and revived our spirits. The farmer's wife was not unkind after she discovered that we had been attending a religious conference, although she was sorry that we were not Methodists. Her husband, too, was cordial, but he watched his wife closely before speaking and took pains not to contradict her on any subject upon which she had voiced her opinion. Meanwhile, the storm refused to abate itself, and the house often shook to its very foundations, but we felt comparatively safe. We tried to call Rockford, our home town, but the wires were all down, and there were no connections. We had been there about forty-five minutes when I politely remarked that perhaps we were keeping the family up beyond their usual bedtime.

"Oh no," was her kind reply. "We always stay up until nine o'clock."

It was a quarter to nine when she thus diplomatically informed us that we could stay fifteen minutes longer.

At nine o'clock we promptly departed. The storm had by this time let up to the point where it seemed to be merely a severe thunderstorm. We drove back to Mendota without any further mishap and went into a drug store, remaining there for an hour or two in the hope that the storm would end. Little did we know that storm! We kept on ordering sodas and sundaes, but the constant dash of the rain against the front window pane and the incessant dimming of the lights with each stroke of lightning continued without interruption. Our counsels were now divided. Two of the girls urged the futility of proceeding farther and suggested that we remain until morning in

a local hotel. The other two, however, voted solidly that we attempt to make home, believing, as they did, that the storm could not possibly last much longer. I was inclined to favor the latter group; so I added the weight of my prestige to their counsels, and we prepared to set forth.

By this time, I had ascertained beyond all doubt that there were no side curtains; so the choice of places was not as difficult as it might otherwise have been. Two of my heroic passengers were assigned to the rumble seat, together with most of the luggage. They were covered over with nearly all of the blankets available and were made as water-tight as possible. The remaining two were favored with front-seat accommodations and slicker facilities. For myself, I took a large canvas, which had fortunately been lying around in the car, wrapped it about me, and took my place behind the wheel. We were off, with fifty-five miles to go. The first five or six miles were tolerable, but then the storm burst anew with all its former fury. It was not strange to me now how my sister had lost the road in the first outbreak. The continual play of lightning was my only guide, and between the flashes I was forced to depend entirely upon instinct. In spite of the violent onslaught of the torrents, it was necessary for me to drive with my head out of the side of the roadster in order to watch, as best I could, the side of the road. As I held my left arm up to the wheel, it created a valley in the canvas between the arm and my body. Down this valley gushed a mighty river of water which became a powerful cataract as it tore over my right knee and descended precipitously to the roadster floor and swashed about our ankles. The sensation of having a miniature Niagara rushing over my lower limbs was noth-

ing, however, compared to the dangers which confronted us. What if one of those wicked streaks of lightning, always so close at hand, should strike us? What if the violent wind should sweep us from the road? What if the water-soaked engine should refuse to function?

Our maximum speed was now about seven or eight miles an hour, and at midnight we reached Compton. We parked under the shadow of the village garage for a while, but the fierceness of the tempest was uninterrupted, and we decided to move on. I tried to take the main street back to the highway, but I had not driven two blocks when there was a vivid display of lightning followed by such a terrific crash of thunder that for a moment I was unable to hear a thing. A few feet farther, however, I slammed on the brakes. The girls screamed. A huge tree had just fallen across the street and obstructed my way. I disentangled my radiator from the mass of green foliage and returned to the highway by another street. It was sixteen miles to the next town!

The violence of the tumult now reached its height. The downpour of rain spurred on by the gale attacked us with all the seeming fury of a hurricane. The crackling streaks of lightning zig-zagged incessantly across the sky while the air was rent with crash upon crash of deafening thunder. The girls, who had hitherto borne it bravely enough, now gave vent to their emotions. They screamed and cried alternately, and I received a chorus of commands and entreaties in terrorized feminine voices.

"For Heaven's sake, stop!"

"No, no, turn around!"

"Don't turn back! Keep on going!"

I couldn't follow all of the directions; so we kept on going. For three terrible hours I drove on blindly, fearful every moment of instantaneous death. I

wished a hundred times over that I had never made the trip, that I had never consented to go to Starved Rock, or that I had never left Mendota where two of the girls had so wisely counselled us to stay. Above all, I felt a certain responsibility for them, and the prospect filled me with a sense of indescribable horror.

Finally, I realized that we had arrived at a brick pavement. The flashes of lightning disclosed a curbstone on either side. A town at last! Suddenly, we struck a flood of water, and the spray leaped up all around us. One of the girls, knowing that the engine had been hot for some time, mistook it for smoke and opened the door preparing to jump out. She probably would have accomplished her purpose had I not immediately yelled to her. The flood was over the wheels, and, although the roadster pulled through, the motor actually did begin to smoke, and I realized that we couldn't go much farther. Rockford was still twenty-five miles away, and we knew that we could not make it; so we made our way to the nearest hotel. Dripping with water, the girls rushed into the lobby insisting to the night clerks that we must have some rooms. He saw our condition and, being a good business man, took advantage of our necessity, as we perceived when he presented us the bill the next morning. The girls dispatched telegrams to Rockford while I returned to the car for the luggage. A bath and dry bedclothes probably saved some of us, at least, from pneumonia. It was four o'clock when at last I got to bed and uttered a prayer of thanksgiving for our safety. I had just closed my eyes when there was a pounding at the door and the voice of the night clerk saying, "Rockford calling you." How they found out where we were or were able to get connections I could not guess.

I slipped on my clothes again and descended into the lobby. It was my father's voice on the phone.

"Everything is all right," I told him. "We'll be home in the morning."

Again I returned to my room, and, this time, as I closed my eyes, I could hear the diminishing patter of raindrops on the window sill and the echo of rolling thunder as it died away in the distance.

I'll Meet You at the House

F. C. ARTHUR

Theme 17, Rhetoric II, 1931-32

THE CAR slipped up to the curb, and the headlights bored into the cracked, red brick wall. The wall was bare and forlorn. Here and there a brick was missing from its mottled, discolored surface. We opened the doors and stepped to the street. I picked up the racks and the sax case. Doc fumbled in the seat for his trumpet and mutes. He reached to the dash board and snapped off the lights. The outraged wall receded into its modestly veiling murkiness as I took my foot from the running board and turned from the car. My vision was hemmed in. Up went my eyes, seeking the open, and there, far up, a star sputtered softly over the dull black outline of the county court house. The square was small, and the court house towered over it like some monstrous, black tombstone. Black down the street. Black up above. Black almost everywhere, except at the poorly lighted confectionery. The confectionery was across the square, but, even so, I could sense the dusty cigarette advertisement in the window, and the flies crawling up the pane. There was a cobweb over the whole square.

Doc moved off, rattling the mutes against the trumpet case, and I jerked

my eyes from the square and followed him. The bumpy side street was bordered by the town movie palace. It was old and miserably small. The white ticket office elbowed the posters and took up what little room there was in the entrance. The front was cut like a big horse shoe, and the cracked dinginess of the discolored whiteness was lighted by hundreds of electric lamps. Here was the sparkle, the dash of the town. Poor sparkle, poor dash, it hardly made itself visible down the stolid street. The light was pressed in, driven back by the heavy, oppressive air of the court house block.

I followed up the dry-smelling wood staircase to the stunted landing, above which shone an unshaded light. We stepped into the hall and accustomed ourselves to the lights. Doc went over to the man who seemed to be the leader of the band and introduced himself. We climbed onto the platform and started to set up our horns and racks. The platform was a crowded little place, pushed up to one end of the hall. There was scarcely room for the drummer and his gaudy traps.

The leader sat at the piano. He was an oldish looking man in a clean white shirt and a straight little bow tie. His

nose was his distinguishing feature. It hung out in the breathless air like an idly flapping sail. It was not only long, it was wide. The leader was talkative and optimistic, but he had one great fault. He thought that everyone knew the same tunes that he knew; consequently he had brought no music. I trembled in my boots. A little confidence came back when I looked at the calm visage of the banjo player. He was a bright-eyed, eager fellow who was crippled in one leg. My rack was jammed in close to him, and he hardly had room for the neck of his banjo. He busily tightened the strings and plunked away at meaningless chords. After we were more than ready, the gentleman at the piano looked wearily over the empty dance hall and pulled out his watch.

"Guess we might as well start. It's past nine o'clock," he said sadly. "How about 'Sand'?"

Everyone agreed on the tune, and the leader hurriedly beat his foot against the floor, as if he wanted to get the thing over in a hurry. The drummer bumped away, the banjo banged, and the piano rattled merrily. Doc screwed up his lips and blasted through his trumpet. I was completely lost: "Sand" must have been popularized some time before my birth. After the first chorus I located the key and began howling true to form. At times I had a little mechanical difficulty with the instrument, to say nothing of my musical troubles. I warmed up my clarinet and lost myself in a jumble of blue notes.

These notes combined blueness with loudness. Our weird lamentations must have drifted out the open windows to the streets below. A few timid souls began to tinkle their silver on the table and to walk to the seats in a slightly bewildered way. At first the crowd did not look

promising. After playing to an empty dance floor for the length of three tunes, we finally had the honor of playing while two of the local young ladies went through a few refined and reserved convulsions together. The males were the more timid of the species. They lacked the confidence necessary to make them loose their hold upon their money. The few that wandered in during the first part of the dance were sketchy specimens of the agricultural youth of the neighborhood. Their trousers were baggy, and their faces were blotchy and red. For some reason or other I was not attracted by the men of the party.

The girls were different. They were young. They were amused. They were amusing. Their dresses were certainly not Paris models, but the colors were pleasing and the dresses were worn with an air. The girls had rosy cheeks. They were different from the bedraggled fashion patterns I was used to. The girls in the dance hall were excited, alive, and happy, and their untrained facial muscles failed to conceal their emotions. Some came in with men. The seats filled up, and the sound of shuffling feet became audible above the thumping drums. Things were looking up when the drummer beat a tattoo and cracked his stick against the cymbal.

Someone bawled out, "Intermission," and we put down our horns. In a moment the floor was clear, and the dancers had gathered in the dark corners. I got up, stretched my legs, and moved down the hall toward the fire escape doors. The air that floated in through the doors was cool, and I stepped out onto the first iron step. There was an arc light hanging from a tall pole, and the alley was lighted up in pale concentric circles. Just across the alley was an ivy-covered church. An owl broke the silence with

a whining cry. The town seemed deserted and mysterious. No cars chugged up the street; no couples strolled past the arc-lighted circles. The houses were dark, and the quiet was like the quiet of an isolated part of a basement. I could have gone to sleep with pleasure, but I could not neglect the trumpet call of duty!

Back at the platform Doc pulled me aside and struck up an animated conversation.

"Did you see that babe in blue? She's plenty nice. Don't you think so?" he asked anxiously.

"Why, sure, she's O.K.," I said. "A little er—vital. She looks like she's been around quite a bit."

"Boy! I think she's plenty nice! Here's the fellow she came with. She can't shake him until after the dance. But listen! She says she'll meet me at her house after he takes her home."

"But say! Won't I sort of be in the way? You'd better drop me off at your house."

"No! You're coming too. You can drive for me. I'm going to be busy. Come on. Let's get hot here. It won't be long now!"

We picked up our horns and started tooting again. The crowd was better. The music got worse. I slumped in my chair and moaned into the sax. The heat and the darkness started to go around and around. Faces floated past and

thrust themselves into the glow of the lights that were hooked over our music racks. In the midst of a chorus I sat up and noticed a new girl. She was nice, or at least I thought so. My fingers lost themselves, and sour notes poured out of the bell of the horn. I caught myself and slumped lower in my chair. My body rose and fell with the music. I winked at the girl in my most devilish manner. The trumpet blared, and the girl's partner whisked her away in a queer and sensuous step. I picked up the clarinet, and its vulgar shriekings filled the crazy hall until the dance ended.

Doc implored me to hurry. We tossed our horns into our cases and tried to collect our wages. Something was wrong. The leader whined about the crowd. He paid us almost half of what we had been promised. I paused to object, but Doc hustled me down the creaking stairs. We slammed our cases into the back seat and tore down the street as fast as the Buick would go. We jerked around a corner. We missed our street. A stop sign ran dizzily by us in the opposite direction. One more corner to turn and we would be at her house! The tires complained in shrill voices as we battered around the corner. At last! What the—? The building was a one-story frame structure. Across the entire front stretched a sign—STEVENS FUNERAL HOME.

We went home to bed.

"Time Will Tell"

JOHN DEWOLFE

Theme 18, Rhetoric II, 1931-32

THE DULL boom of falling earth and the sharp snapping of mighty supports echoed and re-echoed in the ears of the five unfortunate miners. The black silence was painful, as the five men stood awed by nature's angry gesture. Flanagan, the gas inspector, had been on his daily rounds, and had just paused to talk to the men before he went above. The falling earth had begun near the lift and crept back almost to the end of the level. The inspector noticed for the first time that all eyes were upon him.

"What's the chances?" asked Johnston.

A tremor seemed to break into the blond giant's voice. Once before he had experienced such a disaster, and had lived.

Slowly Flanagan raised his safety lamp toward the roof of their prison. Every eye followed the telltale lamp upwards. Halfway to the ceiling it broke into a flame.

"Three hours," Flanagan said slowly.

"You guys all sit down," ordered Johnston. "This ain't goin' to be a picnic. You can douse the glim, too."

Flanagan sat down heavily. Gee! to-morrow would be pay day. He had always meant to quit the mining business, but somehow he could never bring himself around to it.

"What did you say?" asked the Irish inspector.

"The time?" croaked Scala.

"Ten to three."

Scala was a good man, thought Flanagan, in line for promotion, too. The accident would be a setback. There was a sob over in the corner. For the first

time he noticed the two Smith boys. The younger one was afraid. Of what, Flanagan wondered.

"Brace up, kid," said the older brother.

After another sob, the kid sniffled and then grew quiet. Again all was still.

"Maybe a prayer would help?" queried Johnston.

"We all know the Lord's prayer," Flanagan heard himself say.

Solemnly they repeated it. Scala kept praying—first in Italian, then in English, and then he jabbered in both. Flanagan wished that the Italian would shut up. That was a good preacher they had listened to last Sunday. The windows in the church were an odd color. He hoped his kids wouldn't be miners. Minnie, his wife, would see to that.

"What's the time, Irish?"

"Three-thirty."

"God! time drags," said the elder Smith.

"Shut up," snapped Johnston. "We gotta save air."

The long silence continued with only the monotonous ticking of Flanagan's watch to break it. Each indulged in his own thoughts. Death hovered above them. The Smith kid was weakening under the strain. His sobs were growing louder.

"Listen!"

"You can hear 'em digging."

"Thank God!"

Laughter and light-heartedness sprang into flame and lighted the little dungeon. Time passed. All was quiet again. No one said much—just sat and thought.

Flanagan felt his shirt. It was wet.

Breathing was getting a little more difficult, now. He thought of the paid vacation he had had last summer. He remembered their picnic in the country. The birds had sounded cheerful, and the grass was fresh. There wasn't any green grass in front of his little cottage. It was too near the factory district. The kids could take care of Ma. The house needed to be painted next spring. God, it was hot in here! They never had an electric fan at home. Who was that coughing? The sweat was getting in his eyes. He licked his lip, and it tasted salty.

"What time is it?" said the elder Smith.

"The time, damn you!" shouted Scala.

"Here, take it!" Flanagan yelled and threw his watch against the wooden support just over Scala's head.

"Cut it out," growled Johnston.

Their attention was turned to the Smith kid. He was beating his hands against the wall.

"Let me out! Let—"

A crunch of rocks against bones ended his pleas.

"The next—" growled the Swede.

They all knew what he meant. One by one Flanagan thought of the men with whom he had been imprisoned. Johnston, the fighting Swede, was king of them all. He was never at a loss in any place. Scala's wife put him where he was. To-morrow he would have been a

sorting foreman. Sorting foreman was a good job, but that wasn't the life for Scala. The kid had run away two years before, and he had returned at the time of his father's death. It was rumored that the Smith boy was wanted by the police for a petty crime, but the company protected him because of his father. The elder Smith had wanted to be a lawyer before his father's death. His family had saved, and they were going to send him to school next fall. There was a man. Even Johnston respected and liked him.

Flanagan now felt drowsy. His youth passed before him. Those rescuers had to work over time—poor suckers! What if he died! He wondered if his wife was at the mouth of the mine. He felt a hand in his—just the Swede trying to be of some help. The rocks were getting softer. Would those guys on the top ever get through? What was that light? The safety lamp! He closed his eyes. Everything was revolving in circles. Everything swayed slightly. He choked. Red, it reminded him of hell. Would he go to hell? Oh, God—everything was black and silent.

Later a ray of light broke through the walls. Noisy drills sang merrily. The opening grew larger. Finally there was room enough for a man to crawl through. The first one to go through went half way. He stopped.

It was six-ten!



One of Our Finest

J. H. SCHACHT

Theme 18, Rhetoric II, 1931-32

IT WAS the morning of May 8. The patrolman lolled back in his tilted chair in the Thirty-third Street police station, and adjusted his feet on the rail at about the same level with his eyes. He spat in the direction of a brass cuspidor in the corner nearest him and, for the fifth or sixth time, turned to page two in *The Daily Clarion*, from which a replica of his own heavy-jawed, small-nosed visage stared back at him. Over the picture was the caption, "One of Our Finest," and underneath, a line of boldfaced type proclaimed, "Patrolman John Sikyra, who is awarded \$250 in *The Daily Clarion's* Police Hero Contest, for the deed of outstanding bravery of the week." In a three-quarter column story at the side of the page was told how Sikyra had surprised, pursued, and killed two of a gang of notorious automobile thieves; the neatness and dispatch of his performance was described in detail, and a good deal of favorable comment on the summary swiftness of his action was presented.

Sikyra's pale blue eyes scanned the page and wandered away. His face broke into a smile. And then he guffawed. For Sikyra had been almost ashamed to take the money. The shooting had been so simple, he recalled; the whole thing had been just too easy.

The incident had occurred three days before, and the families of Michael Costa and Rudolph Pietro had just given their deceased twenty-year-old sons the best funerals their limited means could afford. Mother Costa and Mother Pietro were, at the moment John Sikyra spat at the cuspidor, sobbingly trying to console

each other, and murmuring that Mike and Rudy had always been such good boys. Meanwhile old man Costa was gesticulating excitedly at old man Pietro, and every now and then he would break out with, "It's a murder, I tellya!" To which Costa would reply, "Sure, but ya can't do nuttin' widda p'leece."

So the Costas and the Pietros were feeling upset the morning of May 8, though Patrolman John Sikyra was in high spirits. Mike Costa and Rudy Pietro weren't feeling anything; they were six feet underground.

On the afternoon of May 5, the youths were not underground. They were walking along Arthur Avenue, outside the Bruneo Press factories. They were on the east side of the street. On the west side they saw a Buick sedan. It was an attractive car, and if they turned it into the right people, they would probably get a hundred dollars apiece for it, the youths decided. They could use the money, too, because Marie and Rita Anastronova, the dancing sisters whom Mike and Rudy were taking to most of the roadhouses east of the city, had been complaining recently that the boys weren't showing them a good time anymore. Accordingly the youths crossed the street and tried to open the locked door with one of Mike's imposing collection of skeleton keys.

At this time Patrolman Sikyra was walking down the west side of Arthur, toward the Bruneo Press. He advanced to within thirty or forty feet of Mike and Rudy, just as Mike's last key was being vainly twisted in the door lock. The

young men crossed the street in search of a more effective means of entrance to the car, while Sikyra drew back in a gateway of the high fence which surrounds the Bruneo Press. He waited there about twenty minutes, and Mike and Rudy reappeared. Mike took out a crowbar from under his coat, inserted it in the crack between the door and body of the car, and jerked. Patrolman Sikyra saw his duty: he drew out his forty-five caliber revolver, and with a rather pleased look in his pale blue eyes, as if he were enjoying himself, he walked toward the car and the youths.

They saw him when he was about twenty feet away, and whirled to face him. Sikyra said gratingly, "All right, youse guys. Put 'em way up!" But young Costa swore and threw the crowbar at the officer's head, while Rudy Pietro dashed down the street. Sikyra dodged the crowbar, and fired. His first bullet smashed the radiator cap on the Buick. His second went through Costa's neck, and Costa fell on the curb, and kicked a little, and was quiet.

John Sikyra ran down the street after Pietro, firing while he was running, and not hitting anything in particular. The car bandit stumbled and almost fell once, so that Sikyra was only a few yards behind him when Rudy turned into what the officer knew was a blind alleyway. When Sikyra came around the corner, he saw Rudy Pietro back against a brick building, and if the youth had been contemplating any resistance, he obviously reconsidered when he looked into Sikyra's revolver. He was, indeed, sick with fear, and he flung himself on his knees and cried, "Don't shoot, mister! Don't shoot me! I gotta mudder, I gotta mudder!"

Sikyra cursed him and pulled the

trigger twice, but the hammer clicked on empty shells. Though the policeman was now unarmed, Pietro had no thought of fight or escape; besides, a crowd was beginning to gather. While the erstwhile bandit crouched against a garbage can, Sikyra reloaded his gun with six shining new cartridges. After he was through with this operation, Sikyra stared at the youth for a moment, then grabbed him by the collar, and they started off down the street toward a call box.

After walking a block or so, young Rudolph recovered from his paralyzing fear of sudden death, and began to reflect that the future did not look very bright for him, even alive and in good health. So he began to plead huskily: "Listen, mister, gimme a break, will ya? I ain't never done nuthin', mister. I ain't done nuthin. Gimme a break, chief. Gimme a break."

Patrolman Sikyra said nothing, but looked at Pietro aslant with his pale eyes. Pietro said again, "Please, mister, I gotta mudder. Please gimme a break."

"All right," said Sikyra. "All right, I'll give you a break. When yuh come to this here next alley, bust loose and run down it. Run like hell!"

"Gee, thanks, chief!" said Rudy.

They came to the alley, on Arthur, between Twentieth and Twenty-first Streets. Pietro tore away and started to run. John Sikyra raised his gun and carefully fired point blank at the young man's rapidly receding back. Pietro shrieked and fell to his knees as Sikyra fired twice more. The youth attempted to rise, but he found the feat difficult, as he was undergoing hemorrhages in both lungs. So he crumpled up in the alley, and choked and coughed while the patrolman emptied his revolver for the second time that day, and Rudy's blood colored

the rags and newspapers in the alley a bright red that would soon turn to brown.

Back again to May 8. "It's a murder," cried old Joe Costa; "Mike, he tella me 'fore he die atta hospital."

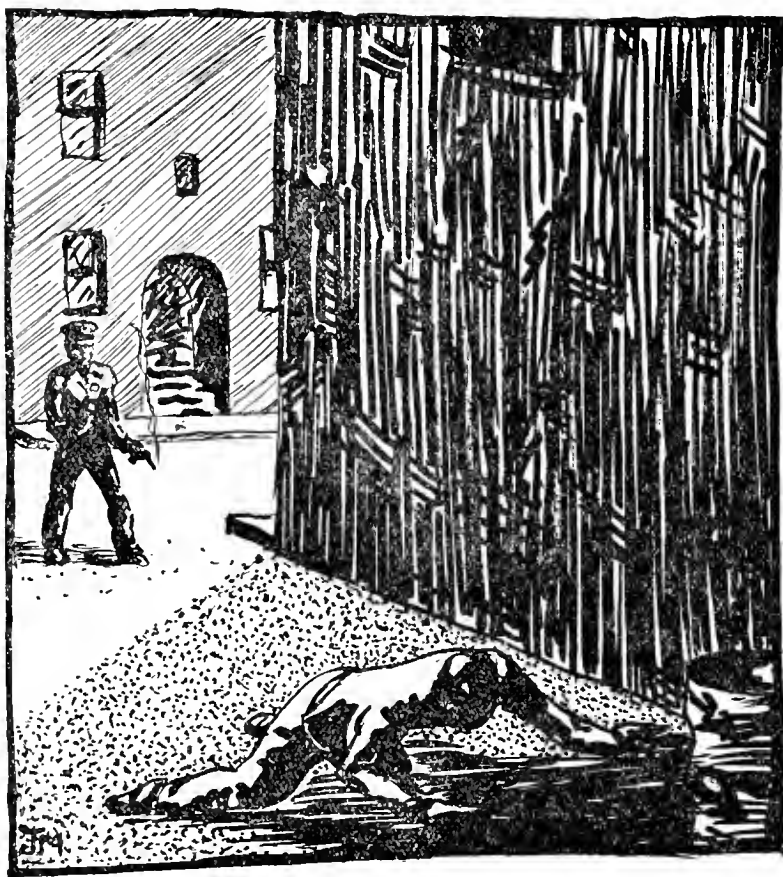
"Sure, but you gotta leave p'leece alone," said hollow-eyed Anton Pietro.

"Mike always usta go to Sunday school. He was a gooda boy," wailed Mrs. Costa to Mrs. Pietro, who only cried quietly.

"It was just too dam' easy," laughed Patrolman Sikyra to Patrolman Rafferty

at the Thirty-third Street police station, to which Rafferty replied that Sikyra had always been a lucky stiff.

"One of Our Finest," said *The Daily Clarion*, and *The Daily Clarion* was probably right because, after all, it had the least prejudiced view of the matter, and besides, "*The Clarion's* news is facts, no more, no less," which, if you do not believe, you can see in black and white under the paper's "flag" on the editorial page.





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On Awakening

DICK CADDICK

Theme 17, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

IT IS early morning. The inky darkness literally streams through the windows leaving a swath of blackness which quickly melts into the quiet corners. The entire atmosphere is forbidding, as if it were a time set apart for the dead who resent any interference upon their solitude. Theirs is a sacred isolation.

I am asleep. I am floating through a void with no feeling whatever. I cannot move or change my thought, but am chained with invisible bonds which impart a sense of security to my flight. Vaguely I hear a sound which seems to come from a shiny, round bell far in the distance. It grows larger and larger, making a thunder in my ears. The bell pushes the surrounding blackness into the corners and out of the windows. It is destroying something holy. Dimly I realize that I must demolish it. I try to

raise my hand to cover it. My hand is miles from my body, and as a message travels down my arm, it trembles just a little. I am fascinated by its hesitancy as it slowly extends long fingers and reaches out and engulfs the bell which subsides with startling suddenness. The shadows rush in again, falling over one another and piling up like thick clouds. I feel as if they will smother me, and I try to fight off a longing to sink back, and give in. Rather hopelessly I push them away in large masses that squeeze through my fingers. I redouble my efforts and suddenly push myself through into the clear. I am awake.

I sit up in bed trying to remember why I must get up so early. Then I contemplate my alarm clock with a wry glance. Once more we have had our battle.



With Seaplane and Sledge in the Arctic

JOHN H. MOORE

Theme 19, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

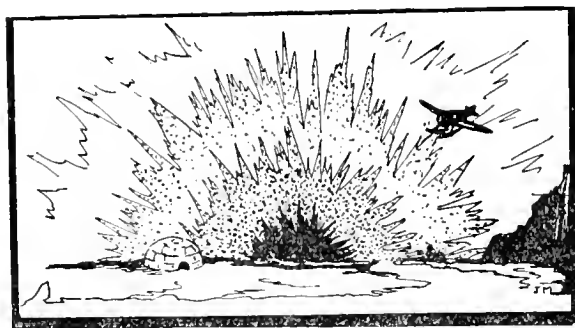
HARD HEELS clicked on the checker-board floor of the library. The clicks were not those of heels to my ears; they were the sound of choppy green waves breaking against the sturdy ice-scarred bow of the *Polar Bjord*. The rows of book shelves in the browsing-room were magically transformed into glacier-covered shores. The hurrying students disappeared, and in their places bobbing seals and walruses sprang into being. As I sat in an easy chair, I was gradually surrounded with ice, snow, and slush; even the solid floor soon became a mass of tiny rivulets.

Never before had I become as engrossed in a book as I was in *With Seaplane and Sledge in the Arctic*. My imagination has often got the better of me until I find myself merely reading words, but this book did not play upon my imagination so that I drifted off on a tangent; instead, it made me feel with the men concerned. When they broke through the treacherous ice, I was as chilled as they.

When the sledge was mired in the slush, I strained with both man and dog until finally solid footing was reached.

The motor of the seaplane failed. Fog and great ground swells made life an uncertainty, while chilling winds and currents carried the frail plane farther out to sea. Their fourteen hours adrift were no more nerve-racking than the long seconds that I was with them. My finger nails grew shorter and shorter, and when help finally arrived, I am afraid that I may have done a dance right there in the quiet browsing-room.

Too soon I turned the last page, and after I had laid the book down, I slowly became conscious that no one was around. It was eight-thirty, and I had not even noticed the growls issuing from the pit of my stomach. On my way home, my feet dragged as though they were held back by the heavy slush, and when I crawled into the top deck of my swaying bed, even the clean sheets were covered with snow and ice.



I'll Take Vanilla

ELBERT L. HERRON

Theme 13, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

MISS BLACK was completely sidetracked onto one of her philosophical discussions which her students know so well and which those who forget to prepare their lessons like so much. "And furthermore," she raved, "no person can consider himself educated, can say that he has gained all that the University has to offer, unless he has gone through the museum at least once."

The occupant of seat five, row one, voiced an opinion. "In that instance," he suggested, "don't you think that the student should also consider his education incomplete if he has not seen the Materials Testing Laboratory?"

Miss Black scowled. "Mr. Herron," she said in one of those disagreeable monotones which give the same emphasis to every word, "We are not trying to be funny."

A freshman who had been waiting in the outer office of a professor in the College of Sciences for more than fifteen minutes picked up one of his books and began to read. Less than five minutes later, the professor arrived and peered over the boy's shoulder. "What book are you reading?" he asked. The freshman was evidently pleased by the professor's attention, and he replied that the book was one of Scott's works.

The teacher snapped out his disapproval, "You don't belong in this College. You should be in the College of Liberal Arts with Mr. Herron here."

One of the instructors in Russian seemed to be very much interested in the freshman *Illini* reporter who had just been placed on the language beat. As he started to leave her office the first day after their meeting, she remarked that he should be very careful about the course which he chose as a major. "I hope that you are not planning to enroll in the School of Journalism," she added. The reporter admitted that he was preparing for entrance into the College of Journalism and laughingly asked if the instructor would recommend Slavonic languages as a better major. "If you want culture, Mr. Herron," she said, "I can think of no better subject than Slavic. You will certainly get little culture from the College of Journalism."

I have never had it more thoroughly impressed upon my mind than at the present time that *education* can lead to one of the worst forms of ignorance—narrow-mindedness. I place education in italics because I am not convinced that this kind of learning *is* education.

A supposedly learned author recently remarked that any man who cannot write one hundred sonnets in one week is mentally lacking. What would be this same author's reaction to the statement of a watch-maker that any man is half crazy who can not make one hundred watches in one hundred days? The question seems too foolish to deserve an answer; yet just what is the difference between these two instances? Both men are saying "I am

the perfect man. Anyone who thinks or does different things from those that I think or do is not educated."

For many years the Barton Institute of Engineering has led the field of "conservative" engineering education. Its board of administration has laughed at suggestions that it recognize the place of literary subjects in its curriculum. Recently it was surprised by the result of a poll taken among the outstanding engineering corporations of the country. It had asked the question, "Which do you prefer, a student who has specialized in engineering (specialized to be taken as meaning absolute specialization), or one who has taken engineering subjects, philosophy, English, and the classics?" Without exception the companies answered that, other things being equal, they would take the student who had not been so narrow-minded as to ignore other subjects. As a result, Barton Institute has announced that it will make drastic changes in its curriculum.

Specialization in education is unavoidable. The knowledge obtainable concerning the universe is entirely too vast for one or one million people to be able to absorb all of it. Nevertheless, every per-

son should be conscious of the existence of this vast amount of learning and should respect all fields of it. When a scholar becomes so absorbed in one particular line of study that he fails to be conscious of the existence of other learning, then he has reverted to ignorance.

A professor can do more harm in this University by holding the belief that he is teaching the *only* subject in the University than he can ever hope to counteract by enthusiasm for his course. He will not only fail to instill this enthusiasm into his students, in nine cases out of ten, but he will also give them a certain sort of contempt for all his ideas.

I am willing to let these "learned" men keep up their specialization and their egotistical feeling of superiority. I do not hold them in contempt; I merely think that they are amusing. But *if* Supreme Authority finally decides that such specialized and narrow learning is the finest and most delicately flavored type of education (thus contradicting both the cultural policies of the Platos and the practical learning of our fathers), and I am asked what flavor I desire, I'll answer with the time-worn words, "I'll take vanilla."

A Critical Evaluation of My First Semester

BERNICE TANNER

Theme 15, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

I WAS tremendously happy when my parents consented to let me come to college. At that time, a college education and all its trimmings seemed essential for an intelligent, adult viewpoint on life. I came eagerly to the University of Illi-

nois, expecting to meet the most interesting people and to learn the most fascinating new things. I was eager to become popular and intellectual.

A semester of college life, thoroughly different from my own conception of

what it would be like, has rather disillusioned me. There are so many students, yet I know only a few; there is such a large amount of knowledge within my reach, yet I have learned little. I have become merely another student, an individual without any individuality, going to classes day after day, feeling myself but another cog in a huge machine; yet realizing that if I were to leave college not the slightest notice would be taken of my absence, nor would the wheels pause for a moment in their daily revolutions. A rather petty thought, this last, yet disturbing to a budding egotist like myself.

I have learned some things, however, and the little knowledge I have acquired fills me with a desire to learn more. I have come into contact with some very interesting people and their comparatively rich, vivid personalities have somehow been woven into the threadbare rug of my own mental being. I have dis-

covered that some of the students are snobs, that some of the professors are dull; but there are students who are liberal-minded, sympathetic, and kind, and there are instructors who make the daily dole of learning refreshing rather than depressing.

I have learned some hard facts in my first semester at college—from cruel experiences which one faces and never confesses to anyone. However, when I feel discouraged and ready to quit, I think of the all but unbelievable dullness of small-town life, of the slow succession of day following day, each weighted with a dismal monotony; I know too the well-meaning vulgarity, the shabby dreariness of Main Street.

Knowing this, I cannot fail to view my second semester with a boundless hope—a breathless confidence, in short, that a new and brightly glowing vista lies just ahead.

Do Americans Think?

DONALD MELVILLE

Theme 12, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

AMERICA is now in many respects the foremost country in the world. Her three thousand miles of mountains, plains, and deserts, stretching between the mighty Atlantic and Pacific oceans, contain the greatest natural resources and the most wonderful works of man to be found on earth. Inventions are turned out each day by the score. American products are marketed throughout the world. To ask if all this has been done without years of thought and careful preparation would be inane.

It is true that the speedy progress that has been made since the first days of pioneer Americans and covered wagons and Indians is due to the initiative—the original thinking—of thousands of intelligent Americans. The first pioneers were forced to think, and think quickly, in order to save their lives and the life of the country they worked and starved for. The fierce competition that is evident in modern business is also an incentive to quick thought. Thought is still essential for the preservation of the individual and

the race.

That is not the type of thinking, however, about which I shall talk. It is clear that a man must think during his working hours, but does he think constructively in his periods of leisure?

Unfortunately a large part (I shall not say a majority) of this nation of enterprising individuals positively shun all recreation which might call for creative thinking. That they avoid such recreation is probably the result of several forces. We all have, no doubt, a hereditary laziness which has been common to the human race since Adam. Anything which causes unnecessary exertion is to be banned. And because our minds have become rusty through years of disuse, any attempt at recreative thinking is certain to require an excess of mental energy. It is not difficult in this present age to abstain from such thinking. There are many pleasant things to do that require none or almost none of our brain-power. That is why they are pleasant.

On an evening when there are no friends to interrupt, shall we sit in our favorite chair and reflect on some intellectual problem? Of course not! We have no time for such laziness. There is a good "movie" to see, the radio to listen to, or a thrilling adventure book to read. Any or all of these things may be sufficient food for serious thought, but how many of us stop to analyze the "movie" we see, or the radio talk we listen to or the book we read? Not very many, I venture to say. But, unless we do this, we are losing the best part of the mental entertainment.

To be able to think problems through for oneself brings a satisfaction that can be gained from nothing else. All great minds have been minds that thought for themselves. To sit before a fire in a comfortable chair and lose oneself in the intricacies of some problem is a pleasure known to few. But if one goes through life without ever gaining this enviable power, one loses half the value of life itself.

The Hero in Modern Advertising

WILLIAM F. EKSTROM

Theme 7, Rhetoric II, 1931-32

"WILL YOU please sign on the dotted line?" This was the question which confronted Captain Manning as he stepped ashore for the first time after the *Florida* disaster. The next day, newspapers and billboards throughout the country proclaimed in large letters: "Captain Manning smokes Luckies! They're toasted! Crew of *America* gain necessary strength and self-control in

emergency to rescue perishing victims! Luck Strikes! Soothes the nerves!" It all sounded very beautiful until it was discovered that Captain Manning didn't smoke.

The incident brings to our attention, nevertheless, an interesting phase of modern advertising. The American people are great hero-worshippers. Not so long ago, schools, banks, and postal

stations were closed and legislative assemblies adjourned throughout the nation to commemorate the bicentennial anniversary of George Washington's birth. We have erected shrines, memorials, and monuments to our deceased heroes. In every city there is a Washington Street or a Lincoln Avenue. What state does not have a Franklin or a Jefferson County? These are merely indications of our undying devotion to those who have played important parts in our national development. Among the living, however, it is not those who are weighed down by the problems of state, or those who seek the welfare of their contemporary fellow-mortals in scientific research, who receive public acclaim. It is rather the spectacular man who can hit a home run over the gate in Comiskey Park or who can repose for a month upon the top of a flagpole, who is rewarded with popular applause. Until recently one might have added the girl who danced with the Prince of Wales.

The interesting phase of this hero-worship is the general desire for emulation. If Babe Ruth played croquet in his back yard at night, it would be necessary for hundreds of American boys to do the same, or if Mary Pickford ate only two meals a day, it would behoove a large percentage of the more delicate sex to do likewise. No wonder advertising finds an excellent opportunity to commercialize this great American characteristic. There is, however, a reasonable basis for this desire to emulate our heroes. In the first place, native genius is not always regarded as the important factor in determining leadership. Many people consider it the result of external influences, such as the development of habits and personal application. The step from this point to the use of certain products in developing strength and energy is a very natural

one. Modern advertisers have made the most of it. Many do not believe, of course, that the commodities really are great contributing factors in making the individual, but they have a great deal of confidence in the judgment and discernment of a popular hero, and, consequently, are easily led to believe that any product endorsed by him must be an excellent one.

The attractive part of it to the advertisers is that the testimonials are not very difficult to obtain. Many of the so-called heroes are eager to give their services, as they consider an endorsement as free publicity and a very good source of income. Others are more difficult to persuade, but they can usually be brought to terms by the jingle of shekels or insidious threats of boycotted reputations. Whatever means the modern advertiser may use, he seems to have no trouble in obtaining a host of endorsers from almost any station in life. Thus we are enabled to see Muriel Vanderbilt in all the glorious luxury of her private bedroom, and, of course, we take special notice that the most conspicuous of her furnishings is a Simmons bed, without which no well-furnished society bedroom would be complete. The advertiser has his troubles, however, when there is not full cooperation all around. Thus, one can imagine that when Alice Roosevelt Longworth publicly announced the price she had received for endorsing Ponds, there must have been considerable resentment on the part of Mrs. Marshall Field, Queen Marie of Roumania, Lady Asquith, and Mrs. William Borah, who were probably landed for less money.

The testimonial type of advertising has become very widespread, therefore, but it has also become dangerously exaggerated and far-fetched. In many cases the endorsements are undoubtedly honest, but

the language of the advertiser is obviously exaggerated to arrest public attention. It might have been perfectly possible that the crew of the *America* smoked Luckies, but to attribute the great strength and endurance of the rescuers to the energizing effects of the cigarette is quite evidently an overstatement of facts. Movie stars may possibly use some of the articles, to the excellence of which they testify, but whether their success upon the screen is attributable to them is another question. Nevertheless, our modern advertisements blaze forth their stories of success wrapped up, as they are, in a little bar of Lux soap or a bottle of Listerine.

For a screen heroine to endorse a beauty cream seems perfectly permissible, but too often testimonials are entirely out of the endorsers' fields. It would be interesting indeed to notice the sort of life led by many of these people in the public eye. For instance, it has been ascertained that Constance Talmadge chews Dentyne gum to preserve her teeth; takes Marmola Tablets to improve her figure; uses a Sure-Fire Thoron Lighter to light her cigarettes; wears a Juliet engagement ring; rides in a car equipped with Air-Container inner tubes; goes to bed wearing a Benrus wrist-watch; and is awakened with an Ansonia alarm clock. Thus the public is given a supposedly accurate picture of the life of a Hollywood star. Imagine Miss Talmadge being startled from her repose each morning by the harsh strains of an alarm clock! We can appreciate the endorsement of Fleischmann's yeast by a Berlin medical authority regardless of whether we know him to be an authority or not, but it is more difficult to understand the connection between an actress and a set of inner tubes.

Occasionally the testimonial writer

himself publicly disclaims any real enthusiasm for the article endorsed. Mrs. Longworth, for instance, practically admitted that such was her case when she disclosed her commercial transaction with Ponds. Captain Manning did not come out directly with a statement, but it was learned from reliable sources that he was a non-smoker. Thus, we have three aspects of testimonial advertising which have materially weakened its appeal in the public mind: exaggeration of facts, the absence of any real connection between the commodity and the endorser, and actual denials of any familiarity with the article endorsed.

As a result of this weakening of public confidence, modern advertising faces a severe test of public approval. Hero-worshippers are becoming suspicious of their heroes. When one of the *élite* attributes his success in blazing words to a certain cigar, the *hoi polloi* smile, and skeptically comment on the "rake-off" he received for the endorsement. The important thing, however, is not whether or not the testimonial type of advertising has ceased to be effective. Shrewd business men would soon perceive that. What is more vital is whether the attitude of the public toward advertising as a whole has not been affected by wholesale deception. If the advertiser purposely allows the consumer to be led astray in one type of advertising, will he not also do the same thing in another? Certainly the public is justified in asking such a question, especially since there are other appeals in advertising which also make gross misrepresentations. Modern advertising claims for its purpose that it educates the public. Since it is the consuming public that eventually pay for it, they have a right to demand an honest education. What they get is merely a sham in the form of a battle set up by the diaboli-

cal cleverness of modern advertising agents. The successful advertiser must meet the test of public confidence. Only by purging itself of exaggerations and misrepresentations can modern advertis-

ing hope to survive. The endorser should have an honest relationship with the commodity which he endorses, and his testimonials should be kept within the limits of reasonable probability.

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Mars and the Martians

J. ROBERT ARNDT

Theme 13, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

THE MARTIAN problem is one that has puzzled some of the best minds ever since the Italian astronomer, Schiaparelli, observed the markings on Mars which he termed "canali." The brilliant Professor Lowell devoted a lifetime to the study of the fantastic markings, and, coming to the conclusion that they were canals, he advanced many ingenious proofs of their existence. Most of the astronomers of today are agreed that there are such canals, but they do not pretend to know how or why they were constructed. Science, however, is unanimous on the point that they do exist, and if they drain the water from the polar regions, as Lowell insisted that they do, then the Martians have solved the problem of making water flow uphill.

This leads to a thought of interest to most people—if the Martians are such marvelous engineers, why do they not signal, and why have they not attempted

to visit the earth by means of space flyers?

In the first place, it is assumed that the planet is or was inhabited by super-intelligent beings. This seems logical since Mars, on account of its smaller size, must have cooled many years before the earth and given rise to life sooner. But it is unknown whether Mars is peopled today. If, indeed, the Martians were supermen, as no doubt they were, it is not impossible that the Martian canals are still functioning and will perform for years to come, all without any existing Martians. In other words, their machinery, set up millions of years ago, might still be working. A race of supermen would encounter no difficulty in having their work done by robots and leaving this stupendous monument of their work behind them.

Secondly, the Martians may still be there. They may be a blind race, and have

no interest in other worlds. On the earth, there are the super-intelligent termites, totally blind, who can get along exceedingly well in spite of their handicap. Indeed, they have very nearly succeeded in overrunning certain parts of this world.

Thirdly, the Martians, high in their civilization, millions of years ahead of us, may have long since studied the earth and its inhabitants and come to the conclusion that nothing could be gained by visiting this world, let alone settling upon it. The intelligent Martians may be afraid, for one thing, to land upon this planet, because they would surely fall prey to the earth's destructive diseases, which they could not hope to conquer. Since they have an ample supply of land and have adapted themselves to their environment, the earth probably means nothing to them. For one thing, the earth being larger than Mars, has a greater gravity pull and would prove destructive

to them. A Martian weighing one hundred and fifty pounds on his planet would weigh four hundred and fifty on this world. He could not possibly accommodate himself to his excessive weight, nor would he be able to breathe the earth's viscous atmosphere, without suffocating in a short time. For millions of years, the Martian has existed in a very thin atmosphere with a pressure of two and a half pounds per square inch—a pressure less dense than Saturn's, Neptune's, or Jupiter's. If a normal human being were transported to Mars, he would have to breathe the thin air and become accustomed to the higher gravitational pull. After he did so he could run many miles without fatigue, and jump many feet in the air without apparent effort.

Such a planet would indeed be an interesting place to visit, but for a while, I'll stay upon terra firma.

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Percy Grainger

R. C. HIERONYMUS

Theme 14, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

THE SANTA FE *Navajo* pulled into a small town in western Iowa, the train doors were opened, and an attractive little lady, followed by her athletically built husband, stepped off on to the desolate platform. The train chugged away and the couple set out on foot for their little bungalow half a mile away. Presently the man, clad in overalls, and pushing a good sized wheelbarrow, returned to the station. On his unusual vehicle he piled as many of his trunks as he could, then transported them away, his wheelbarrow rumbling noisily over the rough pavement, and his bushy brown hair waving in the breeze.

Yes, after he had again and again thrilled European audiences, Percy Grainger, world famous pianist, had returned home.

Known to thousands of concert-goers all over the world as a wonderful musician, he exhibits, even for a composer, a most singular and wayward personality. He receives nearly as much money for his concert performances as any artist, but the way in which he spends it is entirely different. One day a friend asked him to explain why he so frequently rode all night in a day coach instead of a luxurious drawing room. He replied, "Well, if I had a concert the next night, I wouldn't do it, but the money I save makes two little orphans a whole lot happier."

Two summers ago he arrived, unknown to a great many of us, at a music

camp in northern Michigan. Dressed in a camper's khaki outfit, he entered the boys' clubhouse alone to play a while for his own pleasure and relaxation. He began with scales and exercises, then started on technical fireworks of various kinds. A little while later, a trombone player came out with the information that there was some backwoodsman over in the clubhouse who was playing the piano as he'd never heard it played before.

The camp orchestra rehearsal was at nine in the morning; so the stage hands usually arrived on the scene about eight to see to the arranging of chairs and music. The first day of Mr. Grainger's stay in camp, they came over the top of the hill to see him hard at work shifting chairs and pianos, with the greater part of the job completed. Imagine a famous musician arising to prepare for any orchestra practice!

His ensembles and arrangements are as highly individual as his personality; for instance in one of his selections, fifteen pianos, which he himself helped move onto the stage, were used along with a whole galaxy of xylophones, celestes, vibra harps, chimes, bells, and gongs. Sunday afternoon, in addition to the orchestra's colorful rendering of his unique compositions and arrangements, Mr. Grainger, attired in white duck trousers and an army shirt, held the crowd of seven thousand spellbound with his wonderful piano playing. Once during the

concert, it being necessary for him to go from the conductor's rostrum to the solo piano, rather than walk around the whole row of instruments, he merely vaulted over one of them, greatly amusing the audience, and incidentally saving time.

These performances impressed us greatly, because the guest conductor the previous week had been a reserved American composer, who continually carried with him a sophisticated and lordly air, and who would rather have died than turn a hand to help anybody, or descend to the level of the rest of us.

I understand that last winter Mr. Grainger appeared at a Chicago Symphony Orchestra rehearsal in a new dress suit and a highly polished pair of hiking boots; and that just before a solo performance in Danville, Illinois, he learned that something was amiss with the piano; so he procured from the janitor a hammer, and, in his tuxedo and before a packed house, crawled underneath the instrument, and presently emerged with the damage repaired.

What a temperament!



Critically Speaking

GRACE E. CURRAN

Theme 16, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

NOT IN DEFENSE of the gangster move, but merely as a matter of arguing against a point which I believe false, I want to say that I don't at all agree with the first point discussed in Katherine Stiegemeier's theme, "Children and the Gangster Movie." After reading the first few paragraphs, I decided that the author did not know small boys as I know them; for from my own experience in playing with boys

when I was small, I know that shooting and killing are as natural to them in their play, as dolls and "dress-up" are to little girls.

Let me give as an example a famous radio star, a crooner. Today Bing Crosby is the idol of a thousand infatuated women all over the country. How did he get his nick-name? Why, when he was a little boy, he played with a toy gun and shouted "Bing!" at everyone who passed

him on the street. And that, Miss Stiegemeyer, was long before the time of the gangster movie.

For the greater part of my life I have lived next door to a family of seven boys. I spent all my time playing with them, since there were no girls of my age in the neighborhood. Our favorite game was either "Robbers" or "War." Theirs was the kind of family which allows its children to do anything so long as they are having a good time. And since this was the period directly after the World War, my playmates dug a long deep trench in their back yard, and we spent every day of one summer playing in that trench. There wasn't one day during that time that I wasn't shot and mortally wounded a dozen or more times. If I didn't fall down dead just when they shot at me, I was in disgrace. One day they even dug a grave for me, and my

mother caught them burying me alive. And, Miss Steigemeyer, there were no gangster movies in those days.

Moreover, the older of these boys are now fine young men, two of whom hold responsible positions. The younger are either in college or in high school, and none of them shows any signs of being a nervous wreck. I myself am a rather healthy specimen for a girl who was raised on shooting and killing.

These games are natural to all small boys. Doctors in those days tried to blame the war for the bloodthirstiness of youth. Now they are trying to blame the gangster movie. I don't know what they will find to blame next, but boys' games will go on essentially the same no matter what is to blame. A boy can't be happy unless he is being a man, and his idea of being a man is to handle a machine-gun or a revolver with dexterity.

Point Counterpoint

ANNE BRITTIN

Book Report, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

I DO NOT KNOW whether I understood the real idea of *Point Counterpoint*, even after I read it two or three times. However, the theme of the book, I believe, is that modern civilization does not allow people to be human beings. Mediaeval Christianity started the practice of looking upon the natural instincts of mankind as beastly, and it attempted to suppress them by mortifying the flesh. It regarded sex as an evil or, at the best, merely a shameful necessity to be tolera-

ted by the Church as a means of bringing young Christians into the world. Of course, mediaeval Christianity has vanished, but its attitude toward sex still remains the basis of the modern attitude. At first thought, such a statement seems to be silly, reviewed in the light of the prevalence of the modern sophisticate who has no moral standards at all. Such a type is represented in *Point Counterpoint* in the characters of Lucy Tantomount and Spandrell. They, at any rate,

seem to be free of any of the repressions and inhibitions fostered by the Church. However, they too, like the ascetics and saints, regard sex as beastly and hate it. But while the Christian ascetics fled from life into monasteries or the desert, these young moderns show their hate by promiscuity and lasciviousness, and cultivate desires that have no natural existence.

Not only is modern civilization unadjusted sexually, but it tends to renounce reality in favor of abstractions. Science and big business are helping the ghosts of the Christian ascetics to make mankind as non-human as possible. The ascetics wanted to repress the desires; the scientists want to make life a thing of pure mentality; the business men want to turn their workers into machines. I am not certain whether I agree with Huxley that science is a childish refuge from reality, while art is somehow vital and significant. Surely intellectual curiosity is as vital a mental trait as the love of

beauty and, when rightly expressed, is as significant. He seems to think that we should give up scientific thought and philosophy in favor of Living (whatever he may mean by Living). Lord Edward Tantomount may have had a childish attitude toward his wife, but still I do not see that he was fleeing from reality when he experimented on newts. What else would you have him do? Find reality by painting plump, wooden-faced nymphs dancing coyly under bilious-looking trees?

The characters in this book are caricatures, and most of them are pretty disagreeable. Practically all of them are like case-histories from Freud, and it is rather amusing to pick out what particular complex each one has.

There is certainly nothing to criticize in Huxley's style, for it is perfect. His descriptions of music are unlike any others I have ever read.

Reflections

STANLEY GAWIN

Theme 16, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

FOR THE third time I had caught myself mechanically rereading the same sentence. Somehow or other the page before me had gradually resolved itself into a meaningless jumble of words. For many hours I had pored assiduously over my books until my mind had become dulled and inert. I no longer read the words with understanding but only formed them automatically in my mouth as if

I were in a trance. This ceaseless study had stupefied me to the point where my mind was but a vacuity. At this moment the hideous yellow light cast on the book page before me unexplainably began to irritate me. The books scattered with confusion over my desk aroused within me a sullen hatred towards them. The ponderous wisdom of the immortals contained in those books oppressed and

weighed me down with its solemnity. I, then, experienced a most inexplicable yearning for release from this voluntary incarceration. I craved freedom—freedom from these petty worries, from these transient, relatively unimportant matters. I could not bear this confinement any longer. Flinging away my book, I snatched up my cap and dashed headlong out of the house into the open.

Down the street I raced as if pursued by some relentless ghost. I had completely lost control of myself. Only one passion governed me—to increase as much as possible the distance that separated me from home. On and on I blindly ran till, through sheer exhaustion, I was forced to reduce my pace to a walk. The chilly air of the prairies—for by now I had left behind me the lighted streets of the town—soon brought me back to my senses. As my reasoning became more and more rational, I became dimly conscious of a huge, sombre shadow that loomed up menacingly in the velvety darkness. At first I was unable to place myself, but it finally dawned upon my befuddled intellect that the dark shadow before me was the University Stadium.

Before I knew it, I found myself ascending the stairs of the Stadium. You ask me why I did this? I don't know. Something. . . . something within me urged me on. Let it suffice that for reasons unknown I had entered the grounds and climbed up the stairs of the Stadium till presently I reached the terrace halfway to the top. The scene that I beheld that night wrought such an indelible impression upon my mind that I am sure I shall not forget it to my dying day.

Lofty pillars bathed in the cold, harsh light of the silvery moon stretched away endlessly till finally they lost themselves in dim obscurity. Moon, the magician,

transformed these solid pillars of stone into something ethereal—something fantastic. As I peered down the vista of these tall columns destined to stand for centuries, I was more than ever impressed with the ephemeral quality of life. Today we are here; tomorrow we are gone. These mighty pillars, creations of man, will perform their task long after their creators have vanished and turned to dust. Involuntarily there escaped from my lips the eternal *why*, the query that has been propounded by man since the dawning of time. The columns answered me not, but stood mute and silent as with condescending air they towered over me. After my utterance had died away upon the still night air, silence, heavy and awesome, fell upon everything. Terror with cold and clammy hands seized my heart. Quickly wheeling away I scrambled madly up the remaining stairs till finally I reached the uppermost heights of the Stadium.

I glanced over the parapet. I saw spread out before my feet the quiet, somnolent countryside. Farther to the north and west I could make out the myriad lights that marked the environs of the University Campus and surrounding neighborhood, thousands of lights that marked the places of thousands of students poring industriously over their lessons. I could visualize those students, prodded on by insatiable ambition, hunched over their books till far into the night. Through education, they sought a better tomorrow—a tomorrow that never came. And I wondered whether it was all worth it. Man is born, toils and suffers, and then dies. What does then all this ceaseless, futile groping mean? Whither are we going? Is living worth while? What keeps us from suicide? Is it fear of the unknown after death? Is it faith? Why is man such an impotent

creature vainly knocking at the massive gates of life?

I glanced at the stars in the hope that they might answer my questions. They only mocked me. The weight of the universe and infinity weighed upon my heart like a leaden burden. I sat down.

There in the misty moonlight I sat lost in a reverie—I, insignificant creature, trying to unravel the riddle that sages

for centuries past have failed to unravel, while, above, the moon smiled upon me with an inscrutable, enigmatical smile. As I sat thus, there came to my mind these fatalistic lines of the Persian Tent-maker that served to assuage momentarily the sorrow in my heart:

"Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—
sans End!"

Thoughts on Reverie

HOMER WEIR

Theme 17, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

ISN'T IT ODD that things which are far removed from the present moment often suddenly appear in our minds with startling clarity? Today, as I was sitting in the library, translating German, I suddenly heard the chirping of southbound blackbirds. I seemed to see the swarms of birds flying swiftly about overhead. I experienced the queerest feeling of being once again in the fall, and even felt the same laziness which overcomes me each fall evening. Many other times, when I have been far from the coast, I have distinctly heard the sound of waves rolling up on the shores at Santa Barbara. I not only heard the sound of the waves, but once again I sat on Castle Rock, staring fascinated at the phosphorescent water below. Similarly, at other times, I have relived events which have happened before, living them, not as a conscious day-dream, but directly with no consciousness of the contemporary world around me. When I come back to

present-day matters, I wonder if all our experiences are kept locked in some routine-bound part of our brain until some unexpected key opens the door and we live them again.

If these experiences are kept in some such manner, what pleasure I could enjoy by discovering this key. When I had derived the mystic formula for reviving past events, my moments of unhappiness would be at an end. For, whenever all was not right with my world, I would have only to draw from my experience some of the past joy and content, and, in that, forget my troubles. Perhaps, after perfecting this formula, I might contrive to market it. Imagine the universal joy which I should create. Small girls would again play with their lost dolls. Old men could enjoy once again the pleasures and spirit of their youth. Bereaved relatives could once more have their dearest ones with them. Everywhere sunshine would be created; gloom would be dispelled.

Where can I find this "Open Sesame" to heaven?

As I write, I am under the gaze of a Chinese Buddha, iron, serene, mysterious. Perhaps he holds the secret. He won't tell. An ancestor of mine stares

down from the wall. He surely knows where to look. He won't tell. Two painted cherubs smile intimately as if they too know. They won't tell. Such knowledge is not for mortals but is for those in eternity.

Two Influences

MARY ANN PRICE

Theme 16, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

THIS AUTUMN it was required of an English history class in the University of Illinois to read the historical biography, *Elizabeth and Essex*. One night, just as I had finished reading the book, the girl who roomed across the hall from me—a very bright senior for whose opinions I have great regard—came into my room with the salutation, "Hello Sally! What are you doing?" I told her I had just finished reading my book, and we immediately fell into a discussion of the effect the personality of Elizabeth had had upon the English people. At the close of the conversation I remarked, "It was probably because she was a queen. I suppose my personality would not be felt however strong it might be." The senior replied, "Each person with whom you have come in contact has left some impression upon you, and you, in turn, will leave some impression upon those you meet. You may not realize the fact, but the impression will be made just the same." With

that she left the room. Sitting there alone I thought of the people I had known in my girlhood, which was passed in a small village less than an hour's drive from Champaign. I decided that two women, unknown to themselves, had wielded an influence for good upon me. One was

THE BANKER'S WIFE

The banker of our town was a large attractive man past middle age. He was the son of wealthy Kentucky parents who owned more than a section of land in our community, and it all fell to his share at the death of his father. He had married before he came to our town to live. His wife was a beautiful woman, tall and slender, and the daughter of wealthy parents. She had been reared in Cincinnati. Her education was received in an exclusive school for girls, and her manners were perfect. In my early childhood, the church was the center of social life, and I remember when I sat in my seat about half way back, by the side of

my mother, and watched this gracious lady walk gracefully down the aisle behind her husband to their pew in the front of the church. I would watch for a glimpse of her beautifully manicured hands with their glittering diamond rings and would steal a glance at my own nails, blushing if they were rimmed with dirt. After the service she took her place near the door and extended her hand in greeting to each one as he passed. Her greeting was friendly and gracious, but never familiar. Her elegant manners and her fashionable well-chosen clothes were in such marked contrast to those of the hard-working farmers' wives who comprised most of the congregation, that, to the bashful little girl who watched her so intently, they seemed to have come from fairy land. The dear lady died of diphtheria when I was twelve, but I am sure that the influence which her grace and culture cast upon us still lives.

The other personality was as different but equally as strong. This woman was

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

Dr. White was a country doctor and had served us for many years. He had, by hard work and thrift, accumulated a small fortune, acquired a comfortable home, and become very independent. His wife was a tall, rather stout woman, with honest, bright gray eyes and hair that was just curly enough to have a disordered look. I cannot tell you what she wore, for I never noticed, and I always had the impression that she, too, did not pay much attention to her attire. She was a very strong and efficient woman, the

kind that is built for hard work and will hunt for it if it is not in sight. She had no children, a fact which she often lamented, but she adopted all the children in the town and was known to them as Auntie White. She usually accompanied her husband when he was called to assist the stork, and after the baby was washed and dressed and the mother made as comfortable as possible, she took her record book from her pocket and said, "I want to enroll this baby on the baby-roll of my Sunday-school class." She was superintendent at the village church and was the teacher in the primary Sunday-school class. I still remember that, when we had gathered in the room assigned us in our dingy little church, Auntie White had us bow our heads while she knelt and asked God to care for each little one for another week. After the prayer, I always lifted my head with the confident feeling that He would do so because Auntie White asked Him. She was always the first visitor when sickness beset us, and her cheerful smile and serene eyes were a better tonic than her husband's medicine. When age came upon this good couple, they retired to a distant city to be near relatives and to get the rest they deserved. Then it seemed as if our community life could not go on without them, but circumstances adjusted themselves and we struggle along. The children are all grown now. Many have even outgrown the teachings of Auntie White, but I am sure a lucky few are better for having come in contact with this calmly poised, useful, unselfish woman.

Crisis

ISABEL DANLEY

Theme 16, Rhetoric II, 1931-32

I HAVE SEEN men stand in front of employment bureaus for hours on end. With dead, gray, blank faces and gray, stooped bodies they push back and forth in an endless line. Many of them are dying of hunger and exposure. Most of them are bitter and can see no joy in anything—no hope of happiness. Once, however, I believe I saw the soul of one of these men, touched by an imaginary glimpse of beauty. Had he not been quite so down-hearted, so pessimistic, he might have held this vision as something to live for. I was sitting in a car on the other side of the street. Worn, unshaven, and shrunken, he was waiting outside of one of the agencies. His head was thrown back, and I saw that he was looking at a cloud. Other men pushed him out of line, but he did not know it; he was looking at a delicate, white cloud in a wide, clean sky.

As I watched him, I felt my thoughts become one with his. Reality faded away, and I shared a few, unexplainable, but beautiful moments with him. Either entirely in my imagination or, as I really believe, through a union of our minds, the whole scene changed, and I saw him again.

He was standing in a little valley. Tall wild swamp-grass grew to his knees and billowed around his legs. Silver leaves fluttered brightly like cut steel beads, and fir trees rose blackly up in a silhouette against the sky. The breeze blew a little fringed cloud overhead. Looking up, the lonely man was lost in the wonder of it.

For long minutes he stood motionless, pressing his hands hard against his sides. No longer did his body seem to cage in his spirit, for his whole soul was soaring up with the cloud. He was free, and felt himself old and wise to realize it.

The scene changed, and he was standing on a hill. Around him sheep grazed, and far off a lake glimmered before a dark frieze of trees. There was a soft, muted hum in the air. He drew a deep breath. It seemed so sweet he tried to hold it but soon had to gasp for more. He had wondered about that noise, but now he knew what it was—life going on, doing little things that make noises like breathing.

He sat down on the hilltop and locked his hands around his knees, all the while feeling oddly removed from the motion. In moving an arm or hand, he became a feudal lord over his body; his spirit was power, while his body was nothing. Turning on his side, he began to finger the grass. It was so silky! He broke a silver of it between his fingers but was immediately sorry. Thoughtlessly he had done something beyond his power to repair. He bent over and smoothed the other blades. A tiny bug ran out. How busy it was! It ran from one bug to another—a gossip probably. Hundreds of little bits of life were humming around him, with him. He looked up and saw a small, white cloud—a very quiet cloud, untroubled, restful. A strange desire came to the man. He sprang to his feet and reached upward. Standing on tiptoe,

he strained high toward the cloud. It seemed to recede before his outstretched arms. He realized the truth only too quickly. He was an earthly creature and would be forever and ever. He had thought he was lord over his body. No, far from it, his body ruled and held him from the attainment of spiritual desires. A hurt, rebellious look came into his eyes.

His arms dropped to his sides, and he hung his head.

The mist of illusion faded, and once more I saw him standing worn, unshaven, shrunken, outside an employment bureau. Other men had pushed him out of line. He turned and pushed fiercely back again.

A small white cloud had blown over the city and was gone.

Catherine the Great [Freshman]

MARGARET REESE

Theme 19, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

IF CATHERINE THE GREAT, who became the Grand Duchess of Russia, in 1744, at the age of fifteen, were a freshman in the University of Illinois today, she would probably have many unusual college experiences and would graduate with an outstanding record. Catherine, or "Fike" (a pet name given to her by her father, Prince Christian August of Anhalt-Zerbst), would not come to the campus for fall rushing. She would come to school with the fixed idea of gaining a good education. No matter how many rushing dates she were offered, Fike would refuse them all and would be very blunt in telling sorority girls that she wished to remain an independent.

Fike's room would be in some home quite a distance from the campus. Her strong body would demand a long walk before classes, and a brisk stride for a few miles would settle Fike's mind for study. Fike would not like roommates. Freedom in doing just what she desired at any time would suit her better. She would often get up at three o'clock in the

morning to go rabbit hunting. In her capriciousness, she would sometimes move the furniture in her room every day to satisfy her inward hatred of monotony.

Fike would like physical education but would probably enter the Commerce School and, after her prerequisite work, would decide to become a lawyer. As a graduate from the Law School, Fike would plan to be the greatest of all woman lawyers. Her exceptional determination would culminate in her earning that position.

On campus Fike would be known as the greatest horsewoman ever to ride in a University Horse Show. Her riding form would be exquisite, and for four years she would receive the blue ribbons in the Annual Homecoming Horse Show.

Her very strong personality would attract many lovers to her. Her unattractiveness would be forgotten when one spoke to her, and each one who made love to her would be charmed by her truthfulness and by her dominating per-

An Inappropriate Speed Record

JAMES L. RAINEY

Theme 5, Rhetoric I, 1931-32

STAGE FRIGHT claims its victims in many ways. Some people get by with momentary nervousness. Others find that their vocal cords become temporarily paralyzed. Stage fright struck me in a quite different way at a high school oratorical contest. Instead of paralyzing my vocal cords, it loosened them to an alarming extent.

Up to the time of the contest I had felt no nervousness whatever. An oratorical contest does not demand the thinking, the marshalling of facts, or the convincing of an obstinate opponent, that a debate calls forth. Neither does it require the dramatic interpretation of a declamatory contest. I knew my speech. I knew when to take a step forward and when to raise my right hand in a spell-binding gesture. In short, I really had nothing at all to worry about. The importance of the contest can be shown by the fact that it attracted an audience of twenty-five, three of whom were the judges.

Not until my name was called did I feel the slightest twinge of nervousness. Then things began to happen. I looked out on the stage. It seemed so glaringly bright and unfriendly in comparison with the dark obscurity of the wings, that I really did not want to go out there at all.

Someone gave me a firm little push. I started out, setting my course for a chalk mark, which indicated the center of the platform.

Arriving at the proper location, I faced the audience, which was scattered over a large area, with great stretches of empty seats in between. I had no difficulty in getting started. The words simply began to flow from my mouth. In a surprisingly short time I reached the point where I should have made the eloquent gestures, without which the peroration of Webster's "Reply to Hayne" is flat and lifeless. I disdained to stop for such trivialities as gestures. I thundered on, gaining speed with every sentence.

Not until I had walked off the stage did the cold sweat begin to break out. I discovered that I had completed an eight-minute speech in exactly five minutes and forty seconds. I learned that I had got off to a flying start, had slowed up slightly, and then had gathered speed once more in a final triumphant sprint to the tape. Of course the greater part of my selection was absolutely unintelligible to the audience.

Stage fright had another victory to its credit.

Is It Blood Poison?

C. R. GAIRING

Theme 15, Rhetoric II, 1931-32

A SLIGHT scratch on my finger had caused the infection. Always careless of my health, I did not consult a doctor when I first noticed the painful swelling of my elbow. As a result of this neglect, I lay on the hard, white operating table, while white-coated surgeons and nurses busied themselves preparing for the operation. Through the open, screened windows of the light, airy room, I could hear the birds singing. Sweet spring just outside the window was gay and care-free.

The mask over my face, the smothering fumes of ether, a brief moment of hysteria, and the bird songs faded into abysmal blackness.

* * * * *

An ever-growing pain told me that consciousness had come. I lay in bed, my arm securely encased in hot bandages and packed solidly with hot-water bottles.

"How do you feel now?"

I bent my head back to see the nurse who had addressed me.

"I feel all right," I lied. "Is it blood poison?"

"Don't talk now. You'll be all right soon."

She had evaded the question. Could it be that it was not a mere lymph infection as the doctor had said? If that was all, why was an operation necessary? I pushed the covers back and looked at my arm above the bandages. A red stripe covered the blood vein.

"Is it hurting?"

The nurse's question startled me.

"This is blood poison, isn't it?" This time I was not to be put off. "The infection has reached the blood. See, the vein is red."

"That's nothing. The arm is merely swollen after the operation." Nevertheless, she bent over to see. A moment later, the doctor and the intern were also there.

"It's nothing serious; it is draining well." The doctor's words were far from satisfying. "Try and sleep."

All night I watched the red streak creep slowly up to my arm pit. It started down my side. The nurse went quietly out of the room, and a moment later I could hear her conversing in low tones with the doctor.

"— serious— in an hour, perhaps two—"

I strained my ears to hear the low voices outside my door.

"Watch closely—not until the last moment—"

I could not keep from voicing my fears when the nurse returned.

"Will there be another operation? He isn't—He won't— What did he say?"

"No, there won't be another operation. Perhaps you might go upstairs again for an inspection, but that's all."

My mind was far from being at rest. I vowed that I would try and get away before I would allow the surgeon to perform the operation which I feared was coming.

The red stripe slowly crept down my side. My arm was now swollen to nearly

twice its normal size. The streak reached my waist. My side swelled until breathing became painful.

"Take this and try to sleep."

I drank the contents of the glass and waited for the drug to take effect. In an hour the pain had diminished, but I did not sleep. I drank the second glass of the salty liquid and waited. Slowly my senses left me. I slept.

I awoke with a sharp, piercing pain in my arm. I opened my eyes and saw two

nurses engaged in changing the bandages. My eyes turned toward the foot of the bed where the doctor was standing, smiling.

"You are on the road to recovery. Last night was a bad night, but you'll be up in a short time now."

I looked at my arm and at my side. The swelling had gone down and the red streak had receded. The nurses finished their work and I fell into a voluntary slumber.



"Patience, Father!"

MARY JANE KENNICOTT

Theme 18, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

1919. ANY afternoon one was able to find them running down the lane. One was very robust and extremely chubby, running as a boy would run, and "going on seven." The other was a scant two years older, thin, awkward, and with two pig-tails swishing behind her as she tried in vain to reach the goal before her younger sister. The goal—? It still stands, and never fails to recall the pain of a skinned knee or a stubbed toe encountered while racing to victory. And victory—? 'Twas not only the art of reaching the old pine tree first, but of scrambling to the look-out,

which was located at the dizzy height of five branches up. When once comfortably settled on the "seat" (which was merely a branch worn thin by former generations of watchful youngsters), the victor would royally demand supplies of spruce gum, fresh every day, from branches nine and ten.

Then the real contest began! Watching for Daddy! Why, they simply couldn't miss him in his shiny, black, Model T Ford Tudor Sedan! And besides, he always brought them something, and besides that, there was always the evening paper with a whole page of "fun-

nies." Oh, this was a watch worth while and one should never miss it. Would he turn in from the right or left today? Yesterday he came around the point and fooled them both. Ah, a bet! One said she thought it would be the fifth car from the north, while just for the sake of the bet the other one said she knew it would be the seventh car from the south. One, two, . . . one said she could tell Lizzie's motor from way down by Appleyards' lane. . . . three, fou, fi . . , six! Defeat for one—. They watched intently the southern exposure. A distant whirr of wheels and, Yes Sir!—Daddy!

How to get down before he had passed was another matter. The older child had

the advantage here, touching the ground with three easy swings; the chubby one followed, grunting, suspended, and stretching her too short legs barely to reach the limbs of the tree. But the victim was caught in time! A tired, patient smile came through a mud-splashed window, and finally the door on the right-hand side of the car was opened, and closed again behind two excited youngsters.

The noise of the car made conversation quite impossible but from the expressions on the faces of the three passengers one could have imagined Father saying, "Not before supper, girls,— and PLEASE do not scatter the paper."



Broad-Minded

BERT GRIESEL

Theme 14, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

JOHN wanted to be broad-minded. He had seen too many people show a smallness of soul when they became victims of circumstances and were about to lose their jobs. They would lower themselves in a begging, slavlike manner in order to get the boss to reconsider their dismissals. They never succeeded. John was always ashamed for them after they had gone. He had a chance to show the big side of his soul now, he thought ironically. He would be very grand and

haughty when the boss paid him off that night. No sniveling for him.

The blow had been as sudden as it was sharp. Although many had been laid off, he had thought himself indispensable. Without the faintest warning, Mr. Balfour, his boss, had told him to draw his money that evening. While the boss was talking he had nervously twisted the stump of a once good cigar in his mouth and had looked at everything else in the room except John's face. John would show him up this evening.

With half the force laid off, there were still six clerks in Balfour's popular men's clothing store. John had thought it impossible for Mr. Balfour to run the store without this many clerks, at least. Here was the impossible happening to him. He glanced around at the sound of a throat being cleared and looked into the melancholy face of his close friend and fellow worker, Bill Hempstead.

"Too bad, Fellow. I just heard the bad news from Sam. Got any plans yet?"

"There are plenty of places that will be glad to get me. I should feel glad that I got laid off. I can't work for a fellow like Balfour, anyway."

He sauntered carelessly away from his friend. He hadn't meant what he had said, but he must put on a face. There was nothing to do but wait and lord it over Balfour this evening.

When closing time came, John slowly changed his immaculate working clothes for a more worn suit of his own and waited until every body had left except his boss. He then threw his blond head back and, putting on a false air of bravado, marched quickly up the stairs. Turning his haughty head toward Mr. Balfour, he asked, in a proud disdainful voice, for his check. Mr. Balfour looked up and reached for an envelope at the same time.

"Too bad I had to let you go, John. If you need a reference, see me. Good night." He immediately bent his head to his work. John stood aghast. All his well made plans had fallen through.

On his way home, he cried slightly and cursed himself for not asking Mr. Balfour for another chance.

And, He Has a Name

RICHARD STAGGS

Theme 15, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

FIVE YEARS ago last July, a young couple moved into one of the large apartment houses on the south side of Chicago. The man—a father, for the young woman carried a babe in her arms—signed a lease for five years, took the infant from the mother, and turned toward the elevator.

From that day until a year ago last May, neither the woman nor the child set foot outside the apartment. For four years a certain maid of the apartment-hotel brought three meals each day to the door, rapped, and went away. No one ever saw mother or child. Only one

person went into the room. It was the man who had carried the child to the elevator five years before.

Last year a policewoman was sent to make an investigation. She found the strange and beautiful young mother, and a handsome little five-year-old boy, pale from his cloistered life, but healthy and happy. The child had never seen a stranger so close; he had seen no one but his father and mother. The woman was then taken to police headquarters, and, after much questioning, revealed this story:

She was but a girl of seventeen when

she fell in love. She ran away from home when she found that she was to become a mother. At the birth of the child, the father was willing to meet all obligations except the service that ends with a ring on the third finger of the woman's left hand. She told of her resolution never to cross the threshold of the apartment until she was the legal wife of the man who provided all things except a wedding ring.

She told of the days, and weeks, and months, and years, that had passed since that resolution was made. Her baby, her books—and, now and then, the man she loved—comprised her life within those four walls. From behind the curtained window, she saw life pass by in a busy stream; hurrying crowds going home to

families, to dinner parties, and to theaters. She lived a lonely existence in her self-made prison, and her only joy was the baby's daily sun bath.

The man was then brought to headquarters to be questioned, but the woman asked that the police do nothing. This was her problem, and his. After a moment's hesitation, the man got up, took her by the arm, led her to the third floor of the courthouse, and asked for a marriage license.

The apartment was empty the next day, for its occupants were on a wedding trip. A five-year-old child is learning about trains, and street cars, and automobiles, and how strangers look close at hand, for the first time in his life. And, he has a name.

Roderick and the Cockroach

JOHN H. SCHACHT

Theme 15, Rhetoric II, 1931-32

THE SUN was streaming in through the open windows of Roderick's pleasantly lighted room, bathing the interior in a golden glow, but Roderick failed to respond to its beneficent influence. Indeed, Roderick was feeling quite out of sorts. He was slumped in a straight-backed chair in front of his desk, chewing the end of his shining new fountain pen and brooding over a pile of letters which were to express, in a properly grateful manner, his thanks for the many gifts he had been presented two days before, on his tenth birthday. He had laboriously scrawled three letters,

and was in the midst of a fourth, written to his Aunt Caroline, who had sent him an absolutely useless fifty-cent baseball glove. Roderick, who had little of the hypocrite in his nature, stared disgustedly at what he had thus far managed to write, between illegible scratches, on the paper.

My dear Aunt Caroline:

I certainly wish to thank you for the fine baseball glove you sent me for my birthday. It is a mitey fine glove, and all the boys wisht they had one like it. I also recieved two books, a tie, a football. . . .

Roderick laid down his pen with a sigh. There were, after the note to Aunt

Caroline, similar epistles to Cousin Clara, Aunt Julia, and Uncles Horace and Eustace, to be written, and the boy could hardly bring himself to go on. Through the window came shouts and cheers from the vacant lot next door, where a ball game was in progress. Roderick sank deeper into gloom. Surely no one had ever been so bored!

Suddenly his eye caught a movement near the window sill. He sat up in his chair. A large brown insect was meandering slowly about the sill and the edge of the desk. A cockroach! Roderick's eyes brightened. He knew his mother would be taken to bed with a sick headache at this spectacle; the good woman had once fainted at the sight of a bed-bug. The cockroach ceased its wandering and stood still, gently waving its long antennae. It remained almost motionless for several seconds. The light faded from Roderick's eyes, and he seemed about to assume his former glassy stare; then suddenly he picked up an empty drinking glass from the table beside his bed, reached out with his fountain pen, and deftly flipped the startled cockroach into the glass.

A neat piece of work, thought Roderick. He imagined the insect acknowledging in grudging admiration the swift finesse of the act. Whether it felt any admiration or not, however, seemed beside the point; with antennae waving, it was whirling and pirouetting in its crystalline prison, vainly looking for some means of escape. It soon concluded that the only avenue of flight was upward, and gallantly essayed the climb to the top of the glass; but it could make little progress on the treacherous surface. At first Roderick was sympathetically disposed toward his prisoner, but once when the six-legged creature had nearly scaled the wall, he experienced a sudden

change of heart, and poked it back with his pen. Nothing daunted, the cockroach again galloped up the side of the glass, only to be repulsed more sharply by its captor's weapon. Roderick's violent primitive instincts were rising.

The cockroach now seemed to tire, or else to become resigned to its fate, and temporarily desisted from its efforts. But Roderick would have none of that; he had always despised the quitter. He tried once or twice unsuccessfully to arouse the animal by expectorating into the glass, but excitement had left his mouth dry; so he squirted the cockroach liberally with ink from his pen. The ink proved the more effective, but still the prisoner seemed not to have completely recovered from its lethargy; so Roderick tried the expedient of shaking the glass violently, as one might a bottle of patent medicine.

The shaking aroused the insect to a frenzy; it darted wildly up the side of the glass, fell headlong, leaped up, and again hurled itself up the battlements. Meanwhile Roderick was in ecstasies of excitement. He set the glass on the table and danced around it. He gloated over the helpless cockroach, and sneered and grimaced at it; he was quite drunk with power. He was Suraj-ud-Dowlah, the nawab of Bengal, and the insect was the group of British subjects in the Black Hole of Calcutta; he was Tarzan of the Apes, and the cockroach was a trapped elephant; he was an African cannibal chieftain, and the cockroach was a missionary boiling in the pot!

At last the insect, driven to desperation, made a perfectly tigerish bound nearly to the edge of the glass, and failing, fell back on its head and lay inert, apparently lifeless. Roderick stopped his war dance and approached the desk. He shook the glass; the cockroach did not

stir. After a while Roderick dumped the insect unceremoniously on the table and prodded it with his pen; then he slapped it a few times with a ruler. No response. Roderick began to feel conscience stricken.

All at once the cockroach bounded to its feet and was away. So! The miserable creature had been shamming! If there was one thing Roderick hated, it was duplicity. He let fly the ruler with murderous intent, but his aim was not good. When he had completed his swing, the bottle of ink lay upset on the table and the cockroach was disappearing behind a bookweight.

Roderick watched, paralyzed, as the wave of ink, formidable as the Johnstown flood in his eyes, swept devastatingly over the desk to spread havoc among his letters. He suddenly leaped into action, however, as the cockroach reappeared at the back of the desk, evidently well pleased at the holocaust. Roderick, thinking only of revenge, again lunged at his enemy, which scuttled to the edge of the table, took to the air, made a perfect landing, and darted under the bureau. The avenger's elbow un-

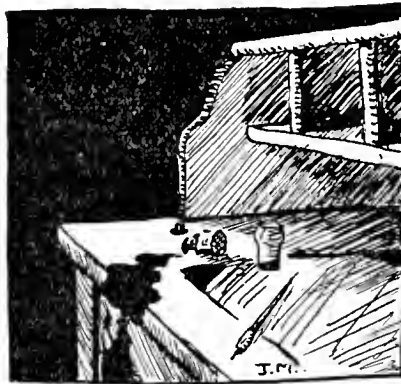
fortunately encountered the omnipresent ink bottle, which rolled off the desk, and, though Roderick should have thought it empty, to judge by the size of the ebony pool on the table, it still managed to spill ink freely on his mother's valued carpet. This *would* require some explaining, thought Roderick.

He surveyed the scene with mingled emotions. He saw the cockroach wiggle its antennae derisively, and could have sworn he saw it thumb its nose at him as it disappeared in a crevice between the baseboard and the floor. Outgeneralled by an insect! Roderick could have died of mortification. Then he noticed the prominent smudge on the carpet, and the miniature lake on the table, and he set about cleaning them as best he might. He felt strangely deflated, and shivered when he hears his mother's footsteps on the floor below.

He reseated himself in the chair, and, taking a fresh sheet of letter paper, began again:

My dear Aunt Caroline:

I certainly wish to thank you for the fine baseball glove you sent me for my birthday. . . .





THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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Out of the Past

ANNE BRITTIN

Themes 14 and 15, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

1. *The World of My Childhood*

WHEN I was a child, I lived in two worlds. One was the world of everyday experiences—of games of tag and hide-and-go-seek on the hill where the children of the neighborhood gathered in the long summer evenings, of dimly heard conversations around the dinner table, of incomprehensible arithmetic, and boring music scales. I lived in that world but unwillingly, and like a true anchorite of the desert spurned it for the world of imagination and of fancies.

The house where I lived with my grandparents had once been a farmhouse. It still retained a yard of an acre in extent—a charmingly disorderly yard, not so formal and prim as those of the houses nearer the center of town. It joined on an open field where three apple trees stood in a row and once a year littered the ground with hard, sour, green apples. But best of all, it possessed a large barn, and up in the haymow of that barn was my favorite retreat.

Oh, the hours that I spent up in that haymow! Those drowsy summer afternoons when I did nothing but read, while the wind from the south, maybe sweet with the freshness of summer rain, swept in through the wide-open wooden half-door that served as a window! Now and then I would lift my eyes from my book to watch the scurrying of a daddy-long-legs across the floor. Or I would pick up a little handful of hay to throw down through the trap door on the head

of my Shetland pony to see her delicately pointed ears twitch. But the fairest sight to which I could lift my eyes was the hilly pastures to the south that rolled and dipped and hid tiny houses in their hollows and flung yellow ribbons of roads against the sky. They were very beautiful when seen from the window of my haymow!

On one side of the barn were straggling rows of grapevines flanked by hollyhocks and sunflowers. During the hot summer days in the cool shadows under the grapevines, I would lead a band of desperadoes—in fancy, of course—through a jungle of grass to the impenetrable thicket of the blackberry shrubs. But never did I realize the full mystery of those grapevines until I saw them one night from my bedroom window. They were a pattern in black, while the rest of the world was drowned in moonlight. Anything might come out of those grapevines, perhaps, as I thought, even the fairies themselves—to dance in a ring under the moon.

When I remember the fancies of my childhood, at times I think that I lost something very real when I discarded them. Perhaps, it was inevitably a part of the natural process of growing up that the world should become prosaic to me. But still I should like to regain the ability I once had to feel beauty so intensely that the pattern of grape leaves in the moonlight could be etched on my memory for as long as I live. And how I should like to feel the motion of my

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pony beneath me once again and to hear the slap of her hoofs in the dust, while I ride in the glory of a June morning over those same roads I could see from the haymow. But the barn with the haymow has vanished to be replaced by a garage. Houses now stand where the three apple trees once scattered their apples that always remained green and sour. And my pony has gone to trot wherever ponies do go when they are weary of the roads of this earth.

2. *Sailing Ships*

It is strange how the faintest, the most transient of odors can block out the present with memories of the past. To me the smell of cigar smoke or the acrid odor of a stable—so disagreeable to most people—are as sweet as the scent of lilacs in the rain. Whenever I smell them, once again I am sitting in the office of the stable where I spent most of my time when I was a child. While outside, the winter afternoon would be darkening to twilight, inside, the cigar smoke would rise like an offering of incense to the pictures of long-dead gallant race-horses that broke records in their time. Maybe the men would discuss the pace of a thoroughbred or a memorable race, but invariably, as the smoke thickened and the afternoon light dimmed, the talk would turn to the days of their youth.

Then my grandfather would tell of his boyhood in Wisconsin when it was hardly more than a wilderness.

In those days four-masted sailing vessels carried the trade of the Great Lakes. My grandfather had seen them when he was a boy, and the memory of them always remained with him. "A four-master," he would say, "is the fairest thing in the world when you see it standing out to harbor." He would say no more, for he was never a man to be articulate about his emotions. After a silence the men would softly agree that the most beautiful thing in the world is a sailing ship with its sails set—oh, yes, and a high-spirited, thoroughbred horse is a fine thing too.

I would lean back in my chair and shut my eyes to the circle of faces and shut my ears to the talk, for a vision had filled the office—a vision of a tall four-master with its sails strained taut and flashing white in the sun. The sea and the sky were a wind-washed blue. The gulls wheeled in the sky. . . . The ship was the fairest thing. . . .

"Come, Annie, hadn't we better go home?"

Roused from my dreams, with my hand clasped in my grandfather's hand, I stumbled out of the office into the crispness of a winter's afternoon.



The Masters of Main Street

BEATRICE JANE PIERSON

Theme 15, Rhetoric 1, 1932-33

THE ODDEST people are the most interesting. In our little village the main street was dominated by five people. They were all friendly and eager to help any man, woman, or child, but they were possessed by an incurable and insatiable curiosity, which, I am sorry to say, often led them into difficulties.

The proprietress of the one and only grocery store was a good-hearted woman of large dimensions. She always wore a dirty cotton dress covered with an even dirtier apron of some coarse white material. Because her feet bothered her a great deal, she wore felt house slippers on every day except Sunday. When a customer entered the store, she would ease herself down upon a creaking bread box, take out a pad and a pencil, and prepare for a chat. She discussed corn, bugs, and horses with the farmers; she advised the housewives on their affairs from children to soup—for she also ran a boarding house; and, when a child came in on an errand for his mother, she won his eternal friendship with a stick of candy.

Across the narrow, dusty road stood the modest little butcher shop. Since the times were good and business 'booming,' it demanded the part-time attention of two Dutchmen. One was named Tecumseh. He was a little, thin, dried-up man with a luxurious moustache and a long, thin nose that dripped continuously like a leaky faucet. His partner was a fat,

round, red-faced, good-natured German, whom I called "Saucer," and who inspired terror in the hearts of my brother and me. Whenever I had to pass his house on the way to school to meet my brother, I would get down on my hands and knees and crawl through the tall grass in the ditch in front of his house. When I started to school myself, he often picked up a stick and jokingly chased me through town so that I wouldn't be tardy.

Then there was the banker who ruled the little red brick bank. I often stopped in to see him in order that I might peek into the great vault or play with the innumerable rubber bands on his counter. I liked to press my face against the iron bars, through which he shoved money to his customers. It was great fun to listen to the farmers and the friendly banker discussing politics. Sometimes they would grow angry, and then I would slide off my high perch, and slip out the little gate for I didn't like to hear them argue.

The other one of these five people and the most exciting was the station agent. He had very little to do, and was always willing to talk to me. When I was just a tiny girl and would go every evening to meet my brother, he would always watch for me and carry me across the tracks. With my fingers in my ears and my heart in my throat, I many times stood on a bench at the end of the platform and watched the big, black trains whizz by.

The brave station agent would stand out on the platform and catch the mail bag. He was a hero to all the little children in

town, not only because he was brave but because he had travelled to far-distant cities.



A Temperamental Friend

G. W. JAMES

Theme 17, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

I HAVE a diminutive friend who frequents the vicinity of my study table and, on occasion, creeps cautiously from some hidden recess in its under surface to investigate, with insatiable curiosity, the doings of my enlightened world above. Not content with viewing me and my actions from the great plain of my table top, he sometimes makes his way, in the silent manner of his species, to the uttermost heights of my study lamp and there, removed a discreet distance from the heat of its light, of which, I think, he does not approve enthusiastically, gains the inclusive survey of the illuminated sphere of my books and papers below, which he apparently desires.

Out of some momentary caprice I have named my insistent proctor, Charlie. Although I describe him as a friend, I am not, despite his friendly gestures, sure that his motives are entirely devoid

of animosity, for Charlie has a very formidable appearance. His small fuzzy body is much darker than the proverbial ace of spades. Certainly no animate thing has achieved a blacker black than Charlie's. His satanic color accentuates the ferocious effect created by his two beady eyes which peer balefully from the velvety fuzziness of his square-cut face, if his kind can be said to have faces. Perhaps I do Charlie an injustice by suspecting him of unfriendliness as a result of his physical makeup, which probably is not of his own choosing.

Charlie's visits are frequent but not regular. One never knows when he will drop around. Occasionally, when the later hours of the evening find me in the depths of a mental struggle with the theory of equations or some other curriculum annoyance, I feel the presence of another consciousness and glance up to find my reticent companion regarding me criti-

cally from the lee of an ash tray or from a piece of art gum in the remote regions of my table beyond the circle of light from my lamp. There, perched perkily on his eight fragile legs, my nocturnal visitor maintains an incessant scrutiny of my every motion, ready, at the slightest imprudence on my part, to dash with astounding suddenness to his sanctuary in the darkness below. Sometimes he visits me in the afternoon and then he is much more brazen, dashing with impudent boldness across the full length of my table, only to stop and stare insolently at me from its edge.

Today I noticed that Charlie is extend-

ing the range of his activities. In the lower sill of my east window he has set up one of the gossamer establishments peculiar to his breed, with the hope, perchance, of entangling a few sluggish flies which may be lazing around the household these winter days. I have asked the landlady not to remove my friend's webs, but the peculiar look in her eyes tells me that my well-meant efforts on Charlie's part have been misconstrued to be sarcastic comments on her housekeeping ability, and I fear that all spider webs in that window will be rather wrathfully removed in the future.

Carlsbad Caverns

GEORGE B. GUTHRIE

Theme 2, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

I AM NOT one who is easily impressed by natural phenomena. Nature itself holds no particular fascination for me. I view a sunset from a mountain-top and acknowledge its beauty, but I am rarely moved emotionally by such a scene. But one spot, one of nature's monstrosities, affected me as none other ever has.

Last summer while on a tour through the western states, I stopped in the southwestern part of New Mexico to go through the famous Carlsbad Caverns. I was not particularly thrilled at the prospect of seeing these famous caves. I had been in other caverns and had found little in them to admire. But I soon found that here was something different, something finer and more majestic.

I was taken by elevator seven hundred and fifty feet down to the caverns. A guide met me there, and I immediately began my inspection.

The caverns covered an area of about four miles, but only two miles had been opened to the public. The guide took me to what he called the "Room of Giants" which consisted of a large number of stalagmites and stalactites that were as big around as large redwood trees. The lighting which was installed caused many huge shadows to be thrown on the walls and ceiling, making me feel as if I were a Lilliputian in a company of giants. Although reluctant to leave, I passed to the next room, called the "Great Hall." I had been thrilled with the "Room of Giants," but I was fascinated by this room. It was as long as four city blocks and was three hundred feet from ceiling to floor. The stalagmites and stalactites were of all sizes, their colors varying from deep red and blue to the purest white. The lighting intensified the colors and made some of the formations look

as if they were over-loaded with valuable gems and metals. I entered a number of other rooms after this; all of them were interesting, but none of them impressed me as much as these.

Six hours later I returned to the surface. I had seen the Carlsbad Caverns!

Many times since then, I have wanted to return to those caverns. For some reason, which I am not quite able to explain, they fascinate me. Perhaps it was their exceptionally great size that thrilled me, but I know it could not have been that alone. Their beauty too had its effect

on me, but even this could not have been the sole cause of their lasting impression. If I were more inclined to be religious, I should say that it was the feeling of the greatness and nearness of God—the believing that He was revealing Himself in this phenomenon of nature—that affected me so strangely. But whatever the reason was, I only know that I have an intense desire to revisit these caves—to stand once more in their depths, and be moved again to feel my own insignificance.

Death Passes

IRVING STRADER

Theme 16, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

IT DIPPED crazily out of sight behind some buildings about three miles away. Then it shot high into the air, trailed by a weird twisting snake of wood. I had no idea at the moment what it was, but turned and ran into the store. I took about three steps and reached the candy counter. Then it happened! I thought the world was coming to an end. There was an ungodly shriek; there was a thunderous roar that eclipsed all other sound. It was ear-splitting; it was terrifying! There was a thin straining whine; it rose in pitch; it shrilled to a high, wild crescendo. There was a mighty crash of glass. Several boxes of Post Toasties—or were they Corn Flakes?—were flying drunkenly through the air. Cigars were falling on the floor. I must not forget to pick them up. Then it became almost pitch dark. I crouched and instinctively ran behind the counter to the rear of

the store. I almost reached the door. Open it came, and back I was hurled against the meat block. I was careful to keep my hands from the top of the block where the meat was cut. Then the sound and darkness were gone.

I found myself staring dumbly at a cut of round steak—fresh, juicy—resting on the scales. Except for the drip, drip of rain from the jagged fragments of plate glass that still remained in the show windows, all was deathly quiet. I tiptoed slowly to the front of the store. The baker's truck was sprawled incongruously on its side across the street-car tracks. There was a long line of buns and biscuits twisting down the street. I was bewildered. All was topsy-turvy; all was distorted. The house across the street was completely over-turned. I wondered vaguely why there was no water flowing from the bath-tub that

jutted forth so nakedly from the ruins. The houses on the other two corners seemed to have taken wings and flown from their foundations; they were squatting in the middle of the street. A woman's shriek broke the silence with a nerve-jangling suddenness. Men were pouring forth from the factory, a block away. Some looked fearful; some looked dazed; one was laughing hysterically. I glanced down at the candy counter where I had stood about thirty seconds before. Huge pieces of plate glass were imbedded in the side of the counter. I idly

wondered how they had all missed me. I left the store and started for home. I picked my way around the snake-like roots of a fallen tree; I stepped high over fallen electric wires; I absently noted a group of people pulling an inert form from under a garage roof. I climbed up the steps—there were four, and the bottom step was cracked—onto the porch of our home, which was not damaged. Suddenly my knees grew weak, and I sank onto the swing, feeling very ill. The tornado had passed.



Farming—That's the Life !

CLINTON SPIVEY

Theme 6, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

THE GREAT out-doors, the wide-open spaces, the next-to-nature movement—all of these phrases have been used to describe farm life, and, as a matter of fact, they are applicable, but not as most people think of them. Oh, yes, they picture farming as one of the lawful occupations, where man is supposed to have freedom, unlimited amounts of it, where he can go to work when he pleases and quit when he feels disposed to, for he is

his own boss. There must be a "seed time and a harvest time," for the Bible says so. Farming is a bed of roses, where one can lie in contentment, supping in the sweet fragrance to his heart's delight.

City dwellers wonder about all this noise called farm relief. The farmer never has to stand in a bread line, and therefore he is considered better off than many people. He has his own butter, his own eggs, and his own meat; and in

fact nearly everything he puts on his table is a product of his own land. He has no rent to pay every month, and his fuel is very often gathered from some wooded section close by. Why should he let matters such as money worry him? That is one of the things a farmer doesn't need, for he lives close to nature, a pure, simple, rustic life. His are care-free days, void of all worry, and at the close of day he can retire to his haven of rest, float away on the wings of Morpheus in a sleep equal to that of a babe, and be awakened on the morn by the sweet notes of a near-by meadow lark. Oh, for the life of a farmer!

All views are beautiful from a distance, but when we observe them close-up they take on an uglier aspect, and so it is with farming. Those who know it at its best and at its worst realize that, if it be a bed of roses as pictured by many, the thorns are thick and long.

Do they know the hours a farmer puts in during the greater part of the year? He is always up before the sun, and is always still working 'after it has long been down. He often spends thirteen or fourteen hours in the fields. The eight-hour day and forty-four hour week mean little to him. What would happen if he tried to work on a schedule of this sort? Well, I am afraid his crops would be pretty much neglected. And can he sleep until nine o'clock Sunday morning, because it is a day of rest? I should say not, for the cows must be milked, the pigs fed, and the other animals about the place cared for.

I often wonder if any of these farm

critics ever rode a cultivator all day, or sat on a plow for eleven hours, or tried their hand at husking a load of corn. These sedentary office men, tending towards obesity, should not censure these rugged, weather-tanned people who make up the backbone of our nation. One does not see a farmer running through a series of setting-up exercises on arising, for before breakfast he has done enough to work up quite a sufficient appetite. By night his tired and aching body cries for rest; the farmer has no desire to don a dress suit and play bridge half the night.

And what reward does the farmer get for all these labors of his? Not much at the present time. The cost of producing a crop is so great that he is forced to do without the necessary men and equipment. Often he does not get back the money he put into the crop; and still some wonder about farm relief. Also, what assurance has he that he will have a crop? He must trust to luck, praying that the elements will be with him. What the farmer wants is a fair price for his commodities—one that will enable him to raise his standard of living to that of the rest of the world about him. He does not mind the long hours, he does not dread the hard labor, but he does feel the injustice of not getting a square deal.

Farming—that's the life! Return to nature and live the easy simple life. Bah! These everybody-else's-job-looks-better-to-me-than-mine people, who have every luxury man can create, don't know when they are well off. Well, I should like to see them try farming; then they would appreciate their own advantages in life.

Two Books

KIRKER SMITH

Theme 16, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

1. *Disraeli*

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

B RILLIANT, yet susceptible to ordinary mistakes; possessed of great genius and personal ability, yet unable to accomplish anything single-handed; incurring men's hatred, yet retaining their admiration; a master of politics, yet an author of romances—such is Maurois' *Disraeli*, a most unusual character but still a very possible and entirely human one.

Maurois neither eulogizes *Disraeli*'s achievements nor disparages them. He allows the biography to progress naturally, just as *Disraeli*'s life progressed, not permitting his early youth to reflect the as yet unattained glory of his maturity. *Disraeli* is not pictured as a dynamic, self-made individual, but rather as a pliable person, molded into greatness by a variety of environmental conditions and by a personal ability to discriminate between beneficial and detrimental activities.

Through a lucid, sometimes humorous, analysis of situations and characters, Maurois has drawn an excellent biographical portrait, subordinating the man to his environment when he was young and it was forming him, and the environment to the man when he was mature and forming it.

2. *Tremendous Trifles*

G. K. CHESTERTON

Long live the common people—hooray! May they remain unchanged in their thoughts, their actions, and their customs forever. Such seems to me to be the tenor of Chesterton's *Tremendous Trifles*.

Deftly writing in terms a little over the heads of his intended readers, Chesterton combines narration, description, and exposition in an unusual and most effective way to emphasize the tremendousness of his trifles—the actual significance to mankind of the ordinary incidents of simple, everyday life. Amusing little stories, delightfully told, are made the basis for angry harangues on the undesirability of sociological experiments and theories which treat man as a machine to be regulated by the amount of available money instead of as a human being to be regulated by his emotions.

Obviously these essays were written to provide reading matter for rushed commuters who would have no time to analyze their rash, sometimes groundless, conclusions. Hence they fall into the category of ordinary newspaper editorials, something to be read, commented on, and discarded.

How to Make Facial Masks

TOM L. FENTON

Theme 6, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

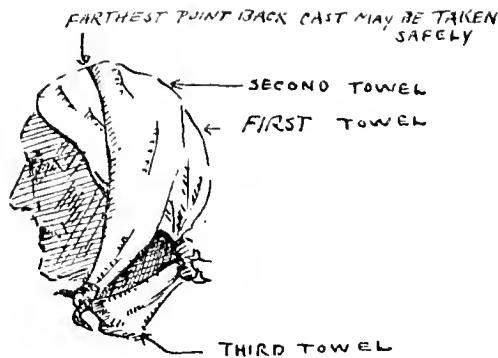
I GOT MY inspiration for making facial masks while at the Art Institute of Chicago, where I studied art for four semesters, before coming to school here. In my cast and still life class I sketched in charcoal from casts of the works of famous sculptors. Among these casts was one that appeared more life-like than the others; so I asked my instructor about it. I was quite surprised when he told me it was a life mask of one of his friends. Seeing my interest, he told me how he had made it.

For several weeks after that I worked with great enthusiasm on all of the victims that I could persuade to submit to my orgy in plastering. But, in spite of my careful efforts, something always went wrong: my plaster set too fast, or the victim's eyebrows were pulled out, or I would break the positive while I was chipping off the negative. After pulling out six pairs of eyebrows, and two and a half pairs of eyelashes, along with several locks of hair from the tops of heads, I encountered great difficulty in finding victims, even if I paid them well for their services. The result was that when I did get a victim, I worked more carefully, and, naturally, began to improve. After a great deal of experience and experimenting I became rather proficient in the art. Instead of having to search for victims, I was pleased to note that people were coming to me of their own will. I began to realize the

commercial possibilities, and started to sell the masks. At present I have a contract to make masks of all the members of a fraternity here on the campus. So, I hope I shall not be assuming too much if I speak with some authority on the process of making a facial mask.

Perhaps we should first consider the effectiveness of the facial mask. Unlike the photograph, the mask has three dimensions. Think how many photographs would be necessary to show the different views to be seen in a mask. Also, the mask brings out a more exact and frank reproduction of the face, which is the window of character. The mask maker is, therefore, not dealing with the making of a novel toy, but with the reproduction of a person's true character.

Unlike the proverbial plumber, we shall have our materials at hand before we start working. The main thing, of course, is *dental plaster paris* that sets in fifteen minutes. Two or three towels, some vaseline or cold cream, an old pot with a capacity of at least a half a gallon, and some goose quills or soda straws complete the necessary equipment. Because the amateur will use from three to four pounds of plaster for a negative, it is advisable to have five pounds on hand. Before the plaster is mixed, the victim must be prepared; at this point a diagram is in order, to explain just how much of the face can be cast, and how the towels should be put on.



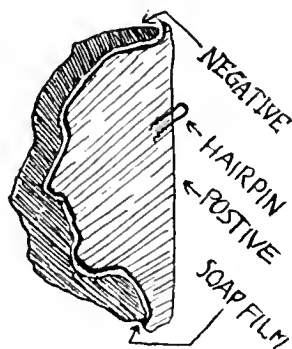
The first towel should be put on just at the hair line on the forehead in the manner in which pirates wore bandanas; this is to keep the plaster out of the hair. The second towel should go over the top of the head and tie under the chin, as far back toward the throat as possible; this forms a barrier for the plaster, and keeps it out of the ears. The third towel is tied around the neck and also serves as a barrier for the plaster. The area of the face left exposed will be the area cast. After the towels are in place, the victim is greased with a very thin film of either vaseline or cold cream; for the first few attempts I suggest vaseline because it has more body, and is "fool-proof." I wish to emphasize that the eyebrows and eyelashes must be greased heavily to avoid their setting in the plaster.

Now that the victim is prepared, the plaster should be mixed. The right mix depends upon experience, but I find it convenient to sift the plaster into the pot in which there is about a pint of water; when the plaster comes to the top of the water, a good mix is obtained. It is very important that all of the lumps and air-bubbles should be worked out of the mixture to avoid defects in the negative. Just before the plaster is applied, the quills should be inserted into the victim's nostrils, in order that he may

breathe through the layer of plaster. The plaster is sloshed on at the top of the head, and runs down the face of the subject, who is sitting erect in a chair. The beginner may tilt his victim back at a 45° angle to facilitate the application, but the features then sag toward the back of the head and produce an unnatural appearance. Although the plaster may run off the face for the first few minutes, it adheres readily as it begins to set, and weak spots, such as the nose, chin, brow, and cheek bones, may be strengthened. The plaster sets in approximately fifteen minutes, but rather than trust simply to time, it is best to have sample lumps, or to tap the mask continuously and determine by the sound how solid it is. When the mask is set the victim bends down with the mask between his hands, and after he indulges in a series of frowns, smiles, and other contortions of the face (beneath the mask), the mask should come off quite readily, provided no eyebrows or eyelashes have adhered to the plaster.

We are through with the victim now, and our success depends entirely on our ability to cast the positive from the negative. Before casting, the negative should be set away to dry for a few days, because plaster retains much water for a long time. Then the first step is to line the inside of the negative impression with

a film of soap to form a division, so that the positive won't fuse with the negative when it is cast. This is accomplished by lathering the negative with an old shaving brush, using any kind of soap. The bubbles are broken by holding the cast over a gas jet. Now that we have the division we may pour the positive in safely. The positive is mixed in the same way as the negative, but more care must be taken to prevent air-bubbles. The diagram may make the process of casting clearer. The positive is poured into the



negative, and, just before it sets, a hairpin or a piece of wire is placed in the back for hanging. Before the negative is broken off, the cast must again dry for a few days. The negative then comes off readily, when it is vigorously persuaded

with a hammer. Care must be taken to avoid smashing through while hammering.

If after the negative is removed, the mask proper looks shabby, a good sandpapering will improve it. All bumps can be shaved off with a knife, and all air holes can be plugged with plaster. The mask will look dull in spite of all of the trimming; so it is advisable to varnish or shellac it to make the high lights stand out more. If the plain white finish is not satisfactory, it may be altered with lacquer or enamels. There are several shades of gold dust obtainable; any of them may be used in combination with a dark enamel to produce a pleasing effect. The gold dust is applied by placing a small quantity in a creased piece of paper, and blowing it on top of wet paint. Different intensities may be obtained in this way; it is pleasing to have a mask gilded on top of black enamel, which can just be seen through the coat of gold.

The pleasure derived from making a mask fully repays one for the time and money invested. The mask is permanent, and the character of the subject is preserved forever. One never tires of seeing it, and it is a constant reminder to its maker that once he created something with his own hands.

Cobra De Capello

WILLIAM B. RICHARDSON

Theme 8, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

I OFTEN WONDER about my narrowest escape from death. It is rather hard to judge just how close to death one has been, because there are times when he cannot measure the margin by which annihilation was escaped. Perhaps I am

wholly ignorant of my narrowest escape—one is often unconscious of imminent peril—but I do recall one incident in which I was as close to death as I ever care to venture.

I was then the guest of two British

officials who were located at Jakedaw, which is about forty miles into the jungle from Sandoway, on the Akyab coast of Burma. Our temporary living quarters consisted of a long, low, crudely built thatch and bamboo hut. It was located just outside the village, at the edge of the jungle, on a paddy field clearing. In the rear of the hut was the cook house where our native servant cooked some vile tasting messes on three stones, which served as a stove, over a charcoal fire.

On the third evening of our stay at Jakedaw, I was lying on my army cot in the hut reading a book, by the light of a petrol lantern, while awaiting the return of my friends. The rainy season was about to set in, and the air was hot and oppressive. After a long battle with a couple of malaria mosquitoes that had squeezed through the net around my bed, I got up and went to the door to get a breath of fresh air. I stood there barefooted, breathing deeply the foul stench from the native village. Above the incessant din of the jungle insects and monotonous Burmese drums, I heard a tiger scream on a nearby hill, and hoping to hear the answer of its mate, I stepped out into the night. Owing to the terrific heat I was unluckily naked, except for a towel wrapped around my waist. I walked about fifteen feet and stepped on something cold and clammy.

Every nerve and muscle in my body instantly recoiled; I stood as if nailed to the ground. I could not move an inch. I was paralyzed with fear. I felt something cold and horrible thrash against my foot and wrap itself around my leg and thigh. As the moments passed—moments that seemed hours—I began to realize that I was standing on a snake—that is, it slowly dawned on me that since I felt no sting, my foot must be directly over the snake's head. I looked down. The

light from the hut revealed my plight. Through the effect of some optical illusion, he seemed to me a ghastly monster out of mythology. Actually he was an immense cobra—I quickly saw his markings—but in the dim light he appeared fabulous. I watched him twist and squirm; felt him contract and tighten on my body. I tried to relax but I could not. I tried to call for help—though I was beyond assistance—but I could not utter a sound above a hollow hoarse whisper. The temperature was close to a hundred degrees, and yet I was so cold I shivered. I knew I must do something at once. I could feel the head slowly working from under my bare foot. With a great effort I reached blindly down and clutched the vile thing. I managed to scream, lift my leg and tug at the snake, endeavoring to loosen and hurl the reptile into the air. Before I could untwine it, however, I was bitten.

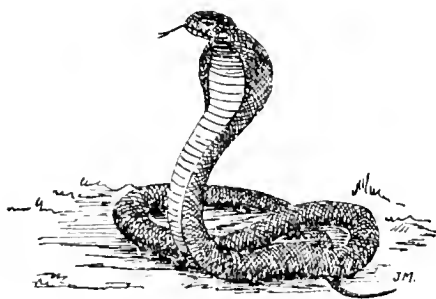
I felt as though I had been pricked with a red-hot needle. Within a few seconds I was so weak that it took all my effort to stand. The cook house was the nearest building. I knew I must get there. Somehow I did. I managed to enter, get hold of a knife, and cut a deep cross into the wound. I found a piece of wire—God knows where—and with the aid of a soup ladle, managed to apply a tourniquet. I remember picking up a live coal from the charcoal bed, in my bare hands, and burning the wound till the coal grew cold. As I write, I can almost smell the burning flesh. It did not hurt; I was beyond feeling. I remember starting after the potash in the hut, crawling like the snake itself, for by that time my entire left side was paralyzed. Beyond that, I do not remember. My mind had ceased to function.

I awoke three days later fighting off somebody who was pouring a bitter liquid

down my throat. It was the doctor from Sandoway, forcing me to drink liquid quinine. I wonder now which was the worse, the snake bite or the quinine. Within ten days, however, I was as well as ever.

I heard an account of the last part of my "narrowest escape" from one of the British officials. My companions had returned about three hours after my encounter with the cobra. They found me naked and unconscious on the floor of the hut, grasping a bottle of potash. I had

knocked the medicine chest onto the floor from the table, and the bottles lay all around me. While one of the men removed the tourniquet from my leg, which was black from lack of blood, the other sent a native runner to Sandoway to get the doctor. Both worked for hours to restore the circulation that the twisted wire had held back so long. The doctor arrived twenty-four hours later, but there was nothing to do except to pour a three-year tropical supply of liquid quinine down my throat in ten days.



Grandmother's Iron

CLARIBEL LEE

Theme 10, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

MY MOTHER bought a new electric iron a few weeks ago. It is a modernistic affair, of severe lines and shining metal. As it sweeps majestically over the starched surfaces, its flat sides mirror cheerful but distorted reflections of the red geraniums and the colorful kitchen utensils. The handle is green—a shy, peaceful green that rests the eyes and matches the smug teakettle and the painted walls. At the back of the iron is an inconspicuous switch with which one operates the flow of current by simply moving one finger. The cord of this iron

is of spiral construction. It draws out of the way each time pressure on it is released, as a spring does. It is an iron characteristic of an age of great efficiency.

Before this iron entered the peaceful domain of our household, there was another iron. It was a stolid affair—stolid like the Pilgrim fathers. It was made of shining metal, but the sides were fat and bulged back from the tip like the sides of a plump pincushion. The handle was black, as was the straight, dangling cord that was always becoming twisted about

one's arm, or being scorched under the edge of the hot metal. Because it had no hand-switch, one had to walk two feet to the wall-switch in order to regulate the current. It was an iron with a sturdy grace, an easy elegance, and a cheerful efficiency. But it lacked the freedom of poise and motion, the freedom of the 1930's. So we were all rather glad when mother finally consigned it to the limbo of things to be forgotten and replaced it on the shelf with the green-handled iron.

I like to watch my mother iron. High-perched she sits on her green kitchen stool. The air is warm and sweet with the odors of good things. The red-headed geraniums nod and smile in the pool of sunshine which the window admits. Their reflections on the shining iron are but quivering blotches of red. The iron cord hovers expectantly in a gleaming spiral. Rapidly it elongates like a green serpent uncoiling and about to spring upon its prey. A rumpled linen towel is placed on the board. It comes off—a smooth, folded square of soft white. What a miracle! How fast Mother's hands move. What a joy it is to watch and ponder on the histories of irons, of "sealing wax, of cabbages, and kings. . . ."

Five years from now, the green-handled iron will have become an established addition to our household. Perhaps it will be wearing out, and Mother will be searching at the bargain counters for another. That is the way with irons, and with other products of this efficient age. They come. They go. And they are replaced by others of greater efficiency.

On the back of my grandfather's old-fashioned wood stove, there stands an iron which would cause this well-bred, green-handled iron of Mother's to turn up its aristocratic nose. It is a triangular object, much battered by time and toil,

and constructed of cast iron which, unprotected by nickel as it is, has become rusted and discolored. The high-arched handle of solid metal is twined about with carved sprays of roses. Carved rose-sprays on such a battered, discolored object!

This product of the late decades of the nineteenth century belonged to my grandmother. She was Arabelle Blackledge in her maiden days, a beautiful girl with a beautiful name. She was an adventurous woman with honest, gentle eyes that searched for the level plains and winding streams of the frontier. Not long before her marriage to Grandfather, the two of them went to a small town (the largest in the region) to select necessities for the home they planned to establish. Together they exclaimed over the iron bed in the greasy general store of the tiny, crossroads town. Together they pinched the "ticking" into which Arabelle would sew her carefully hoarded feathers. And together they selected the iron with which she would smooth the clothing. Arabelle hugged it! It was shining then. How pretty it would look on her stove!

How I should have enjoyed seeing her use it. I see her now in imagination, in a blue-and-white calico, her girlish curls falling down on her face as she irons her husband's coarse shirts. The iron becomes cool. She replaces it on the stove and stirs the fire. She does not grumble about her loss of time. She likes to work for her home. Later I see her smoothing children's rompers and baby's frilly robes. She sings! There is no wooden protector on the handle; so she uses a fragment of thick, dark cloth to protect her hard-working hand.

The years fly by. Grandmother is still using her iron with the carved handle, pressing a simple frock of dainty muslin for her oldest daughter, who is the belle

of the school-district. She irons shirts for her gangling sons. . . . Time passes. Grandmother and her lover are alone again, but she is still ironing in the old way.

My grandmother had gone away

fifteen years before I was born. I never knew her except through Grandfather, and her clumsy old sadiron. But it is strange to think that through the diverting currents of twenty-five years she used the same flatiron.

Our Household Pets and How They Trained Us

JOHN WALDO

Theme 17, Rhetoric I, 1932-33

MY FIRST memory of the regime of domineering pets in our household dates back to the time we owned chickens. At least we will assume that once in the far-distant past they had been chickens. I knew them not only as superannuated but as very dignified and important fowl. I presume there must have been some sacrificial rites in earlier years because of the disparity in numbers between the aged hens and their contemporary cocks. There was also a familiar occurrence at home which strengthens my belief. This performance began Thursday or Friday by some one suggesting in a joyful tone of voice, "Let's have chicken for Sunday." To this all gave enthusiastic assent. But mother would always qualify her consent by saying, "I want to go with you before you take any of those chickens; I want to see that you get the right one." Act second,—the whole family adjourned to the coop, where the occupants were reviewed in turn. "That biddy? Why, certainly not that one! That's the one that froze her toes last winter. You don't think you can have her after the way I took care of her, do you? And that is the rooster that Helen Morse gave me;

no, indeed, you may not have him. And that's the little chicken that got caught in the trap. . . ." And so forth and so on. Finally mother would decide we would have lamb that Sunday.

Thus the fowl grew older and older; the hens became emancipated, adopting the "single standard," and declared that if the roosters didn't lay, they wouldn't either. And they didn't! But as they all continued on strike, my little brother William and I did not have to look for eggs. Looking for eggs that were never laid was the method by which we were trained in the grand old virtues of patience and perseverance.

It is possible that our family might have added something valuable to the scientific knowledge of the world, if my mother had not died and if I had not been sent East to prep school. We might have been able to ascertain accurately the maximum age of the domestic fowl. With mother gone and with me not being at home, it was decided to give the whole flock away. And so our home for aged and decrepit fowl was broken up. The only other fowl we ever had were two ducks that had been given us for our Easter dinner. As soon as I saw them,

I elected myself their protector; consequently "Kate" and "Duplikate" died of old age.

I remember a Siamese kitten that mother brought me from Chicago. She presented him to me as Henry Pierpont, in honor of her friend, the judge, who gave her the pet. But Henry, like some people, could not endure his name. He was very quiet about it however, and made no fuss; he finally succeeded in getting it changed by presenting us with a family of five little kittens. Then we called him Julia, after the Judge's married daughter. Julia was a very selfish cat; she had convictions other than a mere choice of names. She became a suffragette. When her second family arrived, Julia demonstrated her emancipation. Her eldest son, Henry II, she trained to serve as nurse-maid, leaving her free to sleep in the armchair in the Garden Room, or stalk robins in the gardens as she chose. She condescended with a bored and reluctant air to feed her offspring, but that duty over, she stepped out of the box and poor Henry II had to take her place until next mealtime.

Eventually Henry had a younger brother, Simon Eyes by name, who, at a tender age, was adopted by a very fine teacher in our neighborhood. She was a rigid disciplinarian, and as Simon grew toward cat-hood, she came to mother, complaining that our Henry was demoralizing her cat. "My Simon," she said, "is a sweet, innocent cat, and I will not have Hank ruin him. He comes every night after dinner and entices Simon away from home and leads him into all sorts of bad company. I want you to keep your cat at home!" However, we were not as good disciplinarians as she, and she had to lock poor Simon in the garage. For a long time Hank, each night, would go down to call on his

brother, and a long conversation would ensue: "Oh, Simon," Hank would warble, "come on out; the moon is fine." Simon, from within, would wail, "I wished I could, but I can't. She's locked me in!" Followed a duet of yowls, and finally Hank would depart reluctantly to enjoy his night life alone.

Later in the cat dynasty of our family came Sally McGinty. Sally was a cat of parts and easily achieved our complete subjugation. She sometimes had trouble with insubordination in the kitchen. We once acquired a new cook, named Frances. One morning mother heard an unearthly yowl at the service door; she went to see what could be the matter. Sally crouched without, peering into the kitchen as though demons, at least, were inside; then with eyes like jade, she turned and scooted for the front door. Of course mother interviewed the cook. "Never did nothin' to her," Frances averred. "Now, Frances," mother said, "you know Sally always tells the truth." Again the cook denied knowing any reason why the cat should act as she had, but in answer to mother's doubtful look she admitted, "Well, I never took the broom to her but once." But once was plenty for Sally, and Frances' regime in the kitchen was brief.

Sally was a good mouser. She made the rounds of the neighborhood daily, going to the doors and asking to be let in. Our friends were always glad to see her and she had the run of the various houses, keeping them all free of rats and mice. Sally was also a good mother. There is an old saying that "practice makes perfect," and Sally had lots of practice in the fifteen years she lived with us. As she practiced successively on three or four groups of kittens a year, and as each group comprized four or five kittens, you can, if you are good in arith-

metic, determine just about how much practice Sally had at being a mother. But while Sally was a good parent, she had notions. She always liked a quiet, sequestered spot in which to rear her family. Once she chose a thirty-five dollar Fortnum and Mason hat of mother's for one litter of kittens. The hat had been left upside down in the hat box with the cover off; of course this was very careless of mother, but it was hard for me to convince her of her negligence. However, I pointed out that the event furnished her with a perfectly valid excuse for buying a new hat and thus the breach was healed. Another notion that Sally cherished was that we did not know how to discriminate in the choice of her young. In spite of all our desires to the contrary we could not flood the vicinity with cats; consequently the proverbial pail of water was in prominence whenever a batch of offspring appeared. Several times in disposing of the excess product we sacrificed her favorite kitten; the result was that we either hand-fed the remaining kitten or sent it to follow its fellows to a watery end.

But, nevertheless, Sally was a wonderful mother. She was unfortunately very

jealous. One little kitten, Cutie-Pie, early became a household favorite. Before his eyes were open, he knew my voice and, wobbling his head in my direction, would stagger forward on his weak little legs to greet me. When I would pick him up, he would cuddle down in the palm of my hand and sleep just as long as I would hold him. As he grew older, he followed me on my way to town, waiting for me in the last garden we passed and returning home with me. He was very fond of cream and got what he wanted by standing beside my chair at meals on his hind legs and daintily eating the cream from a spoon. The attendant glory was more than his mother could endure. Watching from her usual post in the library door, she, one day, rose and came to the side of the kitten, where she stood up on her hind legs and demanded cream out of a spoon. We had a double performance just as long as Cutie-Pie lived, but not a day longer!

Continually there were changes in our habits and in the customs of our family to suit the convenience of our pets. Thus, not unwillingly, we were gradually subjugated by our animals.



Never Turned a Feather

S. J. EWALD

Theme 13, Rhetoric 11, 1932-33

"OH, MISTER WORTZ," she called, as she reentered the dirty little store, "I forgot. Bob wants some cigarettes. Luckies will do." Mr. Wortz appeared from the rear of the store bearing a large scuttle of coal.

"Such weather as this is!" he exclaimed. "One day warm, next day cold." Placing the scuttle beside the little black stove, he picked up a large lump and tossed it in on the red coals. "Now, what was it you wanted?" he inquired, wiping his grimy hands on an equally grimy apron.

"A package of Lucky Strikes," she said. "I can't ever remember them, not using them myself."

Pulling a wood box from beneath the counter, he rummaged among a jumbled assortment of cigarettes to find the desired brand. He was a tall, well-made man, with big, red hands and thick wrists. His neck was thick and bound tightly around with a smudgy, once-white collar held together with a small, brass safety pin where there should have been a necktie. His eyes were round, pale blue,—simple eyes. A thin film of grayish grease covered his face; he had butchered a hog in the morning and had been rendering lard in a great, black kettle over a wood fire behind the store.

"Well-sir," he said as he searched for the cigarettes, "I s'pose it's all right fur a woman t'smoke, but I jest can't get

used to it. Other mornin', when I was apeddlin' pork, I went up on a front porch, and I kinda looked in the front door afore I rang, an' you know what I seen? There was the lady of the house sittin' there talkin' on the phone, and just asmoken' away on a cigarette, just like a man! An' she seen I seen her. Well," he went on, as though a little proud of his boldness, "I just went ahead an' rang the bell anyhow, and when she come to the door, do you know, she never turned a feather. No, sir, she never even turned a feather, an' she *seen* I seen her. But by the way she kinda held the cigarette down by her side, like this," and he demonstrated with his pencil, "I could tell she didn't feel s' easy inside, — I could tell. But I didn't say a thing about it. Sold her a half-a-dozen chops, too."

"Well, I guess I'll have to get out a new carton of those," he said to his customer who by this time was rather impatient, even though she had been interested in the story. Reaching up high for the new carton, he shook his head in contemplation of this thing he had seen. At last handing her the small green package, he added, "My brother says he'd throw out any woman that come into his house an' smoked a cigarette. But I don't know,—Yes, that's right, fifteen cents."

He looked questioningly after his hastily departing customer.

The Landlady

GEORGE TAWNEY

Theme 13, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

WE WERE sitting at the large square table back in the kitchen. It was a kitchen typical of the boarding house in the not-to-be-shown-to-visitors section of the large city, its atmosphere of hard work and poverty best made manifest by the many cigarette holes in the oil-cloth covering on the table. "We" were the landlady, whose name no one ever bothered to remember, Bob, who was my roommate, and myself. All was quiet for awhile, the three of us being content to finger absently the smooth, cold tins of beer before us and to lose ourselves in our own reflections. Bob and I were merely two more music students, even as most of the boarders there, but this tired old woman between us,—here was a character.

"Go get out three more bottles of beer, Bob," she said, breaking the silence which had become oppressive. This in itself was unusual; here we were, for no good reason at all, being offered free beer in abundant quantities, beer which usually cost us twenty-five cents a bottle. What had changed the old lady so tonight? Why was this hard, independent person, usually so dominant in her realm, so silent and meditative, and why, moreover, had she turned so unexpectedly generous? Her chin, usually thrust well forward, had relaxed; her mouth, usually tight-lipped with a down-at-the-corner slant, had become almost smiling; her hard, almost cruel eyes had softened, and had taken on a gentle appearance; even the sharp nose seemed to have be-

come less angular, and the wrinkles in the skin at her neck seemed to have disappeared.

"Yes sir, Jake," she always called me Jake, although no one else ever had, "I've had a hard life, seen lots of people, and haven't a whole lot to show for it I guess, but there's one thing I have got," this more strongly, "I've got my self-respect. I can tell the truth, and I know how to go to church and find peace there. That's more than a lot of folks do."

Here was a woman who could swear with the best of them, a common character, to see her on the street, revealing ideals and a moral make-up to us. After reflecting a bit on her words, I realized that she did go to church—regularly, and always treated her boarders fairly, even to nursing them and handing out free meals when they were ill.

"If I only had money," she went on, "I could've done lots of things. I've always wanted to write, but instead it's work, work, work, and I'm so tired working. Looky here." At this she arose, and from the inside of a large pan on the shelves she took a small notebook, finger-worn and old.

"Sometimes I just sorta feel like I gotta put things down,—you know, just things a person thinks about sometimes,—and that's what I keep that for," nodding towards the pad which by this time Bob was inspecting almost too eagerly.

"Care if I read a little out loud?" said Bob.

"No, go ahead."

He began to read from the first page, which contained a bit of poetry in two stanzas.

Dear God, I've tried so hard to live
According to the laws you give.
But I am wondering, right now,
If something isn't wrong somehow.

I've worked so hard and done so
much.—
It seems like now that I'm just such
A poor old woman growing old
That I might have a little gold.

In the ensuing silence I could hear the rattle of a streetcar outside. Bob turned the page. There followed a long passage, grammatically abominable of course, stated in rather too strong language for repetition here, but, in general, de-bunking divorce, society row at the opera, and "hypocrites who just go to church about once a year, which is Easter, because they want to show off their new clothes."

"Sure, I'd like to have all them clothes, and automobiles, and fancy houses with people to wait on you all

the time, but how? What chance have I got to make money? What chance have I got to do anything except make these fool beds every day and sweep this damn floor?"

"Well, maybe you're right," I said finally.

"Sure I'm right, and you're lucky you're young, you two. If I could only start in again," she mused, "I'd get a education,—do something important,—get rich too. If I only had time,—just a little more time."

She talked no more that night. Bob and I, embarrassed, finally withdrew to our room, leaving her brooding over the worn notebook.

"Gosh, wasn't that great, her showin' us that stuff she's written, and talkin' like that," I said to Bob later as we were preparing for bed.

"Boy, I'll say it was. I wonder what she would be like if she'd suddenly get all the money she wanted."

"Yeah, I wonder!"

I Receive a Gift

EDMUND A. REHWALD

Theme 16, (Impromptu), Rhetoric II, 1931-32

I WAS ABOUT twelve years of age, and for the last two years of my life I had passionately desired to own a bicycle. Many of my friends were already the proud possessors of such a vehicle, and still I was denied the pleasure of owning one, on the grounds that I was too small to ride well, that a bicycle was too dangerous for little boys, that there were lots of other boys who had to be content with walking, and so on *ad infinitum*.

In addition to the fact that I wanted a bicycle with all my heart, matters were made worse when a friend of mine was presented with a new one. I think that I should have bought one without my parent's permission if I had had the necessary funds. But, several years before, our church building had been destroyed by fire, and when the solicitors came to ask a subscription for a new building, I had contributed my entire fortune—twenty-five dollars.

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In the spring when I was twelve, however, I believe that I wholeheartedly regretted this gift to the Lord, inasmuch as the twenty-five dollars would have purchased a very presentable bicycle. I can well remember how I begged, and coaxed, and raved, but for all my threats my only reward was a good old-fashioned session with a willow branch. After such treatment, I tried different tactics. Instead of violent demonstrations, I assumed a meek and martyr-like expression, and even went so far as to abstain from all worldly pleasures.

Even these actions, however, had no effect on my parents, because, I suppose, they knew me too well. My grandfather, however, was touched by my pitiful appearance, and one time I heard him arguing with my parents that possibly a bicycle would do me more good than harm. My parents, however, were still convinced that a bicycle was not the best thing for me.

Matters went on like this for several

days until the next Sunday noon. Still living a very quiet and secluded life, I was in the living room, curled up in a large chair with a library book. Suddenly there was an argument on the porch. My grandfather's voice claimed that it wouldn't hurt anything, while my mother's said that it shouldn't have been done. Soon grandfather entered the room and to my utter consternation handed me a check for the amount which my favorite model would cost. Before I could even adequately thank him, he left, and upon his departure I experienced such joy that I burst into tears.

It is needless to say that I owned a bicycle as soon as it could be shipped from the factory. And many times after I had learned to ride well, I saw grandfather watch me with an amused twinkle in his eyes, and I believe that he got almost as much joy out of my happiness as I got out of owning the best bicycle in town.



Muskie

ROY S. PITKIN

Theme 17, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

"SAY, BOSS, this looks like a mighty good day for muskie. When the mist is slow to rise, like it is today, we almost always bring home a catch. And right over there, off the end of that point, is a spot where they are sure to bite. We'd better shut off the motor and bait the line."

The sharp-featured, bronzed guide was pointing with extended arm towards a small, heavily wooded jut of land pushing out from the irregular shore line. This was our second day of muskie fishing, and, as yet, we had experienced little luck. Two strikes had got away the day before; we hoped for better luck today. As we coasted along with silent motor, the early morning sounds came to us, and we listened. The rising, penetrating mist had hidden from view for a short while the magnificent pine forest which now seemed to be pressing in on us from all sides, with outstretched arms. The dark, deep, sinister, water spreading about us seemed to be waiting. The swish of a turtle as it slid into the water, startled from its resting place, sounded loud to our sensitive ears, until the crash of a large fish, breaking water not thirty feet from our boat, demonstrated to us how negligible the first sound had been. The ever-widening circles, caused by the disturbance, reached our boat and brought us out of our trance.

"Beautiful!" I exclaimed, turning toward my companion.

"Yes sir, and it's different every trip," he replied, reaching for the bait box. "I

think we'd better try this spinner first. There's a heavy bottom here, and it will flash just about right."

The guide handed me the bait, and, while I was preparing the pole, set about making the boat ready. If we were lucky enough to hook a good-sized muskie, and we were quite determined to do so, a gaff and a net would have to be handy. With everything in readiness, my companion started the motor, and we glided quietly along. My line was overboard, and the steady pull of the spinner told me that all was well.

After cruising about for a while, with no success, we decided to try another lure. By this time the sun was just rising, and the heavy mist had dispersed to such an extent that we could now look about us and truly appreciate the wild beauty of this secluded spot. The world was presenting a much brighter aspect, now that old "Sol" had put in his appearance. The deep bluish-green water with its many mysteries lost much of its sinister loneliness as life became more in evidence. The former death-like dreariness now gave way to full-throated happiness. An occasional bird swooped down on the water, to catch an unwary water bug, its wings just rippling the surface. Frogs and crickets croaked and chirped in an endless drone. The heavy dark shore line, with its outstretched arms, seemed to be drawing back again as though it realized how futile its old desire had been. Fish broke water all about us, but none were interested in our bait. The

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new lure we were now trying was called a "buck-tail" and of course we had fresh hopes of a strike. We soon discovered that the "buck-tail" was having a profound effect on the fish.

We were just opposite our selected jut of land when the first strike came. It was just barely noticeable, and at first I thought we had caught on to a snag. And then suddenly it struck! Wheeee!! The line streaked out from the reel as the terror-stricken fish strove to tear the barb loose. But his efforts were of no avail. He was securely hooked. The first time, and the only time, that the fish broke water is one which I'll never forget. The full length of him came into view as he leaped in a shower of spray. All the pent-up energy of this beautiful creature seemed to be released in that one magnificent jump. He shook from jaw to tail with the reckless fury of one fighting for his very life. After that one jump he settled down to a methodical battle with life or death as the stake.

Every fisherman knows that he must keep all the slack line taken up in a battle of this type, but this fish was determined to break all rules. He would fight twenty feet of line from the reel and then rest while I'd take it in again. Then he'd fight another length out and rest again. Of course that could not continue for a very long time. The fish was bound to lose out unless he did something drastic. On one occasion the slack line lasted a little

longer than usual, and I became wary. But our friend was only resting for his last attempt. The poor fellow's shining body came in sight of the boat before his final struggle commenced. And what a struggle it was! It started with a deep dive, the line screaming from the reel. Then suddenly, like a flash of light, he sped under the boat. I was just lucky enough to be ready and got the line around to the other side of the boat before he could saw it in two on the sharp keel. Foiled in his little trick he broke forth with fresh fury. He cut through the water this way and that, but I gave him little line and kept him close in. For almost five minutes this running fight kept up. Then suddenly it was over. The valiant creature was exhausted and lay limp. Slowly I drew him up to the boat until he was close enough to be gaffed. A few flips, and he lay still. All the fight was gone from this king of the deep water. Fully forty-five inches in length, he lay on the bottom, panting his last. Our battle had lasted nearly one minute for each inch of his length and I felt almost ashamed to take him. But my companion quickly chased any such thoughts from my mind.

"Say, Boss, that fellow will look mighty fine hanging over the fireplace back home. Aren't you kind of glad that the mist rose so slowly this morning?"



Why the Deer Has No Tail

MARJORIE EICHELSDOERFER

Theme 17, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

YEARS AGO, when the old world was much younger than it is today, and when the deer still had its tail, my great-great-great-great-great-grandfather was journeying on foot through what is now the Black Forest of Germany. Securely hidden in the lining of his coat was his entire fortune, save for a few marks he jingled in his pockets. Robbers were too thick for safe traveling at any time, and none were averse to slitting a traveler's throat for his money, if he would not give it up willingly.

But for once, my great-great-great-great-great-grandfather forgot his surroundings and imminent danger as he slowly followed the narrow path through the forest toward Helldorfer where my great-great-great-great-great-grandmother-to-be so faithfully waited for him. Five long years before, she had bade him "Glück auf" as he set out into the unknown world to seek his fortune. He could see her as she had been that last day,—her red provocative lips, her smiling mischievous eyes under long curly lashes, her dimpled rosy cheeks, her flaxen hair in long braids down her back, her supple form and dainty feet. Ach, how his Anneliese could dance and sing so that it set your heart a-pounding. And now, successful, he was returning to his "Liebchen." Now they could be married.—

"Hör' auf!" A harsh, guttural voice rasped across his consciousness and a

powerful hand seized him from behind.

"Such' ihn!" It was useless to struggle. To yell was even more futile. So great-great-great-great-great-grandfather swallowed his pride and yielded to necessity, ever watching his chance to escape. One brawny arm across his chest held him helpless, while a hand quickly ransacked his pockets. As it drew the few marks from his pocket, the grip loosened ever so slightly, and, with a jerk and a twist, very-great-grandfather was away. Like a flash he darted through the forest, he didn't know where, the robbers in hot pursuit.

He dashed headlong into a small grassy glade and hesitated a moment, debating which way to go. As if by chance, his eye was attracted to a barrel, much weather-stained by the elements, that stood upside down beneath a gnarled oak tree. Just the thing! It would at least furnish a few moments' respite. Ach, how he thanked the company that had left it there! Quickly he lifted it and crawled beneath, letting it settle down over his half crouching body. If he forced his head down against his knees a bit, he could see through the bunghole out over the open space into the forest. His heart pounded and he attempted to regain his breath and his equilibrium as he watched and waited for the thieves. He had scarcely settled himself before the two burly robbers crashed from the forest into the glade.

"Dies' Weg!" urged the leader.

"Ja, ja!" echoed the other.

They ran heavily past the barrel without even noticing its presence, so intent were they on the chase.

Great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather trembled in spite of himself as he thought of his fate if he were caught. For some time he crouched there until he was certain the robbers would not return. At last he could stretch his cramped legs.

Just then a deer stepped into the clearing, stood listening a moment, and then began to munch the tender shoots growing there. His sleek sides glistened and his long, thin tail ceaselessly switched at annoying insects. A splendid creature, truly. Now great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather had one fault—an insatiable curiosity. This time it seemed harmless enough for he wished only to see whether the deer would discover him there. So he settled himself to wait. All unaware, the deer slowly moved closer and closer to the barrel.

A sudden idea germinated in great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather's head, and he proceeded to put it to work. After much silent maneuvering, he finally managed to poke his fist through the unusually large bunghole. Patiently he awaited his chance. The deer was quite close now, and his active tail frequently swished across the barrel. For an instant, it was motionless before the hole, and in that instant, with the huge grin on his face, great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather seized the tail and pulled it through the hole. In that same instant, his grin disappeared, and he found himself frantically trying to get his footing as the frightened deer raced pell-mell through the forest, dragging after himself the bumping, bouncing barrel with very-great-grandfather's

two protruding legs now on the ground, now in the air.

Up hill, down hill, over vale and valley, over creeks, over logs, ran the terrified animal, trying to rid itself of that awful object clinging so tenaciously to its tail. What an object it was! It looked like a harmless enough barrel, but it had two feet. Never before had the deer seen such a monster. But that "thing" was obstinate, and my many-time-great-grandfather, now that he had got himself into this fix, only twisted the tail tighter around his hands and foolishly decided to be in at the finish, if he wasn't finished first. He couldn't see a thing; so he closed his eyes and prayed. Gott in Himmel! How he was jounced, and jolted, and knocked here, there, and everywhere! Bushes scratched his legs as he tore past them. Ach, every muscle and bone in his body ached, but he wouldn't let go. His curiosity was fully satisfied for once. Henceforth he wouldn't be so inquisitive. He'd let well enough alone. He'd mind his own business too.

He wondered if he would ever see Anneliese again. Would she miss him very much?

Gradually the frightened deer began to tire, to gasp for breath, but it forced its weary legs on. One last hope was offered now that the jolting, bouncing, and knocking had all failed. At the bottom of the wooded hill before him stood two old oaks grown so closely together that their trunks were separated by only a narrow space and their branches were interlaced. With one last effort, the winded animal gathered his waning strength and headed for the trees. On the other side was liberation, or—he didn't know. He only knew that he was exhausted. Straight between the trees he dashed, leaving a bit of skin behind. The

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barrel, caught sideways, stopped with a jolt. Poor great-great-great-great-great-grandfather! Something had to give. So the deer's long, thin tail parted near its origin. Great-great-great-great-great-grandfather was left holding not the bag, but the tail, and that is why, to this day, the deer has no tail to speak of.

If you don't believe this tale, that deer's tail has been handed down from generation to generation, and today

father uses it as a place-mark in a book of Baron Munchausen's tales.

Postscript—So far as I know, my father either made up this story himself or heard it from his father. This is one of the tales he used to tell us when we were children. I have never read a story similar to this in its solution, and I have never found anyone who has.

M. E.





THE GREEN CALDRO

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Rags, Old Iron, and Boxes

ALICE HUDELSON

Theme 2, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

“WAY BACK WHEN” there just must have been a junk dealer in our family. I am sure that the passion for saving useless knick-knacks can’t be all hobby in my case; there must be some ancestral urge. I know that both Mother and Dad have a faculty for picking up odds and ends and salting them away. Perhaps the “urge” dates even farther back than my parents, but I am most familiar with their “rags and old iron.”

Dad has always been quite a collector of “bargains” (anything he can afford is a bargain to him) and most of his purchases are tools, principally hammers, pliers, and saws. He has bought at least one of each for every member of the family down to second cousins twice removed. They aren’t nearly as beautiful as the armor in the Harding Museum in Chicago, but they are much more practical and much more valuable to Dad. He can’t be made to part with them. I remember that once I lost a pet hammer of his and replaced it with one almost identical, hoping the substitution wouldn’t be noticed. The next evening at supper Dad said, “Somehow the feel of my hammer isn’t the same.” What connoisseur could have been more discerning?

Mother, on the other hand, treasures the things that are rich with memories. Baby clothes, dress-up dresses, dolls, bits of jewelry, or locks of hair find their way back into a drawer or box, regardless

of how hard she has tried to throw them away. Each one has a story of its own. A few bring sadness, some bring amusement, but all are dear to her.

That sort of junk gathering seems to me at least worth while; not like mine, which is an unholy passion for boxes. I can find a warm spot in my heart for any kind—little ones, big ones, colored ones, or plain ones. For me a present never is a present unless it comes in a box. Just any kind of box is satisfactory, even a brown pasteboard one. I am especially fond of those tiny little jewelry boxes, the glossy white kind that are so rich and exciting looking. And how I love to get Christmas presents with all the rustle of bright tissue paper and lovely ribbons, and then a beloved box. I guess it must be the thought that something precious has been housed in the box that makes me want to keep it.

Even harboring boxes wouldn’t be so bad if I didn’t think it my duty to fill them up. I have heaps and heaps of—yes, junk, that I have even forgotten the reason for saving; it is all neatly placed in boxes and tucked away. Sometime I shall become impersonal and weed out such excess baggage. But until that time comes, I shall still have boxes. Mother and Dad have not yet outgrown their instinct for “collecting.” I wonder if our family is destined forever to be gatherers of rags, old iron, and boxes?

The Republican Party To-day

THEODORE LEE AGNEW, JR.

Impromptu Theme, Proficiency Examination, Rhetoric I, September, 1933

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY is at the crossroads. Will control remain in the hands of the Old Guard, or will a new organization of the younger men of the party grab the reins and save the remnants from total annihilation?

The Republican Party was formed in 1854 in Wisconsin and Michigan out of the remnants of the Anti-Slavery group of the Whigs, plus the Free-Soilers. Its cardinal principle was the abolition of slavery. In its second national election, 1860, its candidate, Abraham Lincoln, was elected because of a split in the ranks of the Democrats. A total of eleven Southern states, fearful of Lincoln's attitude towards slavery, seceded from the Union. Civil war followed, ending shortly after Lincoln's second inauguration. When he was assassinated, soon after, Andrew Johnson took the office of president. Johnson, an anti-slavery Democrat, tried to carry out Lincoln's liberal policy toward the reconstruction of the conquered South. Opposed at every turn by the Old Guard of the Republicans, he grew angry, fighting back at Congress, which put through a harsh reconstruction and delayed the progress of the South for fifty years. The Old Guard, after almost removing him from office, elected Grant, who, though friendly and honest personally, allowed the party bosses to run the government. The ensuing scandals almost elected a Democrat in 1876, but juggling of returns in carpetbag states turned the tide. The bosses refused to renominate men who acted in the public interest.

When the boss himself, Blaine, was nominated in 1884, the young party men, led by Theodore Roosevelt, revolted and helped elect the wise, liberal Democrat, Grover Cleveland. After one term, the Republican bosses returned to power but lost again in 1892. Depression and Mark Hanna elected William McKinley in 1896, although William Jennings Bryan and his free silver doctrine almost turned the tide. Theodore Roosevelt, shelved to the vice-presidency, assumed the presidency in 1901 and gave the country a vigorous administration. Refusing a third term (although it would have been only a second elected one) he secured the election of Taft, whose conservative tendencies alienated the Progressives. The party split in 1912, with Roosevelt at the head of the Progressives. Woodrow Wilson, liberal Democrat, was elected over the divided Republicans, winning also in 1916. Dissatisfaction in the country at large with the Wilson-backed Versailles Treaty, ending the World War, resulted in the election of a Republican in 1920. The death of T. Roosevelt the year before left the Old Guard in charge; Warren Harding was selected. He was a puppet, and the Old Guard ran the country. Harding's sudden death in 1923 elevated Calvin Coolidge to the presidency. Scandals connected with the Harding regime came out, causing the breaking of several of the Old Guard. Coolidge gave the country a prosperous administration, but refused to run in 1928. Herbert Hoover, not exactly welcomed by the bosses, was

nominated, and because the year was prosperous, he was elected. Depression came the next year. Hoover's inability to cope with the situation caused general unrest the country over. However, the Democratic Congress would not cooperate with him. The farmers, dissatisfied with low prices and the anti-farmer policy of the administration, flocked to the Democratic banner along with industrial workers, and elected the Democrat, Franklin D. Roosevelt. The Republicans were crushingly defeated. The Old Guard (Senators Watson, Smoot and Fess) were all defeated.

Now comes the question: will the Old guard still dictate the policies of the party? If they do, it will mean a long Democratic administration, because the people, captured by the magnetic liberalism of the President, will never sanction another Harding.

Will Hoover still retain his nominal

leadership? Certainly the people would never again support him, and anyway he would be sixty-two years old in 1936; the people want a younger man.

Or will the young men of the party (meaning the Liberals) capture the organization at the next convention? There will be no available material for candidates, because Democrats now sit in the Senate and in governors' chairs.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, in a speech just after the recent election, said that unless the young men captured the party organization and presented a liberal candidate with liberal views, the party would die much as the Whigs did after 1852. It is my opinion that the people of the nation as a whole agree with him. Certainly President Roosevelt, with the people behind him, could never be defeated by the Old Guard.

Therefore, let youth be served, and the Republican Party will be saved.

"So We Improved the Package"

BARBARA RUTH

Theme 1, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

YESTERDAY I ordered a bottle of olive oil. What the grocer sent me was undoubtedly a bottle of olive oil, but unless one were to examine it closely, one would take it for a very large bottle of French perfume, or a bottle of rare old liquor, or a fine example of Early American glassware.

It was not very long ago that you bought olive oil in a tin can. You bought olive oil, and olive oil was what you got. You did not require a container that was a work of art. But this bottle was so beautifully shaped, so handsomely made, and so feelingly designed, that I know I won't be able to force myself to throw it

away. I really ought to convert it into a lamp or a vase. And yet I shall, no doubt, buy more olive oil in time and so accumulate dozens of such bottles, and I can't have my house overrun with olive oil bottles.

The advertiser who said, "We couldn't improve the product, so we improved the package," certainly started something. Pantry shelves, once filled with homely and utilitarian boxes and cans, now look like Christmas display windows. Crackers come in boxes designed to express their individual personality. Olives, though they may last only an hour, come in lasting bottles reminiscent of the

beauty of old Spain. Vinegar bottles appear as rivals to the "Giftie Shoppee" vase.

I find that I am hoarding these bottles and boxes, along with fancy wrapping paper, jars, tins, and even string. I cannot persuade myself to part with them. When I have a house of my own, it will be decorated in what promises to be a new period—Modern Grocery and Department Store.

At the present, my carefully displayed ornaments attract the attention of those who like pretties. But those who know

their groceries deduce from the facts, my dear Watson, that my family is very fond of candied ginger and that we also like English marmalade.

All of these artistic aids to modern trade are worth an exhibition. Aside from the commercial value as nickel-catchers, many of these containers really have solid merit. I, for one, would enjoy attending a salon showing all the newest in soap wrappers, hat boxes, mayonnaise jars, cold cream jars, tea boxes, cookie tins, powder boxes, candy bags, and florist boxes. Wouldn't you?

Advertising at the Public's Expense

ADRIAN R. OLECK

Theme 4, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

VERY FEW PEOPLE realize what a large amount of money our manufacturers spend on advertising, and fewer realize that all this advertising is done at the expense of the public. Of course, the people do know that the purchase price of an article includes the proportional amount of money spent on that article for advertising, but the great difference between the cost of manufacture and the purchase price is something they know little about. For example, take Blisterub, that magic liquid which is now used to prevent halitosis, clean the teeth, protect the gums, get rid of dandruff, grow hair, and within the next few months will probably be found to be able to remove corns and cure Bright's disease. A small four-ounce bottle costs us twenty-five cents, and the cost of manufacture, bottle and all, is about one cent. A dentist I know once told me that he could make a bathtub full of Blisterub for fifteen cents. Naturally, the question in order is where the other

twenty-four cents goes. The answer is three cents profit for the druggist, two cents profit for the wholesaler, two cents profit for the manufacturer, and seventeen cents for advertising. From these figures we see that almost three-quarters of the purchase price is spent for advertising.

Another example is the Conneaut Fountain Pen. A few years ago the Conneaut Company turned down the offer of a certain rubber company to supply all the rubber parts of a pen for thirty-five cents. Nevertheless, figuring that the rubber parts do cost thirty-five cents, the cost of manufacture comes to one dollar and a half, because all the gold-plated metal work costs about a dollar and fifteen cents. This pen sells for seven dollars and fifty cents, and of this amount, about three dollars goes for advertising. And so, from these two illustrations, we can easily see why the advertising business is a profitable one, and that it profits at the expense of the public.

The Illinois Memorial Stadium

JOHN R. EDMONDS

Theme 4, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

FOR ME the Illinois Memorial Stadium carries many memories and associations which most students do not have. I have known the Stadium since its construction was begun. Since then I have climbed over its seats and in its ramps, exploring it, and I have sat on its hard seats through colorful football games.

I have a rather clear memory of the official opening of the construction work. One bright, clear day in the early 1920's my mother took me to see the first shovel of dirt turned over. At that time the place where the Stadium is now located was an open field covered with grass. When we arrived, a large crowd had gathered to hear the speeches and see the ceremonies. Of all this I remember only watching President Kinley dig a spade into the earth, turn over some ground, and throw some of it into a near-by wagon. As I recall, this ceremony took place on the northeast portion of the ground which was going to be excavated for the Stadium.

When the Stadium was being built, I was unable to watch much of the construction work. I suppose I was too small a boy to be turned loose around a place like that. I recall seeing the building once when it was only a mass of orange-colored steel framework. Later I saw it with part of the brick and cement work completed. During all of this construction work a switch from the Illinois Central ran across what is now the drill field to the unfinished Stadium

to carry in the building materials. Of this actual building I saw very little. Since then I have casually observed the erection of a tier of seats at the south end of the field and an electric scoreboard at the north end of the Stadium.

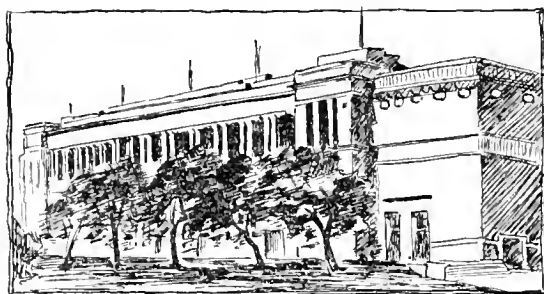
I was very fortunate in being able to see the Dedication—Homecoming game. Although the ceremonies before the game remain as a jumbled memory of speeches and prolonged yelling, the first part of the game stands out quite clearly in my mind. Michigan kicked off to Illinois; a little-known half-back on the Illinois team caught the ball and returned it for a touchdown. The way "Red" Grange twisted and dodged through the Michigan team, and the way Grange's interference functioned, held the crowd breathless. Grange made three more touchdowns in rapid succession and started himself and "77" on the road to football fame.

Since that first game I have been around the Stadium frequently. It is an interesting building to show to people who never visited Champaign or Urbana before. The view from the top of the balcony is an unusual one for this flat country. One summer we considered it great sport to ride our bicycles down the ramps in the end towers. The fun of it all was not to attain speed coming down, but to get our brakes so hot the grease would melt and run out onto the hub of the wheel. A sign which made this more interesting was the one which read, "Visitors welcome—boys keep

out." A few years later I went to the Stadium on the afternoons when games were played to secure an extra ticket from some kind-hearted person who was not using all of his tickets. It seemed that some people had more tickets than they needed. For the next few years I will go to the Stadium as a loyal Illini supporting the team.

Although I have known the Stadium for quite a while, its architecture continues to impress me. The massive piles

of steel and masonry bordering the playing field, the long sloping ramps, and the long rows of columns placed there as memorials to the Illinois men who were killed in the World War make the Stadium a unique and interesting building. At night the lighted columns cause it to stand out as a kind of landmark. The Memorial Stadium is a building which I like so much that it never grows commonplace to me.



Modern Design at the Fair

ROBERT PELATOWSKI

Theme 2, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

THE AMERICAN BUILDER has perfected a truly great style of architecture. Many noble modern masterpieces of stone pronounce upon him the exalted title of "Architect." And yet, the "progress" exhibited by the builders of the World's Fair would seem to imply that no style of architecture had been achieved in America prior to June, 1933, and that all our building has been done by incompetents.

This brazen affront to our great architects is displayed most shamefully in the attempts of the World's Fair builders in modern design; for in attempting to gain modern feeling, as they call it, they were forced to lay aside most of the

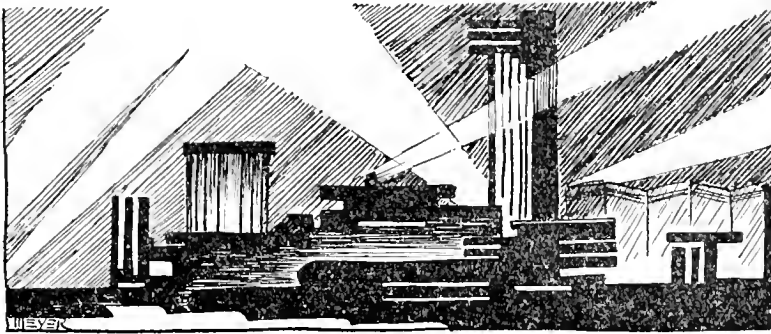
good, the true, and the beautiful in modern, as well as in ancient, architecture. They put aside true functional construction and drew from their weird fancies a fantastic and deceptive method. They delighted in supporting a seemingly heavy pile of tin upon apparently inadequate or no visible means of support. They considered utility as a secondary factor; as something which might be good to have, but not necessary enough to strive for. They considered natural form as absolutely *passé*; and they considered good form not at all. Yet their fantastic structures are set up as typical of modern architecture in America—as tributes and monuments to the sublime

memory of Goodhue and Pope! Such a supposition is nonsense, as much nonsense as it would be to compare an insane modern poet with Arnold, or a jazz composer with Beethoven.

The color scheme of the Fair buildings is as much an insult to American culture as it is to American art. To be sure, now and then a bright orange or a red mercifully lessens the effect of a frightful bit of sculpture; and, here and there, an azure blue splurge allows an unsightly tower to slink discreetly away into the sky. But, even so, these lucky accidents are not enough to compensate for the

terrific yellows, the crude greens, and the blacks, all of which are lavished at random upon every and any part of the buildings.

Of the other gaudy defects of the Fair buildings I shall not speak: they speak loud enough for themselves. I merely say that I am thankful that Goodhue and most of the other originators of the *truly* modern style of architecture are not living to-day, and that they are therefore safe from knowing how monstrous is the perversion of their great work.



The Plantation System of Farming

WILLIAM L. DUNN, JR.

Theme 6, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

THROUGHOUT EUROPE to-day the ruins of the old castles stand as constant reminders of the time when feudal lords ruled the land. High up on a mountain stood the great castle of the lord, and, clustered at the foot, were the rude huts of the villagers, serfs of these landowners. In return for the protection which he gave them and for the use of the land, they provided for him and his household, served in his army when his

castle was besieged or when he, himself, was the aggressor, and, possibly, even paid him money. It seems that the poor worker had little time to provide for himself and his family, for one serf exclaimed that three days had to be spent in tilling the master's land and three days in hunting and fishing for him, and that the other day belonged to the Lord.

All this service for his master obtained for him little freedom. Except

with the special permission of his lord, the serf was not allowed to leave his land and place himself under another landowner, but was required to till the same ground his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather had tilled. There was no opportunity for him to better his position, for he was born a serf, and he had to remain a serf.

Since travel at that time was neither easy nor safe, it was necessary that each estate be self-supporting. Every village had its smith who made the tools, its miller who ground the grain for the lord and the laborers, and its priest who was responsible for the religious services in the castle and, we may suppose, in the village as well. Contacts with the outside world were few, and, except for such articles as spices and sugar, all products necessary for food and clothing were grown on the estate.

This system has long since been discarded in Europe, but the idea did not die with the subjugation of the lords and the overthrow of feudalism. Even in our own country it took root, and, when the Dutch brought twenty African natives to America and sold them to the settlers, we find the beginning of an elaborate plantation system of farming with many of the characteristics of the feudal estates.

Probably the slave was in no worse position than the serf, for he was at least assured something to eat and something to wear, and he was not required to fight for his master in battle. Like the serf, however, he did not hold land, although some of the slaves were allowed to have money and a few personal belongings. One old negress tells that the master who owned her mother allowed his slaves to cut wood and take it to a nearby river to sell to passing steamers that they might earn a little money of

their own. Periodically clothes were issued to them, and food was provided from the plantation storehouse.

The slaves were the property of the master, and it was only through sale or trade between the owners that they were transferred from one plantation to another. Often they were taken to a nearby town and sold at public auction much as farm animals are sold today. Then they were carried away to new homes, new surroundings, and new associates to work for other masters.

The sale of the slaves and, of more importance, the sale of the crops were connecting links between the plantation and the outside world. The estate was, however, a complete community in itself. The cotton which furnished clothing for the master's family and his slaves was grown, ginned, spun, and woven into cloth on the farm. Those food crops to which the climate was suited were cultivated, harvested, and prepared for use at home. Lumber was sawed or hewn by the slaves, and bricks were made from nearby clay deposits if there were such on the plantation. The farm equipment was repaired by the plantation smith.

Such a community as this bore a striking resemblance to the old feudal estate in spite of the fact that it existed in a more enlightened age and in a new, democratic country. Now, both institutions have vanished, but the plan in a modified form still exists to-day in the plantation system in use in the South. Under this arrangement, the laborers, known as tenants or "share-croppers," work for themselves, renting land, equipment, and a house from the landlord, and giving half the crop in exchange. The workers are not bound to the land, and may move at will, except when under contract. Written contracts with

tenants are, however, seldom made, since when a tenant has moved into the cabin assigned to him and has begun work in preparation for a crop, he is regarded as under contract. If the worker should move without permission, such a contract is not enforced, for he must, of necessity, leave the crop which he has begun, and this can either be cultivated by the owner, himself, or be given to another tenant.

Since the South is especially adapted to the cultivation of cotton, this is the main crop grown on the plantations. Only small portions are reserved for hay, corn, and food products; hence, until recently corn meal was bought already ground, and peas, beans, and meat were purchased ready for use. The price of cotton was such that either the income of the laborer was sufficient to supply his needs, and he did not feel the necessity of saving what he could, or it would be more economical to plant cotton where the food products would be grown and buy his food, than to produce it himself. Since the drop in the price of cotton, however, many have begun to grow more of their own food, and to provide for themselves at home.

With all these other modifications in the original system, there has also been a great reduction in the size of the farms. Few plantations of to-day are as large as the pre-war estates; consequently, there are now only a small number of farm owners who employ their own smiths, carpenters, and mechanics. Thus depending on the outside world for food, clothing, and equipment, the modern plantation has become an intricate part of the economic structure of our country almost as truly as the factory.

Is it true, then, that this system is advantageous to the worker, himself? He indeed benefits by it. There is, how-

ever, one particular disadvantage that is worthy of notice. Some farm owners and operators are not honest in their dealings with their tenants. They require more than is their due, and, consequently, profit at the expense of the laborer, who is not in a position to force his landlord to deal honestly with him.

The advantages of this system do, however, outweigh its disadvantages, and it seems that this scheme is one of the best solutions to the problem of providing for the colored people of the South. When a tenant rents land for a year, the landlord agrees to lend him enough money during the months of March, April, May, June, and July to provide a living for him and his family. In August and September, the laborer can usually work by the day and earn enough to live upon, or, if he cannot, he will be loaned additional money by his landlord. By October, usually, some of the crop has been sold, and the tenant has money of his own. After his debts are paid, the remainder of the money should provide a living for him and his family until the next March. If it does not, he may be able to work by the day again, or he may, possibly, persuade his landlord to lend him some money before the next March. Under this plan he is assured a means of support, for a portion of the responsibility of providing for him is shifted to the farm owner.

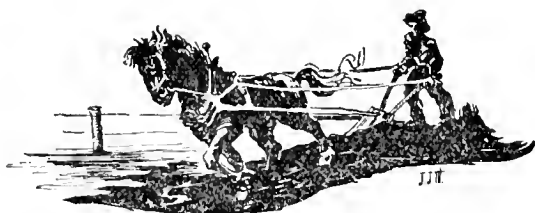
In addition to being assured a means of livelihood, the tenant uses his landlord's equipment, which is ordinarily much better than he could provide for himself. Then too, he has the advantage of obtaining the advice of the farm owner as to how the crops should be cultivated and the land cared for. Most of the owners are far ahead of the laborers in agricultural knowledge.

The last of the important advantages

of this system to the worker is the shifting of the responsibility of the sale of the crop from him to the farm owner. This may seem insignificant, but in view of the general lack of business ability among the colored people, it becomes a matter of major consideration. The laborer is protected from the shrewd buyer who might take advantage of him, but who, more probably, could not cheat the business-like farm owner.

With conditions among the farm laborers as they are to-day, we see that,

though the plantation system existed in various forms for centuries, it has now developed into a more logical system with consideration for the laborer rather than for the owner alone. All through the South, the little houses of the tenants and the plantation homes of the owners dot the farms. They are the hovels of the villagers and the castles of the lords; they are the cabins of the slaves and the mansions of the Southern aristocrats—all adapted to a more enlightened and humanitarian age.



The New Movement in Staging

MARGUERITE DOLCH

Theme 11, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

AN EXPENSIVE and elaborate stage production of *Ben Hur* toured the country some time ago. The crisis of the story is a chariot race in which the hero, Ben Hur, wrecks the chariot of the villain, Massela, and cripples him for life. This episode worked out in the movies very effectively, but on the stage it was positively ridiculous. The stagecraftsmen could not show six chariots racing on the stage with the whole amphitheatre cheering them on; so they placed two chariots on the stage with real horses and a revolving panorama behind them. The audience was per-

fectly aware that the chariots were standing still, and that even though the riders were wildly gesticulating and the scenery behind them was moving, the whole thing was staged.

It was an example of the inadequacy of realistic or naturalistic staging, which, though it is called the old type of staging, is still used to-day. It grew out of the realistic movement in play writing, which strove to portray life as it really is. The purpose of realistic staging as a consequence was to imitate as perfectly as possible scenes from life. If a garden was the setting of a play, stage

craftsmen laboriously painted flowers, foliage, and trees. Of course it did not look like a real garden. How could it? It was only a pretty painting of a garden. Stage craftsmen even tried to paint marble columns and ocean waves. If the huge-columned porch of a Southern plantation manor were required, the old time stage craftsmen took their tools and with a great deal of effort constructed the whole thing. They would even surround it with their best imitation of willow trees and magnolia. This type of scenery was very expensive to make, and very cumbersome to handle in changing scenes. It was often a failure because there are many settings, such as mountain sides, forests, churches, and palaces, that can not be copied successfully for the stage; yet they have all been tried with much labor and expense. Is realistic staging worth the trouble? The test for it and all staging is: Does it aid or hinder the play and the acting?

Advocates of the new movement in staging say that realistic staging hinders. They have a new principle for staging, altogether different from that of realistic or naturalistic staging. Max Rinehardt expresses this principle very well: "The play is the thing—and the setting is merely a background or frame." Advocates of the new movement believe that scenery and lighting should not distract from the play but should further the effect that the playwright intended and concentrate attention on the action. Therefore, staging should have these four qualities: unobtrusiveness, simplicity, harmony, and suggestion. Each quality plays its part in making the setting of a play a background to the acting and an aid to the emotional appeal that every good play has.

Elaborately painted scenes and a multitude of details certainly do not make

settings unobtrusive. In fact almost all of the characteristics of realistic scenery should be avoided because they attract attention away from the actors. Doorways should not reveal other furnished rooms, and windows should not open on detailed street scenes or landscapes. The eccentric and extremely odd scenery that has been made possible by the mechanical advance in the theatre is even more obtrusive and distracting than realistic scenery. Simplicity in staging is a very important method of making a setting the background of a play, although it must not be so simple that it attracts attention to its bareness. Wall spaces should be in unbroken masses as far as possible so that the actors stand out clearly. Every unessential piece of furniture should be discarded. Also, if there is simplicity of line and mass in scenery, it will produce one dominant effect. Overdone detail weakens the effect of a setting as can be seen in the settings of David Belasco. One of his scenes, a Child's restaurant, was such an exact reproduction of the real thing that it attracted more attention than the play. Harmony as well as simplicity in settings is not necessarily found in realistic staging such as David Belasco's, for harmony is attained by perfect taste in the arrangement and proportion of the scenery. Perfect taste in a setting will satisfy the audience perhaps unconsciously and will make the setting unobtrusive just as simplicity and suggestion will make it unobtrusive. These qualities all work together to make a setting a good background for a play.

Suggestion is the most subtle of these qualities and the hardest to attain. It is the most interesting aspect of the new movement in staging. Advocates of this movement believe that staging should suggest the mood or underlying spirit of

the play. As soon as the curtain rises, the scenery ought to make the audience sense whether the play is a tragedy or a comedy; "a severe lesson in life or an intimate picture of domestic happiness." If a setting is on a large scale, it suggests tragedy, while one on a "cottage scale" suggests intimacy. Long, straight, and upright lines in a setting suggest majesty or even severity, while accentuated horizontal lines carry a feeling of restfulness.

Lighting has come to play a very important part in suggestive staging, because colors suggest atmosphere. In *The Enchanted Cottage*, recently produced, colors were also used to symbolize emotions and ideas, warm amber for friendship, lavender for affection, and deep blue for eternal truth. When the play opened, a spirit of unrest was suggested by a diffusion of red and green that produced a sickly color. In the dream scene, blue moonlight was used for the fairies, green for the brownies, and red for the witches. At the end of the play, one was made aware of the spirit of calm and acquiescence in the two lovers as they sat together, lighted only by the glow from the fire-place. The same qualities of good staging, unobtrusiveness, harmony, simplicity, and suggestion, that apply to scenery are very important in lighting, especially the quality of unobtrusiveness. Lighting effects that are good assist the play, and that means they should not attract attention to their own brilliancy. Changes in coloring should be so gradual that they are not noticed by the audience. A sunset that is of too gorgeous a coloring will call attention to itself. The effect of storm clouds projected by a lighting device nearly always distracts the attention of the spectator. Lighting effects of blue and purple that make the actor

hardly visible are just as bad as too brilliant lighting.

Let us see how the new stage craftsman uses the principles of good staging in lighting effects and scenery. He would suggest a cathedral exterior by a single heavy pillar, a huge pointed arch, and a standard holding a number of candles. The background would be nothing but mysterious and obscure darkness. The figures would be grouped around the pillar with light concentrated on them. The only other light on the stage would be from the flickering candles. This simple treatment of the scene would suggest the majesty and solemnity of a cathedral. The average stage craftsman would try to paint the whole façade of a cathedral and perhaps show a street leading away with perspective in the background. The effect would be very poor, for a cathedral as well as a mountain side is impossible to reproduce naturalistically. A throne room, palace chamber, or banquet room (all very hard to reproduce realistically with gild and marble) need only have a background of heavy hangings and a pillar on each side against which the figures and a few pieces of furniture will stand out clearly. There need be no attempt at historical accuracy, but just a selection of the details that *most* suggest wealth and grandeur.

In the same way can scenes be suggested in Shakespearean plays. There really should be no question as to which is better for the staging of Shakespeare—realistic or suggestive staging. In the first place, elaborate settings are impossible because Shakespeare did not adhere to the three unities, time, place, and action. A play that takes place altogether in a drawing room can easily be done in realistic staging, but Shakespearean plays sometimes shift their set-

ting from a castle to the deck of a sailing ship. Shakespeare wrote for a stage that had practically no scenery; so he had the characters in the play describe the settings in order to help the audience imagine them. There is no need for detailed settings of castles, battlefields, or forests that would be a great deal of trouble and expense to reproduce, and that would require much time between acts and scenes for stage hands to set up. Moreover, if a production were made with realistic scenery, many descriptive lines impossible to translate into a painted setting would have to be taken out, and "never should Shakespeare be cut in the interest of scenery." All in all, suggestion in the staging of Shakespeare is better than realism, because it is "simpler, cheaper, quicker, and above all more effective."

Suggestive staging worked out in actual productions of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* will illustrate the arguments that suggestion is simpler, cheaper, quicker, and more effective than realism in Shakespearean plays. Norman Bel Geddes designed the scenes of *Hamlet* as produced by the Lakewood Players at Showhegan, Maine, so that there would be practically no time for changing scenes. His stage was constructed in a series of platforms that could be used successively. No change, therefore, was necessary other than adding a few portable objects such as draperies, standards of candles, and benches. In fact it was the lighting that played the most important part in the changing of scenes. A cold blue light was used to suggest the night in the scene on the parapet, and a warm light to suggest the interior of the palace in the player's scene. The lighting in Gordon Craig's production of *Macbeth* also played a very important

part. Red light was used in almost every scene to suggest murder and tragedy. Gordon Craig describes his scene of Duncan and his court as being an "abstract showing kingship, the essence of power, and the glory of being king." The interior of Macbeth's castle was all angular, and a number of screens were lighted up in such a way that they cast shadows. Gordon Craig says that "shadows are ominous and there is something fearful about angles." In his designs for *Macbeth*, he strives always to make the audience sense the tragedy of the play either consciously or unconsciously. Douglas Ross thus describes Gordon Craig's design for the last scene: "The battle scene—and the finale—shows the wreckage after the storm with Macbeth and his burnt-up ambitions a heap of human ashes." This, though rather exaggerated, shows how the modern stage designers of the new movement in staging try to suggest the mood and thought behind a play, whether it is Shakespearean or modern.

Gordon Craig was the first of the pioneers in the movement, but none of his work in staging except for *Macbeth* has been seen in America. Since 1900, he has shown by actual experiment and in his writings the futility of naturalistic setting and the value of suggestion. Max Reinhardt is the best known of the "secessionists" from the regular theatre, and has shown that the realistic setting is not a help but a hindrance to the realistic play. George Fuchs, another reformer, has made great progress in German theatres, which are said by Sheldon Cheney to be twenty years ahead of those in America and England. In fact all European countries, especially Russia, are doing much more than the United States with the new stage craft.

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In the United States, it is found mostly in the experiments of "toy theatres" and universities.

What the students see in the staging of plays in the University of Illinois is a very good example of the new stage craft. Perhaps they do not realize how

a play can be spoiled by realistic scenery with elaborate and distracting landscapes. Such scenery is not in accord with the principle of good staging as Max Reinhardt states it: "The play is the thing—and the setting is merely a background or frame."

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The Old French Market of New Orleans

IRMA McMILLAN

Theme 13, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

THE CATHEDRAL BELLS are just ringing six o'clock as we pass by the church door. The solemn Sunday morning calm rules the surrounding area. I have been up since five o'clock, and though I am only eight years old, I am not the least bit sleepy. My eager feet trip lightly along the cobble-stones, and my little hand clutches more tightly that of my grandmother. I am near the old French Market for the first time, and I see this old picturesque market still just as it was in my grandmother's childhood.

As we approach nearer, I see a long open building which resembles the pavilions of Milneburg, Louisiana, not quite as wide but very much longer. It

is covered by a squat slate roof supported by large brick pillars. Crowds of men and women representing many races and many classes are standing in groups on the curb. Many more are pouring into the market. Wagons loaded with vegetables and fruits stand near the curb. Men chattering in French, Spanish, and Italian are pushing their way with their unloaded produce through the crowds to enter the market.

Passing under the overhanging roof, my grandmother and I enter the market. Curiously, I look about me, to the east, to the west, to the north, to the south. I see rows and rows of stalls glowing with colors. With our baskets on our arms, we join the moving crowd making its way through the market.

I no longer hold my grandmother's hand, but trot eagerly at her heels. On either side of the section through which we are now passing, piled in the compartments of the stalls, are vegetables of every kind peculiar to our city. Beautifully colored fruits, artistically arranged, fill many of the trays. Baskets loaded with red and green peppers, with garlic, and with large red onions stand near the openings. Chattering men and women stand around the stalls, rubbing their hands together when they are not busy and calling to the moving throng, "Nice vegetables, madam; nice fruit, ma'm'selle. Will you buy?"

After a short while, we stop in front of one of the stalls. An old French woman greets my grandmother. They are old friends. My grandmother bickers and bargains with her in a friendly fashion while buying some vegetables, which she allows me to put in my basket. Our marketing has begun. My grandmother knows where the best is to be had. Though this stall has remarkable celery, parsley, and thyme, its green peppers are not so fresh and the fruit there is too dear. Thus we continue our journey through the section, stopping here, stopping there, until we have all the vegetables and fruits that we wish, and more besides.

Pushing our way through the wandering mass of men, women, and children, we cross a short passageway and enter the meat-market. Here I see, hanging on the pegs of the meat-stalls, slabs of bloody beef and veal, furry rabbits, and sides of mutton. Butchers with white aprons splotted with blood, are slicing, cutting, and chopping meat. Some are calling to one another in a hearty and cheerful voice; others are humming French and Italian airs. We walk on for some time. Finally, my grandmother

and I come to her favorite butcher, and there, as before, in a personal and friendly manner, she makes her purchases.

Our marketing, however, is not complete. We are to have "gumbo" for dinner; so we journey towards the fish-section. As we enter this section, I gaze with amazement. Never have I seen so many fish at one time, in all my life. There are fish on pegs, fish in baskets, fish on the tables, fish everywhere, it seems to me. Large baskets filled with crawling blue and green crabs are so scattered over the floor that one has to be careful not to stumble over them. Some of the crabs have jumped out of a basket and now move about on the floor. We pass around them. A boy runs over with his tongs, catches them up, and throws them back into the basket. Beautiful, firm pink shrimp lie in compartments into which small particles of ice have been dropped.

We pass many such stalls. They all look alike to me, but not so, apparently, to my grandmother, for she resolutely walks onward, with me following her, until she reaches a certain fish-stand, and there she buys her fish. Live, long-clawed crabs, large fresh shrimp, and a big shining red fish make up the list. The crabs are put into a bag by themselves with some moss. The other fish are wrapped together.

Our marketing is done. We pass out to the "banquette," make our way through the flower-market, and cross the street.

This old French Market is no more. A new one has taken its place. This is now a sedate structure of steel and stone, enclosed, screened, and modern in every way. It is no longer unsanitary; neither is it unique and picturesque as it once was.

My Trees

LOUISE TRIMBLE

Theme 4, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

I HAVE TWO TREES—not literally, of course, but I consider them as mine. They stand side by side in a broad field, like a Japanese print. They are tall and straight with crooked branches which are almost identical in shape and size. The foliage is not thick, and the semi-bare branches make patterns on the sky.

The trees stand close together, calm and, it seems to me, proud. I have never seen them in a storm, but I believe they would have that remote, untouchable air even when bent and tossed by a great wind.

My trees fascinate me. I have never missed looking at them when I drive along the road. They are especially beautiful on warm summer evenings with a pastel sky behind them. They are equally as lovely on a winter evening when the black, bare branches are silhouetted on a grey background. Their beauty in the rain has made me catch my breath, and I have been pleased when I saw them drenched in sunlight. Then, I have seen them in warm, orange

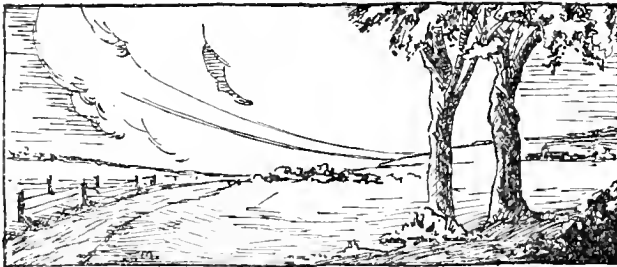
moonlight and in bright, cold moonlight and have been unable to say which was the more enchanting.

For a long time, I did not want to know what kind of trees they were. I was content to have them be my trees, set off from other trees. However, curiosity overcame me, as it usually does, and I made an examination. They were persimmon trees, loaded with fruit; but around the trunk of each tree curled poison ivy vines in profusion. I was reminded of the tree, guarded by the dragon, where grew the three golden apples.

It is queer, but I have thought of these trees for so long that they have developed a definite personality. I say to friends, "Come look at my trees!"

When they see them, they say, "Yes, aren't they beautiful."

That is all, but when I look at them, I see more than their beauty. I see that they are alive and strange, and that they have an atmosphere about them that few can penetrate.



Things I Could Do Without

GRACE LIESENDAHL

Theme 4, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

GENERALLY, I am a person of rather mild disposition, but I can be stirred to fiery eloquence by the mere mention of one of my three pet peeves: affected women, buttered beets, and Rusk O'Dair.

To have to associate continually with an affected woman is about the most annoying thing there is. When I say affected, I mean it in the sense of burying one's real personality so deeply under false pretenses and mannerism that one becomes a ridiculous, puppet-like sham. The difficult part of the matter is that frequently we cannot avoid these creatures, and are forced to associate with them in business or school. This type of woman is usually an inferior person who realizes her inferiority. She seeks to hide it by adopting various mannerisms, such as an Oxford accent, a gushing manner, a queer walk, a dramatic air, or, horror of horrors, baby talk.

Affected people tend to shake my faith

in human nature—and so do buttered beets. Why someone saw fit to raise the humble beet to the rôle of a great table delicacy is something I never shall understand. Mother has always apologized for this dish by saying, "Now, dear, you know it's good for you." But that never made me like buttered beets any better.

Both of these are bad, but Rusk O'Dair is worse. His attempt to be a "little ray of sunshine" is pitiful, and the sound of his "Ladies and gentlemen, whatever you may be doing, we hope that you are happy," makes me want to weep. There is no connection between modern dance music and such "sunshine philosophy," and no attempt should be made to join them.

My idea of the most miserable position imaginable would be listening to Rusk O'Dair broadcast while eating buttered beets in the company of an affected woman.

The Road to Monterey

WILLIAM ELLSBERRY

Theme 4, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

THE HIGHWAY which lies between Nueva Laredo and Monterey is perhaps the most scenic road of the continent. It stretches over the mesquite wastes of the Rio Grande; it winds through the foothills of the Rockies and on up into the mountains, and then

glides much as a hawk would swoop toward its prey into the outskirts of the most picturesque city in Mexico, Monterey.

The desolate region along the Rio Grande is covered almost entirely by mesquite and sage brush. It is extremely

dry and dusty. It abounds with various forms of wild life that inhabit dry places. Scorpions grow to an astounding size, lizards crawl lazily across the road, and coyotes cough noisily. Occasionally a cougar is seen slinking back into the recesses of the brush. The land presents an aspect of danger and hardships; yet it is very interesting, and in a way fascinating.

As one drives on for a few hours, he begins to notice a change in the country. The land is more rolling, and various types of small palms replace the dried and withered mesquite. In the distance the grayish forms of mountains appear, and in a short time the road begins to ascend at a noticeable angle. The air grows cooler, and a moist freshness takes the place of the dry desert heat. The snow-clad peaks seem to emanate a clear,

clean atmosphere which stimulates the senses and instills a feeling of vigor into the system.

As the road winds on over the peaks and across the canyons, the mountains seem to diminish in size and to lose their prominence. An urban atmosphere is experienced, and in the distance the spires of Monterey can be seen. The thread-like highway glides down a gentle incline for a distance of about ten miles, and then widens and blends into the maze of the city's streets.

The traveler looks through the rear window of his car at the road over which he has just ridden. He realizes how appalling is its beauty, and he congratulates himself for having seen it. He realizes that he now has something of which to be proud: he has seen the Road to Monterey.



The Night Watch

REGINA LEWIS

Theme 13, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

IT WAS MIDNIGHT when the new shift went on duty. From the coffee-shed, one could see through the fog and rain a huddled mass of men whose lanterns sent eerie beams into the blackness

of the night. The flashing signal light disclosed the ledge of sand-bags piled along the levee. Beyond that gray mass of soggy sand and canvas was the gray river, washing against the bank. The

swish of the waves and the hoarse cries of the men were almost drowned by the steady, relentless beat of the rain on the window.

The town lay to the east. The lighted windows sent forth timid gleams, like the faint hope in the hearts of those waiting alone. Then the fog hid everything from view.

At four o'clock, the darkness began to fade into a murky gray. Everything was gray—the sky, the river, the men, the earth, the houses in the distance—a cold, wet gray. The men came tramping into the shed for coffee. Their garments were drenched, and their shoes slushed with

every step. A dog which had followed the men into the warm room shook itself near the stove. The water sizzled as it sprayed against the hot iron before it evaporated. One man fell asleep on his bench, and a stream of water trickled from his curved helmet, dropping into the untouched coffee on the table. The dank smell of wet leather filled the room.

One of the men arose.

"Another hour and we'll be safe," he remarked, opening the shed door. The men filed out silently after him. The dog turned in its warm place by the stove, blinked, and closed its eyes.

The Rising Sun

WALTER DRAPER

Theme 11, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

WELL UP on the east shore of Lake Michigan lies, tucked away in the hills, a sleepy little fishing village. There was a time when this community knew or cared little for the outside world, and in the wintertime it was entirely cut off from it. Civilization has, unfortunately, in the past few years encroached upon this picturesque spot, and a fine, new concrete highway has brought thousands of tourists. The older fisher folk resent this encroachment, as it is driving out their old customs and rendering their long-held beliefs precariously unsteady. There is one old tale, however, that may still be heard from the lips of those who earnestly believe it.

One time ever so long ago, in the 'fifties to be exact, there sailed upon the lake a very strange ship with an even

stranger crew. The great religious cult of Benton Harbor, The House of David, operated a large but aged schooner which, with her bewhiskered crew, caused a great deal of awe among seafarers. The *Rising Sun* stole solemnly from port to port carrying cargoes of all kinds. One chilly, drizzly night during the autumnal equinox, the *Rising Sun* pushed her gloomy bow northward into a stiff and freshening wind. With every heave she sang a song of creaks and groans. The bearded crew went about their work without a word to one another, but each one hummed a weird chant. Four bells struck on the evening watch, and the man at the wheel reported all well. In those days lighthouses were scarce, and much depended upon the mariners' skill. Late in the evening watch

the schooner had passed the Sleeping Bear point and was pounding up through the Manitow straits when she shoved hard on a sandbar. The frame shuddered and shook as the pounding seas began to dismember the ship. What happened to the crew has never been learned, but the ship still hangs, wrecked, on the sandbar. Now every year when the fall equinox sends driving rains and high seas down from the north, the crew of the *Rising Sun* come back to rescue their ship.

One of the younger generation so doubted this story as to venture out on one of those stormy fall nights. He slipped along the beach in the driving rain and soon arrived at a point where, by the flashes of lightning, he could see the battered *Rising Sun*. He huddled, shivering, between two trees that af-

forded a scant shelter. All at once, he spied numerous moving objects on the wreck. Tall, gaunt, and ghastly they were as they became visible in the lightning. Their beards glistened white with spray and their faces presented a most formidable appearance. They sang a weird chant as they worked feverishly around an old rusty capstan. The chanting grew louder and louder until the youth, terror-stricken, ran to town as fast as he could.

He recounted to a weather-beaten fisherman of the old school what he had seen. They returned, next day, to find the wreck twenty feet nearer the deep water than she had been the day before.

"They'll get her yet," drawled the old sailor.



Polly

ROBERTA ELVIS

Theme 17, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

POLLY awkwardly clambered to the top of the silo. The suffocating odor of damp, mouldy silage escaped from the cracks around the sealed doors, and seemingly clung to the cobwebbed cement walls encircling the shaft through which Polly had come. The silage was still high enough for her to see over the rounded

edge of the tall, regally straight, cement silo. As she gazed off into space, she rubbed her eyes and noticed for the first time since once last spring that the world was really beautiful at four in the morning.

It was one of God's dawns. The sun seemed to be a colorful trumpet blaring

its challenge to the sleepy world. The air was dripping with the thick, sweet smell of millions of late summer's most beautiful flowers. Polly picked up a small bit of a stalk of corn. Why should it be called silage? What was silage? Who thought of that word anyway? Maybe being silage was—to corn—the same as being dead—to us. Wonder what Dad and Mother would do if she, Polly, fell off the silo and died? Her mother, she thought, would cry all morning, then go around for the next week with her eyes all swollen, her nose needing the application of her handkerchief every few minutes, and her face bearing an extra-solemn-Sunday expression. Her dad's face would become grimly defiant, and he would have to grit his teeth to keep from saying anything. Corn went to such a nice, sweet heaven—if this was the corn's heaven. Before the corn was cut for silage, the stiff stalks had looked like a regiment of strictly trained soldiers being reviewed by her dad. She stood, her thoughts going in immense, queer circles until, glancing toward the south, she saw Miles coming to do his early morning work at their house.

She would have fun teasing Miles this morning. He was quite late—for the first time since he had been working there. She would be able to laugh and say that she got there first that morning. She hurried down the slippery, cold rungs of the steel ladder which were fastened into the cement of the walls. Jack, her younger brother, had just come from the house—he had seen Miles, too. Polly vaguely wondered why she couldn't help wishing that Jack hadn't come just yet. She liked to talk to Miles, too. Probably too much—that was what her mother had said once when she got up in a rush and ran to meet him. She was easily hurt by Miles. When he didn't

give her his complete attention, he made her extremely jealous. Jack was yelling at Miles.

"How're ya this grand morning? Boy, it's swell, isn't it? Hey, Polly, come help me get this crazy cow back into its stall!"

"Hello, Jack; where's Polly? She must be sleepy this morning." It was about time for her to make her entrance, she thought. Should she go to meet Miles and tell him that she had been up since a quarter till four, or should she help Jack put the cow back in its stall? Miles won preference, as she knew he would.

"Polly!" Jack was calling her from over by Pet's stall.

"What do you want now?" Polly was becoming disgusted; after all, Miles was there and was very much interested in her that morning.

"Let's go for a ride before breakfast. We have plenty of time. Miles won't mind if you're gone for just a minute or two." The suggestion was made so invitingly and was so tinged with sarcasm that she decided to go along with him in order to avoid further comment. Her mother was hardly in favor of her getting up at daybreak and staying out at the barn all morning anyway, with "all that hired help hanging around."

Pet, their riding horse, was easily and quickly saddled. Jack, as a matter of courtesy, politely offered the first ride to Polly—perhaps to appease her already none-too-pleasant disposition. She jumped on with the ease and grace of most tomboys and started off down the road to the corner agreed upon as their limit. She slowly and gradually increased Pet's gait from a perfect trot to a more comfortable pace; then at last she reached her favorite gait, which was a fast lope. Polly quickly forgot about Miles, who was busily finishing the milking. She relaxed, loosened her hold on

the reins, and prepared to enjoy every inch of that ride.

She returned slowly—hoping that Jack would be disgusted at having had to wait. She couldn't find Jack anywhere and, after searching through the barn and surrounding sheds, she went in the house for breakfast. Miles and Jack were practically through eating. Polly slid into her chair and bent hungrily over her fast-cooling breakfast. Her dad smiled knowingly at her—probably Jack had told him by now how he had ditched her.

"Well, Polly, I suppose you know all about the new family moving in onto the old York place?"

Strange as it may seem, Polly knew nothing about them.

Miles glanced up and winked; he was making queer motions with his hands and eyes. Everything seemed so mysterious and yet funny. Jack interrupted the agonizing silence which followed his dad's question.

"Yep, and can you imagine what I heard about the man of the family? He has been married about three or four times already. His last wife was found, I guess, hanging from a rafter in a hay-

mow. The one before that poisoned herself—at least that's what Cal Green said yesterday in at town."

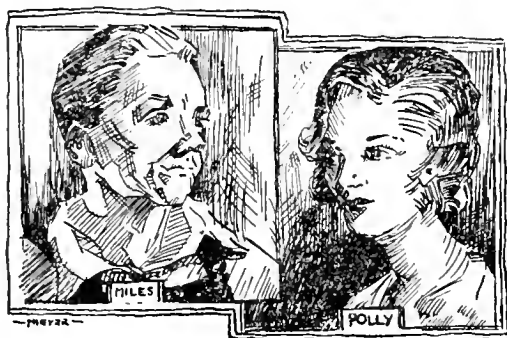
His dad was not quite the type of man to relish gossip; so, by kicking Jack under the table and lowering his eyebrows, he assumed a fiercely formidable expression and drowned this subject in a recital to Miles of the latest market news.

After a hastily swallowed breakfast, Polly ran to catch up with Miles who was hitching up the gray team to go to the field. She hesitatingly asked what he was trying to tell her at breakfast. She knew it was something important because they had worked out a secret sign code, and she had recognized the sign that stood for "you."

"Polly, what would you say if I asked if I could come over to-night and had you teach me how to dance?"

She knew that Miles could dance as well as or better than she could; so she blushingly scuffed up the damp dust onto her bare feet and nodded yes.

As Miles left for the field, she stood for a long time leaning against a fence post and wondered just what there was that she could teach him.



Clubhouse—and No Clubhouse

MERLE MYERS

Theme 16, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

CRASH! A shower of glass splinters flew into the cellar, while the spires of glass remaining in the window-frame quivered for a moment, ready to fall at the slightest touch. The three members of The Three-Eye Club eyed each other disconsolately and began formulating their alibis. How could they explain this broken window?

Being a minister, my father usually kept a pile of packing boxes ready for his frequent moves, and he had conveniently stacked the largest of them behind the church. These six or seven boxes had remained unmolested for some time, until my brother and I were hosts to a brilliant idea. We had just received presents, the Woolworth variety, of small saws and hammers, and, as a result of the gifts and the lack of other employment, we had conceived the idea of building a clubhouse with the aid of our new tools.

Summoning the other member of the club from his home across the street, we began our attack upon the boxes with saws, hammers, and what not, but if we had not been aided by the fact that some boxes were open on one side, our patience might easily have been exhausted. At last the task was completed, and, with a conglomeration of carpets, magazine pictures, candles, and old iron, we furnished our seven-room clubhouse, using burlap sacks, smelling suspiciously like potatoes, to exclude observers. After secretive looks outside, we worked ourselves through a very narrow trapdoor

into the second floor of our palatial mansion and began the formal dedication of this new meeting place. Except for the stuffiness of the box and the smoke of the sputtering candle, we held a very successful meeting, and with handshakes and mutterings of the password, "Jewel," we parted until the next day.

Several days after this formal dedication, in our prowls behind the block or two of store buildings we came upon a rusty sword—so rusty that there was very little sword left. Notwithstanding that we were directly behind a lodge building at the time of the discovery, we immediately deduced from the quantity of rust that we had a valuable relic of the Civil War. We carried this valuable discovery to our clubhouse and gave it a place of honor on the second floor. Unfortunately, after we had given several public exhibitions of our new-found treasure, the members of another club in the neighborhood had a desire to possess the same object, and although we had legal rights to the sword, their club had more force because of a larger membership.

One day as we saw the opposing club approaching our packing-box palace in a body, we seized our treasure and desperately took our only safety measure—we retreated down through a window into the black depths of a half-excavated section of the church basement. This plan was so successful that we followed it in the future, using the basement of the church as the guardian of

our prize and even of ourselves in times of dire necessity.

It was during one of these "flights of discretion" that, without warning, the cellar window thudded from its hook and banged against the frame with a loud shattering of glass. When the full realization of what had happened came to us accompanied by the thought of explaining this accident to my father, we tried to plan a good alibi. After fruitless attempts to do so, we decided to maintain a deep silence in hope that the window might not be noticed; but somehow, probably through the janitor, the incident leaked out, and we were summoned to report our part in the occurrence. Although we are now considered experts in the art of alibi-making, my brother and I were then able to explain only that

Russ Paulsen and his gang must have broken the pane one night while we were absent.

A day passed with no parental action, and we thought that the matter had been forgotten, but early one morning we saw the short figure of my father moving towards the clubhouse with a hammer in one hand, and during the succeeding hours, we witnessed the demolishing of our clubhouse, with bitter thoughts about parents in general. However, as the splendor of the clubhouse ascended into the atmosphere in the form of black smoke, we shook hands solemnly, and with the saying of the magic word, "Jewel," began our hunt for new quarters. The club had survived another set-back.

A Victorian Twilight

CONSTANCE WILKINSON

Theme 17, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

JEAN was standing at the parlor window, gazing between the drawn shades at the little garden. She had been standing there, mechanically twisting the curtain string about her fingers, for more than half an hour. Once a robin had alighted on the terrace below the window, and Jean's eyes had glowed with pleasure. She loved birds and flowers. She had watched the robin as it searched in the black soil for worms. And when it flew away, it left the garden more lifeless and, it seemed, more ugly than before.

Faintly, through the closed windows,

she heard the shouts and laughter of the girls and boys playing next door. She wanted to go out with them; but as she leaned to see them better, the prickles of her dress reminded her that she was wearing her best clothes. She couldn't play tom-boy in that dress. Her mother always made her wear it when she visited her grandmother, and the German cook, with whom she had had previous experience, would certainly scold her if she saw her outdoors.

She turned her back to the window. She wondered why they kept the shades down in the parlor, shutting out the sun.

It made the room seem so gloomy. At one end was an upright piano with a plume of dyed pampas grass hanging from a vase on its top. She always thought of her uncle when she saw the piano. She could see him there now, his close-cropped head bent over the yellowed keys. Rare moments of enchantment came back to Jean's mind; moments when she had crept downstairs to listen, hiding behind the heavy portières. The music had changed the room for Jean. The marble-topped table, the red carpet, the tiled coal grate, and the horsehair couch would fade, and for a brief moment before she was discovered, the room would be peopled with strange fanciful creatures that seemed to come from nowhere when her uncle's fingers touched the keys.

But these pleasing fancies were always short-lived. The cook would see her and send her off to bed; or, with a warning swish of her dress, her grandmother would appear in the dark hallway. She always told Jean that her uncle's music was bad for her. It put ideas into her head, she said. Of course it did—but they were beautiful ideas.

For the hundredth time that day, as she wandered aimlessly up and down the room, Jean stopped before the case containing shelves of bric-a-brac and old china. She liked especially the exquisitely carved ivory elephants that her grandfather had brought from India years ago. Jean's fingers fairly itched to play with them. She knew her grandmother had told her many times not to, but she was upstairs resting and would never know.

She opened the door softly and took them out one by one. From the walls around, the gloomy portraits of the family—pudgy women in black, high-necked dresses and puffed sleeves, and

men, smug and well fed—seemed to be watching and condemning. Jean felt a faint tremor of guilt; then she forgot herself in the delights of her imagination.

Hannibal was just crossing the Alps with his army and elephants when Jean heard the faint swish of a dress in the hall. For a brief moment her body trembled; then she turned, rather shakily, to the dim doorway. Her grandmother was looking at her coldly, her face the image of passionless, unrelenting virtue. With pursed lips she swept across the room, and stooped to pick up the tiny elephants, without a word. Jean was crushed by her silence. She felt that she had somehow hurt her.

She replaced the elephants and turned to Jean.

"You know that was wrong." She spoke very softly. "Are you sorry?"

"Yes, grandmother," Jean answered, evading her eyes.

She stood there a minute looking very stern and prim in her black dress. She reminded Jean of the portraits she had seen of a queen. A faint tinge of revolt stirred in Jean. She almost hated her grandmother, but when she turned away and walked silently out of the room, Jean felt ashamed and sat down on the couch in the corner with folded hands. The couch was hard and hurt her back. She sat very still, listening to the monotonous ticking of the marble clock on the mantel, and the very faint noises from next door. It was very quiet and lonely, and the drawn shades gave a pale yellow light to the room. She sat very still until she thought she would cry; then she rose and walked stiffly out into the hall.

When she was half way up the dark, carpeted stairs, she decided she would explore the third floor. It would be

rather exciting—she had never been up there before. For the first time that day she was happy. She scrambled up the second flight and was confronted by a dark hallway with a small window at its end. She stood in the dusty half light. The air smelled of musty old trunks and furniture. Then she peeped into the first doorway. In the darkness beneath the slanting roof she made out the outlines of old tables and chairs enveloped in dusty gray covers. She shut the door softly.

She opened the second door. It was her uncle's room. She remembered hearing that her uncle had left very suddenly a few days before, after a disagreement with his father—some quarrel about her uncle's paintings that Jean could not quite understand. She was rather afraid to go in. Of course it was wrong . . .

She went in. It was a small room with fascinating pictures on the walls and books piled on the tables. The floor was strewn with her uncle's papers and sketches. She picked up a large book and opened it. There were pictures of beautiful nymphs and graceful little fauns and grotesque men that looked like devils.

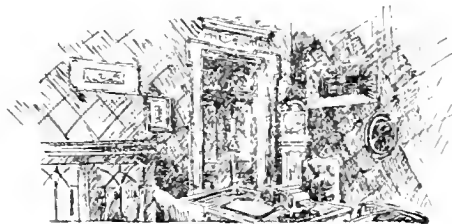
Jean sat down on the floor in the soft twilight, holding the book in her lap. The evening breeze blowing through the open window fluttered the leaves. Outside, the birds chirped sleepily. The top of the huge elm beyond the window cast dancing, swaying shadows on the floor and walls.

Jean's eyes wandered back to the book. It was open at a picture of a girl leaning against a tree, looking thoughtfully into the west that glowed with the setting sun. She sighed. She knew nothing—except that it was lovely and affected her strangely. It made her want to cry, to touch the girl and comfort her.

She felt as if she were dreaming. The room had faded into a soft background of warm colors. The birds and the breeze were hushed. Her life up to this moment had been a meaningless succession of days and nights. She had been starved—starved for glimpses of autumn twilight and the snatches of music her uncle played. The past was a dream. She was with this girl, feeling her sadness . . .

The girl seemed almost alive, as if she were moving ever so slightly. Jean dropped the book and put her hands over her eyes. She felt dizzy. She listened at the top of the stairs, faintly perceiving the odor of the kitchen.

Clutching the banister, she crept slowly downstairs. She stole into the parlor and tried to make herself comfortable on the couch. She was perspiring. She knew she had another of her fever spells. She wished someone would come in and see her. But she could only sit very straight and miserable in the darkness, and listen to the tick-tock, tick-tock of the marble clock on the mantel piece.



“Death in the Afternoon”

HENRY McADAMS

Theme 10, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

IT WAS a beautiful summer day nearly fourteen years ago. The children in our neighborhood were playing up and down the whole length of the block on the concrete sidewalk which, through the aid of our imagination, had become an automobile highway. Gasoline stations and garages had been placed here and there; traffic signals, with pieces of red and green paper serving for lights, had been erected. Stop signs were plentiful, and a certain section of the sidewalk had been marked off as a bridge with tollhouses at each end. I was younger than most of the children, but I was proudly driving my automobile, observing all the speed laws, as I pedalled up and down on my new three-wheeled bicycle. Others might be arrested by the traffic cop and taken to the jail under the linden tree, but I was very careful. It was not that I feared the cop, but because I was so blissfully happy at being allowed in the game, that I was so law-abiding.

I had come up to the bridge for the twentieth time, and for the twentieth time I was tendering a green leaf in payment of the toll. As I waited a moment for the leaf to be punched by the man in the tollhouse, I looked up and saw a woman come running and stumbling from the front door of my grandmother's house. She had on the dress that my grandmother often wore, but I knew it couldn't be my dignified grandmother because Grandmother never ran about; and, besides, this woman's face had a very queer look which I had never seen before. All the same she looked like Grandmother. I was frightened and

left the highway but remained sitting on my bicycle. The woman ran into my house, which was next to Grandmother's, and in a moment both she and my mother, who also looked changed and strange, ran back into my grandmother's house. I called to them as they passed, but they didn't seem to hear me.

Now I no longer had any heart for driving an automobile. I left my bicycle and the busy game and went into my house. I knew something dreadful had happened, but a vague fear kept me from finding out what it was. The house seemed lonely and empty, and my heart did not grow any lighter when I saw my father drive up at an hour when it was unusual for him to be home. He also disappeared into my grandmother's house. Our old dog was lying on the floor in the front hall, and I lay down beside him, putting my arm around his shaggy neck.

After a while one of my aunts, with red, swollen eyes, came in and sat in our parlor, but she did not seem to see me. She answered the telephone several times and always in the same words: "Yes, it is true," "Yes, it is too dreadful," "Please excuse me, I can't talk about it now." It was easy to see that something very terrible had happened. I wanted to ask what it was, but something kept me from saying a word. Everything would have been all right if only my mother could have come. Was I going to cry? No! I didn't know what there was to cry about yet. Besides, the big boys had let me play with them to-day, so of course I could never cry any more. But then Aunt Alice was crying, and she was

a grown-up lady. Perhaps I could cry just a little bit. No! No! No! I musn't cry.

The lump was rising in my throat, my eyes were burning, but just before the tears came, I heard at the kitchen door a step that I well knew. I left the old dog and ran as fast as I could to throw myself into the strong, capable arms of Bertha, the person whom, next to my parents, I loved best in all the world. She began to talk to me, half in German and half in English, but I didn't listen to what she was saying. It was enough to hold tightly to her hand and to feel that here at last was a refuge from the sad, strange world that surrounded me. We walked down the street together, our hands clasped together. "You're going home with me to-day," she was murmuring. It was always such fun to go home with Bertha. She had good things to eat, and her brother could tell me about the war. I began to hop and skip at her side. The sadness at home was far behind us.

Bertha's home was a typical, spotless German house. Over the mantelpiece hung a large picture of Martin Luther. He was looking straight at me, and I greeted him as an old friend, for I knew all about him. I knew that Bertha loved to go to church, and that she could never have gone if it had not been for Martin Luther.

None of Bertha's family was ever to be seen in the front room; so we went on into the dining room. In one corner sat a very old woman. She could speak no English and I could speak no German, but that did not prevent us from being great friends. I thought that "Grossmutter" was a very funny name, but that was what everybody called her.

She patted my head and talked to me in German. Bertha's brother took me on his knee and told me how he had got all the scars on his hands and arms. He had been one of the first to go over, and he had been at the front only a week when a schrapnel shell burst near him and he had been sent home after a six months stay in the hospital. He brought out his gun and helmet, and let me play with them.

We could not stay very long because Bertha did all the cooking at our house and it was time to get dinner, she said. I took off the helmet and said good-bye to "Grossmutter."

My father and mother sat at the dinner table with me, and I talked eagerly about my visit at Bertha's house. To be sure, they did not have very much to say, but that was no reason for me to be silent. When they said they were going to Grandmother's house after dinner and told me there were reasons why I should not come, I was not at all troubled. I knew Bertha would stay with me. She would tell me stories, and sing German songs, and try to teach me some German words. She would listen to everything I said just as she listened to the grown-up people; and I needn't be afraid to ask her to do anything I wanted her to do. She would do it if she could, and she was always so friendly and smiling. So I fell asleep, happily listening to her German songs, after a checkered day.

It was not until the next morning that I learned what all the sorrow had been about. My cousin, a young college student, had shot himself in my grandmother's house just as I was approaching the tollbridge on the automobile highway.

THE GREEN CALDRON

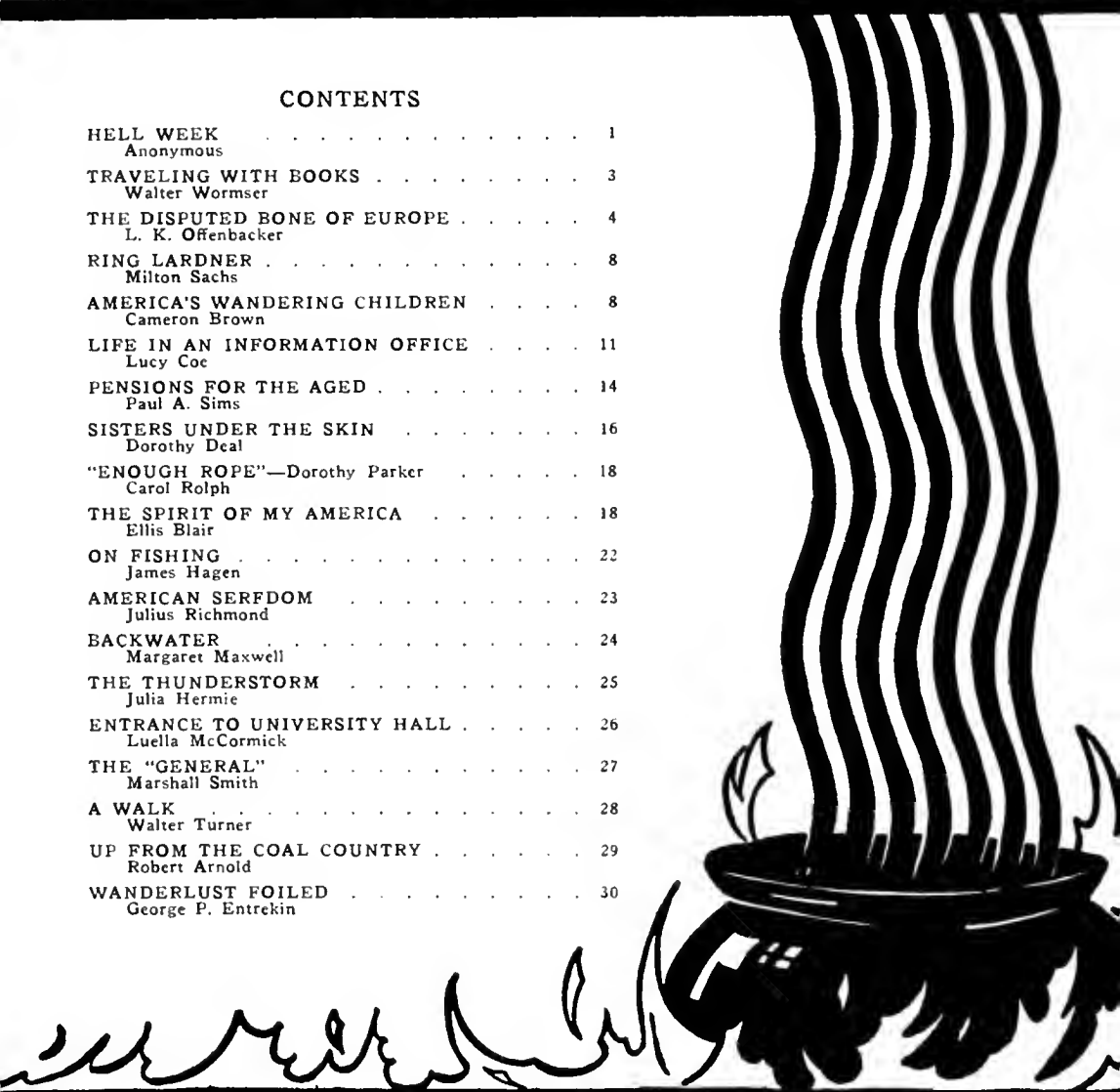
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Hell Week

ANONYMOUS

Theme 7, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

IN MOST Greek letter societies the time for informal initiation, or Hell Week, is looked forward to by the active members only. Is there any just cause for having Hell Week? Why keep repeating a custom or habit, year after year, if there is no reason except to amuse the active members? In modern civilization—that is what they call this period—we have never had the suffering produced in the schoolroom which was common all over England in boys' schools during the time of Dickens and Thackeray. Everyone has read *David Copperfield*, and more particularly *Oliver Twist*. In the latter book, the evil of punishment on the part of the masters is shown in its effect on weak and sensitive children of nervous disposition. Many a literary man has left in an essay or sketch, or some forgotten paragraph in one of his works, an account of what he suffered, or what he saw endured by lads to whom the schoolroom floggings were outrages to mind and spirit as well as to body.

Now, modern psychologists, nerve specialists, and modern educators have studied these matters. Our civilization has not made our bodies like steel and fire. It has not hardened and cooled us into rocklike resistance. Rather, it has shattered and broken us; we are more nervous, more tense, more highstrung. Our bodies can endure less. Our growth has been mental and perhaps spiritual, but not physical. In the old days there were giants, but their descendants are not giants, but people who must go about

carefully and guard themselves. Physical bravery we value highly now, but we do not have bodies made to withstand the long torture which men endured smiling, for a cause, in the old days.

Today a teacher who uses corporal punishment is usually brought into court. Cultured parents will not permit their children to be abused. Fraternity pledges come from homes of refinement. Most of these boys have reached manhood without having experienced the humiliation of a beating at home or at school; more modern methods of training were used.

Unfortunately, fraternities frequently have some members who have a tendency to extreme cruelty, who delight in the suffering of others. Because of the tradition of "hell week," they are permitted to practice this cruelty almost uncurbed. Psychologists have diagnosed this tendency as a disease. Sadism, which many people possess without realizing it, carries with it the perverse power to see in their acts justice, necessity, the thing required for the good of the victim.

The books of abnormal psychology are full of examples of sadistic tendencies; such as Catherine the Great of Russia, and Ivan the Terrible. Ivan was not cruel in the pleasant way of most earlier rulers in war times, as was Timur the Lame, Genghis Khan, and others. But in times of peace, he filled his dungeons with suspects and delighted to supervise their tortures personally.

We are supposed to be advanced far

beyond this stage, but in the daily press we read of the "third degree" being applied by the police. We read of most terrible crimes committed by individuals whose sadistic tendencies have reached a stage beyond control. All over the land of America, we have concerted and definite cruelty practiced each year. It may seem a light thing to some men in college fraternities that a pledge breaks down under the strenuous "hell week," faints under the ingenious forms of torture which are applied, sickens, and goes to the hospital. They may refer to the pledge contemptuously as a weakling. When he dies, as does actually happen at times, the nation is aroused, the episode is explained and deplored, and the situation is hushed.

Could we believe that there was actually the need for these sufferings of mock initiation and "hell week," there might be some excuse. Even the veriest savage used to see the need for physically strong and powerful members of the tribe; if a lad could not endure the initiation ceremonies, and perished, it was as well. The tribe had to survive by the cruel law of the survival of the fittest only. But we are not living in a savage day, nor in a physical society. Men nowadays live by their brains more than by their brawn. Particularly is this true of college men. A college is supposedly a place to fit a man to take his place intellectually and spiritually in a world where the mind, heart, and soul of the man, rather than his body, are driving forces. Why, then, the need cruelly to subject the body to sufferings which are of horrible effect on mind and soul?

In this matter of rough initiation, the fraternities deny our civilization, and cast out our culture. They make a physical ordeal the ceremony for initiation

into an order which is supposedly an order of culture and brotherhood—a fraternity. Strange fraternity that, when the brothers for no reason at all torture those who are coming into the brotherhood. It is, after all, but the sadistic tendency which is in too many, some say in all, to some degree coming out. The torture is for the pleasure of seeing the cheek pale and the body wince. It is not for justice, or for discipline, or for the good of the victims or the order. We might as well be truthful. It is for the satisfaction of those who inflict it.

The rough part of initiation is of ancient origin—so ancient that it might have been cast aside with our other savage ways, one would think. Youths of the old days had to be initiated into the tribe; go fasting and weaponless into the forest; undergo tests of physical endurance, and so on. In later days, knights had to prove themselves by deeds of prowess before winning their spurs. Why do we hold to these ancient ideas, although we have driven out all that went with them? Today, fraternities impose fasting, or worse, the eating of wretched food; they force sleepless nights; they order long tramps, futile quests, not to mention the many new and "civilized" methods of torture, which they apply in secret behind closed and locked doors and drawn shades. Some of these are humiliating and degrading in the extreme, to a young man of any refinement, and deny any of the culture for which this generation stands. In speaking of the effect upon the moral side of a boy, I refer to the book *This Pure Young Man*, by Irving Fineman, formerly an instructor in this university. In this book he tells of a boy who was so disgusted with the ordeal of "hell week" that he broke his pledge the last day.

Husky young men go through very

well, usually; but not so the weaker. The more delicately made, not infrequently the more brainy, better, more valuable members of society, cannot stand the trial. Mentally, we should be far ahead of the ancient day of tortures to prove one's physical fitness for inclusion within the tribe. Yet fraternities still adhere to the obsolete theory.

Much of the opposition to fraternities which exists today on the part of the college, the public, and the parents, is due to "hell week." Its abolishment

would go far in changing this attitude. It is with regret that I say, "Hell Week is not permanently abolished." I feel that pledges should not be treated as slaves, but as men; they should not be beaten into submission, but be made to understand that their pledgship is a test period to see if they are morally and mentally, rather than physically, worthy of joining the fellowship. Let the paddles and other instruments of torture be hung on the walls as mementos to the days of savagery in the fraternity.

Traveling with Books

WALTER WORMSER

Theme 1, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

"EARLY in the morning of a brilliant July day the Scilly Islands came into view a little to the south of our course, and we could see the great waves breaking into flying masses, and long wreaths of silver foam, on their grim shores and in their rock-bound chasms. Yet a little while and the steep cliffs of Cornwall glimmered into the prospect, and then came the double towers of the Lizard Light, and we knew that our voyage was accomplished." I, too, sitting back in my deep armchair, knew that my voyage was accomplished, knew that upon closing the cover of this narration I closed a delightful adventure.

Sunken mid the leather cushions, I had traveled in the sleepy stillness of an English glade, conscious of a feeling of peace and comfort which is the first sensation of the old armchair traveler who comes again to familiar scenes through the pages of a friendly book. It was cold outside my window, but within my

book, wild thyme was growing down to the edge of a crystal stream. Ferns and mosses lined the bank in patterns so artistic that to tread upon them would be sacrilege, though I suppose the animal folk who lived near this stream did so without compunction. The whirligigs were now sporting in the sun, going round and round in circles, forever moving, forever drawing circular ripples that scintillated like dew just formed. Pussy-willows, soft and fuzzy, rose in golden spires against desolate ledges of cold, grey stone which were being continually washed—at day by the splashing stream, at night by the shadowy moon. Close by, a tiny, modest wren rustling in the leaves, looked up toward the sun when the clouds that had covered it unfurled, and returned to her lonesome industry. Far over the hills the wind-blown ripple was running toward the horizon, but whether it reached it or not, I cannot say, for this journey of the

mind in these delightful moments, was over.

Back in my armchair, close to the cold windows, I reflected on the vision that had been given me by these pages. I

regretted ending my literary journey so soon. Back in England a forest brook was brawling past grey ledges; outside my window a shivering runt of a man was selling roasted chestnuts.



The Disputed Bone of Europe

L. K. OFFENBACKER

Theme 8, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

LIKE a pack of snarling dogs, milling about and snatching at a bone, but afraid to seize it because of the hate and bared fangs of the other dogs, the nations of Europe growl at each other over a little strip of mountainous, unselfsupporting country about the size of Panama and having a population about equal to that of New York City. Such is Austria today. Once the prime power of the world, far overshadowing England

and France, Austria has broken and crumpled under the destructive impact of the last world war to a mere fifth rate power, unable to support herself, and sustained only by the jealous contributions of foreign powers, who dread the day when one of them, alone, shall completely control her. Poor and broken she is, but, nevertheless, she is important; for, in fact, the future of Austria is the future of the world.

Glance at your map and you will see that Austria lies in the eastern Alps, between Germany and Italy, Switzerland and Hungary, and Jugo-Slavia and Czecho-Slovakia—cutting into the plains of Hungary, Germany, and Italy—at the cross roads of Europe, north and south, and east and west. Through the center of the country, also, flows the main artery of communication and transportation between east and west, the Danube, another fact which makes her position strategic. The delicate balance of this position is full of ominous boding to the several heads of European powers: to Hitler, sitting in the silence of his bare, lofty office, Austria means control of the approach to the east and contact with Hungary, six and a half million more Germans added to his sway, and a personal triumph for himself and the nation; to Mussolini, softly playing his violin among the remnants of ancient glory, the German control of Austria means the Teutonic foe knocking once more at the door of Italy—a foe who again and again has invaded and plundered Italy and who at one time crushed the great Roman civilization under barbarian feet; to Paul-Boncour, sipping his French wine under the shadow of the Eiffel Tower, German or Italian control of Austria means the strengthening of an enemy power and the threatening of France, directly, by placing her allies in an embarrassing position; to Benes, meditating on new ways of suppressing German nationalism in Czecho-Slovakia, German control of Austria places a sinister halfmoon of united Germans around Bohemia like an iron hand choking at the life pulse of the nation; to Alexander, astride his rocky throne of the South Slavs, German control means that the pre-war menace of the Teuton would again be in its former position,

dividing the Slavs and always prepared to crush, and Italian control means that the post war menace of the Italian would hold his country in a vice of steel, squeezing from both north and south; to Horthy, admiral without a navy or a port, Italian, German, Czecho-Slavian, or Jugo-Slavian control of Austria menaces Hungary, brother of woe with Austria, and might even submerge the Magyar nationality; and even Dr. Edmund Schulthess, as he gazes upon the beauties of the snowcapped peaks of Switzerland, wonders whether a tidal wave sweeping over Austria might not also engulf his own country. Thus each stands by, suspiciously, determined that if he cannot possess, no one else shall.

And how stands Austria herself? In a fermenting witch's caldron of politics which is threatening to boil over at every flutter of an eyelid, Austria is too weak and too cowed to do anything but wait for the nod of the gods to decide her fate. Out of the welter of political strife to the death, however, has emerged a figure who has become the idol of American newspaper correspondents. Once having secured the premiership, Engelbert Dollfuss has been able to hang on only by sheer determination. Because he dissolved a squabbling Reichsrat on a minor technicality, refused to recall it, forbade the holding of any elections, suppressed opposing newspapers, put any enemies of the dictatorship into concentration camps, and punished opponents even with death, he has managed to control the government and to secure enormous loans from France so that he could retain his power and keep Austria in *status quo*. Dollfuss, however, to put it rather tritely but effectively, is sitting upon a volcano. Only a few weeks ago he had to surrender a little to the Italian-influenced Heimwehr

(home-guards) and make their leader, Major Fey, vice-chancellor. Every day new Nazi "outrages" are committed—swastika banners are found floating from church towers, swastika emblems painted on the streets, on lamp posts, and even on government buildings: these daring acts are perpetrated, although a person is thrown into jail for the mere possession of such an emblem or for having a belief in national socialism; and to top it all, Dollfuss recently received a list of 1,250,000 names of persons who demanded his removal from office. The real secret of his success, however, is that he is a stabilizing influence on the whole Austrian political mess: the Socialists and the Heimwehr are bitter enemies of the Nazis; the Nazis and the Heimwehr both demand the destruction of the Socialist Party; and both the Nazis and the Socialists hate the Heimwehr. A three-cornered fight by three different European forces—France, Czecho-Slovakia, and Jugo-Slavia, who support the Socialists; Germany, who, of course, supports the Nazis; and Italy, who lends her weight to the Heimwehr—is dividing Austria into camps of bitter hate. Who the victor will be, time and extra-Austrian union alone will tell.

That some solution of the Austrian problem must be found is self evident to the economists as well as to the politicians. Vienna, once the proud, cultured capital of a great empire, has sunk to the leadership of a state which cannot even feed the people of its chief city. Although Austria is noted for her culture and her craftsmen, she is no longer a cultural center and her manufactures have declined tremendously, because she has no natural resources and her rocky soil does not even produce enough to feed those who till it. So Austria must import, although she cannot export. Her

trade balance has been against her ever since the partition following the war. Sustained only by the "loans" of France, England, and the United States, which, of course, can never be repaid as long as she consumes more than she produces, Austria is a veritable beggar among the nations. Before the war Austria had used the agricultural products of Hungary (who now has an over abundance) and the raw minerals and raw products of Bohemia (who now is suffering from a surplus), for which she exchanged her manufactured goods. Now, cut off from her food and raw materials, Austria is only a destitute country with merely her scenery and her history; and her only hope of recovery lies without the boundaries of her own state.

Several proposals have been submitted to alleviate the many ills of this nucleus of a once proud empire. Much discussed in some circles is the Danubian Confederation, which would consist of Austria, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, and Jugo-Slavia. From an economic viewpoint, perhaps, this union would be best; but, from a racial, lingual, historical, and national viewpoint, such a union is an impossibility, because of the fierce racial and cultural clashes that would ensue between the Latins, the Slavs, the Magyars, and the Germans. The union would fail before it had fairly begun. Austria and Hungary, also, would not even entertain the thought of such a union without territorial concessions, while the victor nations have resolved to wage war rather than to concede an inch of conquered territory. Another sort of union—between Austria and Hungary—would be of benefit to both countries. Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia, however, would never permit such a union, because of their fear that the strong power created between them would become a

menace to their own nationality. Although Mussolini has threatened to invade Austria, he is not likely to do so, because his gains would be slight compared to his losses, both political and economic, but he would like to control her from within. The plan that is favored by the Austrians themselves and would long ago have been consummated except for the treaty of Versailles, which expressly forbids Austrians to unite with Germany, is the consolidating of the land of the Germans (Deutschland) with its eastern kingdom (Osterreich). This union is logical on racial, lingual, economic, cultural, and historical grounds: both Austria and Germany are Nordic-Alpine by race, German in speech, transalpine in culture, recipients of each other's goods, and have the same history. The Nazis of Austria desire the union; the Heimwehr desires it; the Socialists desired it till Hitler came into power, and, no doubt, could again be made to desire it, if the German dictator offered them good terms; and, finally, the Germans themselves, desire it. Were it not for the treaty of Versailles and the fear of the French, Italians, and Slavs that Germany would become too powerful, Austria and Germany would today be one united state.

Such is the muddle of central European politics. The state that finally gets the ascendancy in Austria, be it Italy, Germany, or one of the Slavic States, will have the key to the European situation in its hands, but no one nation will secure Austria without the violent opposition of the rest—a state of affairs which may lead, perhaps, to another world war.

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Ring Lardner

MILTON SACHS

Theme 9, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

A FEW short weeks ago there passed from this sphere the soul of Ring Lardner, and as it passed, it chuckled. Ring Lardner, author, sports writer, and humorist extraordinary, had bid goodbye to the rough, tough world which he loved so fervently, and whose weaknesses he knew so well.

But before he died, he had lived: his life had been packed brimful of thrills, adventures, smiles, and tears. And these experiences he had left to us, an undy-

ing, ever youthful contribution. The narration of his trips abroad, his sagas of sport, and his whimsical philosophy have remained to an appreciative world.

Ring Lardner's biting humor, his terse urban vocabulary, and the joyful belly laughs contained in each page of his writing endear him to us as an author, and he lives in our minds as a shrewd, precocious child, exposing the weaknesses of his parents, and making them join in the laughter.

America's Wandering Children

CAMERON BROWN

Theme 11, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

ONE of the most pathetic and deplorable results of the present worldwide economic depression is the throwing of thousands of youths into the world to shift as they are able. Approximately two hundred thousand of America's younger generation are today wandering aimlessly about our land. They travel from city to city, stealing or begging the necessities of life. As an army they are fairly evenly distributed throughout the country, with a general migration to the Southern states as winter comes on and to the Northern in the summer. During the warm months, however, they line the main arteries of travel throughout the whole of the country in hope of a ride to the next town or state; and the summer freight trains are covered with young transients "riding the rails" merely to

be going somewhere in search of better conditions.

These pitiable creatures are for the most part from seventeen to twenty-one years old, and are in their present condition because there was no longer any money for food for them at home. All they could do was to leave. The usual story of one of these homeless waifs, when questioned by the police following apprehension after a robbery, is: "My father had not worked for three years, and the only means of support for the seven of us was my sister's salary of \$22 a week. When she lost her job, there was not enough money to feed us all; so in order to lighten the burden, I left home early one morning to go I didn't know where. I have been gone since last January. Last night I was so hungry, I just had to eat. Honest,

mister, I won't do it again. Please let me go!" The story is invariably the same with perhaps slight alterations, and is usually true.

In the summer of 1932 a friend and I decided to join the ranks of these forgotten children for a few months. In their lingo we were "deluxe," because our shoes had soles and we could produce fifteen cents or a good cigarette. We set out from Chicago in the middle of July, wearing our oldest clothes, with two purposes in view: first, to see all of the country we could in three months, and second, to meet and know some of these transients and by living and traveling with them to see how they actually fared. We accomplished both ends in our four thousand mile journey throughout the West, and were even more successful than we had anticipated. We encountered and made acquaintances with a large number of these lost souls—men, women, girls, boys, and even whole families—trudging with heavy hearts along the highways or lying listlessly in the parks or on the outskirts of the towns.

With few exceptions, the youths we talked and lived with were fairly well educated and seemed to have come originally from families of the middle classes. They were not actually uncouth and kept as clean as their life permitted. One chap whom we met in Kammerer, Wyoming, impressed me immensely. By this time my friend and I looked, dressed, and talked just as these outcasts, and were accepted by them as members of their own clan. Consequently we had no trouble in making their acquaintance. This fellow had originally lived in Boston and had been wandering for two years. He had just left Salt Lake City, the home of the hospitable Mormons, at the request of the police department, and

we met him on the railroad right-of-way. As it was sundown, we asked him to join us, for he was alone and we had some extra food. After eating, we slowly drew from him the narration of his travels and his philosophy of life. He was at first listless and unresponsive, but as the evening wore on, he forgot some of his troubles and told us of his present life. He was indeed a picturesque sight in the flickering light of our small fire. His hair had not seen a comb for weeks, and his clothes and body were filthy. But still a spark of his former self remained, and I suppose the proximity of two boys of his own age made this spark glow brighter. He told of leaving home in 1930 when his father had died, leaving him an orphan. He and his brother left together but were separated in Chicago; he had not heard from him since, nor had he ever heard a word from any of his relatives. He had roamed the country and had been in all but three states of the Union. At times he had been able to earn a few dollars—once in a fish cannery in Seattle, in a mill in San Antonio, in a paper factory in St. Louis, and at other odd jobs he had been able to pick up—but lately his only means of remaining alive had been by stealing. He laughed when he spoke of his robbery ventures, and when we pressed him for an explanation, he suddenly became serious and gave vent to his communistic feelings and his hatred of the wealthy class in general. He told of spending countless nights in jail and being turned loose in the morning with the warning to be out of town in two hours or go to jail for thirty days on a vagrancy charge. We asked him what he intended to do now. He said that he didn't know, but would be on the morning train for Laramie, where he had heard there were some jobs in the

wheat fields. We curled up and slept in an empty box-car that night, and in the morning our friend was gone, without so much as an adieu.

Often we would meet two or three lads of our own age, and spend the evening together swapping hard-luck stories in a deserted "jungle," the stopping-off camp of professional bums. Tales of chain-gang servitude often made a cold shiver run up and down my back, and although I was inclined at first to doubt these tales, great scars on the ankles of these poor lads bore out their stories. Breaking gravel, shackled together for sixty days, on Tennessee roads was the penalty for being caught on trains in that state. Short prison sentences of a few months was the usual penalty in the North for stealing, but in the South and Southwest, vagrancy was justification enough for giving these unfortunates a jail sentence. One sandy-haired boy of not more than sixteen, whom we met on the outskirts of Denver, told of standing beside a colored bum who was shot off a freight train in Georgia.

Sickness, accident, and even death are often the fate of these wanderers, with no one to care for them if ill nor to mourn them when dead, as but few carry any identification to show who they are or where they came from. The day before we arrived at Evanston, Wyoming, a young fellow had been decapitated under the wheels of a freight he was trying to "flip" when the yard detective chased him off as the train was starting. We often met young men with their clothes in tatters and their shoes practically soleless. Bloodshot eyes and hollow cheeks told of the ravages of disease and hunger, resulting from the miserable lives they had led. Few were in good physical condition, and one could almost guess the length of time they had been

on the road by their appearance. One boy we met on the fringe of Omaha had just started out and thought he would have a great time; we met him a month later in Cheyenne's Sally (Salvation Army) Camp, and he was a physical and mental wreck, trying to get home as quickly as he could. Many have no homes to return to and continually roam the country in search of work and sustenance, always thinking that the next town will offer a chance for them to start working; but very seldom does it turn out as they hope.

At the end of the summer my friend and I returned home with thanks in our hearts that we had a place we could go to and call home. It seemed to me that the United States owed these unfortunates a chance to climb out of their rut and again become normal citizens. The government seemed to have just awakened to this need and had authorized the expenditure of some thirty-seven millions of dollars to be used toward the welfare of these transient boys and girls. With this money, shelters and food stations were to be erected and maintained, although none were in evidence during my travels. Salvation Army camps and local bread lines were the only aid given by outsiders to this wandering army. California has made the largest step toward permanently helping it. That state has established a work farm where transients are taken for a month and taught a simple, useful trade. It has been partially successful but it is only one small beacon on a tremendous sea of darkness. Connections are made with the families of the transients whenever possible and they are sent home. This step seems to be one of the most logical, as conditions are improving and there would, in all probability, be room for them at home once

again. Also in order to stop the continual wandering of these youths, the government is now attempting to enroll them in C.M.T.C. camps and reforestation units. The latter have met with much success among the older boys. The companionship, good food, clothing, and lodging instills a new spirit and fire in them that was so lacking in all those we met.

In all probability this situation will

clear itself as economic conditions improve, but until then, it is my hope that everything will be done to help America's wandering children to get back to normal as quickly as possible.

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Life in an Information Office

LUCY COE

Theme 7, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

THE door is pushed open hurriedly, and an agricultural student is impatiently asking where his class is to meet. Both the "Bell" and the "Automatic University" telephones are ringing simultaneously. A farm adviser or a vocational agricultural instructor is asking

for quantity copies of our publications. We telephone the mailing room to bring up a circular from "reserves." A department head is inquiring the quickest way to get to Louisville, Kentucky, or Atlanta, Georgia, or some other place where he is to be the main speaker of

the evening. Invariably everybody comes at once; then there is a lull.

A lull? Yes, there is one from lack of visitors, but otherwise, no. The mail—a couple of hundred letters a day—is to be answered. Filing is to be done, reports are to be made, and so on, endlessly day after day. Such is life in an information office!

You have heard of information offices; or perhaps you have stepped into one, say once or twice in your life, but I doubt if you have spent any length of time in one. Can you possibly spare a few minutes of your valuable time and visit one of our campus information offices? Just try it and then see what your idea of such an office really is.

One of the first things I learned after I began work in this office was that I should always wear a sincere smile and not a forced, make-believe one. I was to meet new people every day, and they in turn expected the best of service. But oh, it was fascinating! It made me much happier in my everyday life to realize that I was really helping people. The responses I received by being pleasant and accommodating to people in the office made me want to acquire a similar personality in my social life outside the office. And I must tell you it truly pays to go forth into this cold, hurried world with a little sunshine. Just try it once—if you haven't—and see what a different world you step into!

But, I must take you back into the Information Office and give you a little "info." First, I want you to meet one of the most frequent of inquirers—the student. He comes in at all hours of the day. Maybe he is in a hurry, or has an exam "on the mind," for he absent-mindedly asks for publication number 319. Which does he wish—bulletin or circular? The bulletin is on

fruit and the circular on swine raising. I am quite confident that the circular could not be used in a horticulture class! Finally, after thumbing through his entire notebook, he finds his class notes and, attempting to decipher his hieroglyphics, decides it is a bulletin he wants. I look at him rather quizzically and wonder just how many hours of sleep he had the night before. He hurries out without even a "thank you." Now, I have another student—the kind that would make any girl, or admiring mother, look twice. A tall, handsome lad, dressed in an officer's military uniform, steps into the office. He removes his hat, gives me a winning smile, and asks for Bulletin 374. Then in a perfectly "chawming" voice, he thanks me and steps out of the office. Oh, my thrill for the day is over!

Please, dear observer, do not misunderstand my emotions. I keep my head, and to prove it, I will introduce you to another personage. Perhaps a tall, thin, and suave-looking gentleman, with a decidedly English appearance, enters the office; he introduces himself as a professor of Agriculture in the Agricultural School at Cambridge, England. Frequently other lands are represented. I remember a short, stocky, broadshouldered, heavily-mustached man from Russia, who spent an entire Saturday morning in the office. Some of our most fascinating visitors are the South Africans. Our South American neighbors show equal interest, and they are among the office's most frequent foreign callers. Each one in turn tells us in flattering terms how grateful he is to us "kind Americans" for our helpful publications and how he hopes to be able to repay us some day.

Now coming back to the Americans, we have more interesting people to meet.

There is the farm adviser, who works diligently for his country; the land appraiser, who is going to help the farmer appraise his land; the high school instructor, whose aim is to carry agricultural knowledge to his pupils; and the University professor, who has still more to learn—all find our publications the oasis of their desert, when in search of knowledge on agricultural subjects.

You have met many people in my office, but as yet you have not met the tax-paying farmers. Strangely enough, fewer farmers than men of other classes call at our office; but those who do come are usually of the better educated and more intelligent group, who wish to confer with a university professor on some problem. Occasionally a perplexed farmer (sometimes with his wife and children) will come to the office. Some of them bring a chicken to be observed, and often I have the pleasure of observing that chicken. Maybe their chickens have a lazy appearance, get weak-kneed, and are dying. I could tell them the chickens probably have coccidiosis, but rather than shock them with the word, I send them to the Animal Pathology Laboratory, where the chickens may be tested. Sometimes an unknown weed is infesting the farmer's alfalfa field, and then I send him to our weed specialist. One afternoon we spent about an hour giving a farmer helpful information and some of our publications. About two hours after he had left the office, he returned, and what should he have for us but a large basket filled with mushrooms! That was his "thank you." What a pleasure it is to help one and all—the tall handsome student or the troubled farmer.

Not only do we help them personally, but through the mails. Every individual gets an unexpressed thrill when he re-

ceives a letter—or maybe two. What would you do if you received 150 a day? Uncle Sam never forgets me. Each morning he delivers to my desk, letters, letters, and more letters. The attention I must give this mail forms an important element in the routine of my daily work. Each morning I go through the mail, separating those letters which we are capable of answering from those which must be referred to professors in various departments for more technical explanation and answers to inquiries. Many of the letters are requests for agricultural publications and can be answered by form letters. A well-organized system, such as we have, helps us to give this mail proper and immediate attention, and within a few short hours those letters are answered; and the unseen foreigner, or student, professor, or farmer will have his question or questions answered.

Humor often finds its way into our letters. I must show you a script from a recent one. A gentleman is asking that his name be added to our mailing list, and incorporates in his letter—"Please remove my father's name from your mailing list. He recently passed away and neglected writing you." What negligence—on the writer's part!

As I glance over the addressed envelopes, I often wish I could put a bit of my small knowledge on business letter writing into our replies. It is a wonder we get many of the letters; some mail clerks must truly be wizards at transcribing addresses. Many of the envelopes have "University of Illinois" written on them, and no further address. Some letters give one plenty of experience in learning the foibles of the human animal as shown in his penmanship.

I cannot stress too much the experience I have gained through my work in the

Information Office. Such an office is indeed a laboratory in which one can develop not only his business and executive abilities, but where he can perfect

the finer qualities of personality which are necessary in making the best contacts with people both inside and outside of the office.



Pensions for the Aged

PAUL A. SIMS

Theme 4, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

ONE QUESTION of major importance before the people of the United States today is: Shall we or shall we not adopt the policy, already in use in many other nations, of giving pensions to our aged dependent citizens? There have been many voices raised in favor of the proposition, and there have been many who have tried to cry it down. However, probably because of the fact that a majority of our citizens have no decided opinion on the matter at all, it has never been put before the people for a decision.

Friends of the idea for old-age pensions believe that a greater national efficiency can be attained by its adoption, since each rising generation would be freed from the confining shackles of the burden of support of their parents, thus enabling them to rise to greater heights of success, and to make greater strides of progress than is now possible; also that the measure would make it possible for these venerable citizens to retain their sense of independence—one of the most inalienable rights of an American citizen.

Opponents of the proposition set forth the important and valid objections that the government of the United States is already heavily burdened by taxation demands, that should the plan be adopted, there would be an almost uncheckable waste due to the immense added distributionary costs, and that its adoption would deprive the youth of our nation of one great incentive for striving for achievement, the sentiment, expressed in a popular song of the past season, of making life comfortable for the "old folks."

Unquestionably there are points on both sides of the question worthy of consideration. Certainly no one desires to see our aged citizens in want, living their remaining days in squalor and misery, waiting only for ultimate dissolution to bring peace at last to their tired old bodies and their aching hearts. Surely no one feels that because he has failed to amass enough during his years of competence to provide for his later life, he should be required to take the consequences; or that such poverty is proof that he has been wasteful and extravagant, and has dissipated his own opportunities.

The problem would be much different if we all lived to become eligible for these old-age pensions. But nature has taken care that the numbers of persons so eligible are rather few in comparison to the numbers of those who would be required to pay their bit into the fund of the pension. Possibly many of those who would be benefited might be unworthy, might conceivably deserve squalor and despair and hopelessness. But should we not be humane, even to such as these? Dare we, as citizens of this republic, and as possible future unfortunates ourselves, refuse to care for those who are now only in such a plight as we may yet find ourselves in? Can

we, as human beings, even if a majority of the aged should have blemished pasts, take upon ourselves the responsibility of playing God, and allow a few honorable unfortunates to suffer that we may visit what we believe to be justice upon the rest?

It is true that the taxpayers of the nation are already heavily burdened. It is equally true that much of the existent burden is unnecessary, due to a stubbornly persistent use of antiquated forms of legal, administrative, and governmental procedure. Is it not possible that the adoption of the proposed pension plan might lead to a fairer and much more simplified and modernized form of governmental financial expenditure? Even if it did not, in the interests of justice and humanity, and to uphold the principles of equality and fraternal interdependence upon which our government is founded, are we not as responsible for protection of these people from their natural enemies during and from senility as we are for their protection from the possible military enemies of actual warfare? These, too, are surely questions deserving consideration. We accept the theory that criminals should be dealt with in a humane and understanding fashion, but we have not, yet, adopted an equally humanitarian viewpoint in regard to our aged and dependent citizens who were too honorable to avail themselves of the only comfortable existence we now proffer them.

Of course, we have charity—both the governmental and the organized private types. But what sort of democracy is it that forces once-independent, normally prideful people into the breadlines and into the beggar's cringing attitude towards life? And as for whether or not it is an added incentive to our youth for achievement to realize that their parents'

comfort depends upon them, should we penalize those parents if their children are not of the stuff from which magnates are made? Let us put our aged into at least the class of faithful horses and dogs. Of course, there are two schools of thought there: some people keep them in comfort, while others prefer to shoot them. But even being shot is less a disgrace than being forced into an almshouse, and certainly it is less painful than long years of cold, hunger, and discomfort for both mind and body.

Foreign governments have set us examples of several ways in which to provide these pensions for the aged. Germany, France, and Sweden have a compulsory weekly payment plan, by which the employee gives up a part of his wage, the employer adds to it an equal sum, and the government, when the time comes to administer the pension, adds more. Belgium, Italy, and Canada have systems that are somewhat alike in that the government adds to the savings of the citizen. Denmark gives an allowance to any citizen who, at the age of sixty, has never been a criminal and has never shirked work. Australia, New Zealand, and England provide free weekly pen-

sions to citizens past the age of sixty-five who are needy. Surely from some of these systems we can adopt a policy which, with proper improvisations will be suited to our own peculiar needs and theories.

America has ever been among the first to recognize, foster, and promulgate the development of civilizing and humanitarian creeds and manifestations. Let us, now that another great question of "to be or not to be" has been presented, sift the merits of the proposition and after due deliberation and discussion—without which no question can be solved to the complete satisfaction of and justice to a republic—have the matter put before the people for acceptance or rejection, as their collective conscience and principles may dictate. Should this be done, having faith that the fundamental American belief in "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" applies even to those who have become too aged and infirm to continue to assert themselves, we who are convinced of the merits of the plan sincerely believe that the result will be a sweeping and almost unanimous acceptance and endorsement for the adoption of pensions for the aged.

Sisters under the Skin

DOROTHY DEAL

Theme 10, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

PICKING a book at random from the shelf, I glanced casually at the title, *Pride and Prejudice*—that was not very suggestive of the book's contents. Perhaps the author's name—oh, Jane Austen. Burrowing mentally in search of any lingering knowledge of high school literature, I unearthed the fact that she

was an English writer of the early nineteenth century. That date suggested an England of quiet elegance and a leisurely manner of life. At least, it would be a change from the modern novel of today's noisy hustle and bustle. So I read the book.

Closing it after perusal of its three

hundred and forty-nine pages of small print, I felt quite astonished. I had been transported mentally into an English home of a past century and had found myself breathing the dull respectable atmosphere of the middle class whose limited lives were pleasantly monotonous. Now I returned to the twentieth century in the United States and was surrounded again by the hectic atmosphere generated by a people who are doing everything and doing it at reckless speed.

However, the momentous thing was not the contrast of life in one century with life in a later one, but the fact that the people were the same. I met Mrs. Bennet only to find that I already knew her. You may find her in any community; she is a common type. I know an Elizabeth Bennet; she is a friend who was my classmate in high school. Although the former expressed herself in the "King's English" and the latter expresses herself in the modern argot, they are essentially the same strong-minded young women.

Charlotte Lucas did the only thing a woman of her time could do—married to her advantage, whereas today she

would probably never marry, but would devote her life to a profession. Today the women of her type are filling business offices and filling them with great efficiency.

In contrast to the level-headed Elizabeth Bennet is the flighty Lydia. Her counterpart is everywhere today. Last winter in Taylorville when the soldiers came in to quell disorder among the miners, three-fourths of the girls were Lydia Bennets, fluttering foolishly to the attraction of a man in a uniform. A girl who graduated with me, Annabel—but that is a story to itself.

Looking about, I can point out Mr. Darcy, Mr. Bingley, Mary Bennet, Lady Catherine, Maria Lucas and so on through the list of all the individuals of this novel. The characters of Jane Austen's delineation are real people; their duplicates may be discovered in any society.

She put down on paper the persons she knew and fitted them into the background from which she drew them. Her novel, *Pride and Prejudice*, is a true picture of the England in which she lived, for it is sketched from life.



"Enough Rope"—Dorothy Parker

CAROL ROLPH

Book Report, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

MISS PARKER is the most modern of contemporaries, not so much for her subject matter as for her style and mental outlook. She writes "vers de société," which would better be called flapper verse. She is ironical, flippant, tart, impudent, bad tempered, shocking, and gruesome; yet we listen with delight. She makes fun of herself and of life in general. As she herself says: *inseparable* her thumb and nose. She is, however, capable of producing deep poetic beauty. Miss Parker has an uncanny way of putting true emotions on paper and remaining subtle. A special characteristic of her style is her use of the reverse twist; that is, a poem will seem to say one thing until the last line, where the entire meaning of the poem is changed. An example of this is in the poem "Observation":

If I don't drive around the park,
I'm pretty sure to make my mark.
If I'm in bed each night by ten,
I may get back my looks again.
If I abstain from fun and such,
I'll probably amount to much,
But I shall stay the way I am,
Because I do not give a damn.

I know of no other poet who uses the reverse twist quite so well.

Miss Parker is, I believe, quite sincere in all her efforts. She shows her real reflections on life and seems to

write for her own satisfaction rather than for effect. I get the impression that she cares nothing for the opinions of critics and that she pays no attention to poetic rules. Her unruliness brings an unstudied effect that is quite refreshing. She is, however, very much of a sophisticate; and I mean to give no other impression, for in her sophistication lies her charm. She says what she pleases, and we listen attentively.

I believe her poem "Inventory" illustrates her characteristics better than any other:

Four be the things I am wiser to know:
Idleness, sorrow, a friend, and a foe.
Four be the things I'd been better without:
Love, curiosity, freckles, and doubt.
Three be the things I shall never attain:
Envy, contentment, sufficient champagne.
Three be the things I shall have 'til I die:
Laughter, and hope, and a sock in the eye.

This slightly ironical, slightly humorous verse illustrates her bitterness towards life in general, her flippancy, but underneath it all a deep truth which is not painted. Therefore I say—if she is not a good poet I (to borrow her expression) am Babe Ruth.

There is only one thing that troubles me: I wonder how her husband stands her.

The Spirit of My America

ELLIS BLAIR

Theme 11, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

IN considering the spirit of any great group of people we are dealing with a very abstract matter; we are forced to generalize upon something which is inherently uncertain and variable. We are analyzing the moral standards of a

people; their estimation of value; their ignorance and their superstition; their social consciousness; their philosophy of existence.

At a nearby library table are two young people chatting and laughing.

They are the embodiment of a certain part of our American spirit. What brought them here? What common hopes, beliefs, and fears have they? Are they more representative of the American spirit than the man who is blowing the whistle of that distant locomotive, or must all be considered in arriving at a true conception of this spirit? Can we say that America has a spirit characteristically her own? If we believe she has, we must observe the various human activities in which her people participate; we must go to the foundations of American life; there, and there only, we will find the spirit which is truly American. To determine the true spirit of America, therefore, we will analyze her social, moral, intellectual, and religious life, remembering all the while the great gulfs between appearance and reality, between theory and practice.

Americans have come to glorify work. This is a natural development from those principles upon which our country was established. Our founders were sickened by the social inequality of the fatherlands; they sought America as a great and wonderful land in which all men would have equal right to happiness. They had known the futility of hope in their homelands; when they came to America, they put all that behind; they were going to work for a livelihood, and those who refused to work should not eat.

Modern business methods have made possible the accumulation of great wealth, but even most of those who know this luxury find life worthless and uninteresting if they are prevented from engaging in some form of work. Life could have been no different for Americans of today, for their ancestors were workers; they were building for coming generations, and their hearts were in

this great and worthy task; beyond work there was nothing.

The young American child takes great pride in relating to his playmates the vast amount of work he has done; he looks down upon those who cannot give proof of similar accomplishments. In France or England this situation does not exist; children have a more fatalistic attitude.

While the average American works, he works hard and carefully. Unlike the European, he works for the sake of work and for the satisfaction which he gets from overcoming. One must certainly observe in America a lack of perspective which we might even call a lack of sense of value. An American merchant will work feverishly to sell a large amount of merchandize; losses and gains are parts of a game in which the great accomplishment is to have the gains exceed the losses. This man seldom thinks of the ultimate significance of his occupation, of the most truly valuable way of using his profits, or of the possibility of changing his ways. If Jones has built a larger plant, Jones is a success and to be respected as an ideal. Perhaps this philosophy of work is the best one in the end. History is continually showing us men who became dissatisfied with constant work and looked for happiness elsewhere, but they became really happy only when they found some work to do and did it well. As George Bernard Shaw said recently in California, "As soon as you start wondering whether or not you are happy, then you are unhappy." And, regardless of beliefs to the contrary, the great aim of the average American citizen is to be contented, and work, for him, means happiness. I believe, however, that the present decade has seen an increasing tendency, at least in American youth, to scorn work which is mere drudgery. The widespread avail-

ability of former luxuries has given our people an added appreciation of the values of leisure and of work which commands interest.

In one respect, Americans excel all other peoples of the globe. This is in their desire for amusements, diversions, and play. Americans want to work, but when their work is through, they are not content to relax and wait for the next round of labor; their relaxation takes the form of amusement. The theatre, the circus, amateur sports of all kinds and professional athletics, the radio, card games—these afford but a few of the many pastimes which delight our people. We are building up a characteristic American sense of humor, one which is, we think, worthy of duplication by less advanced peoples. Our judgment of values demands humor; we refuse to sanction boredom. It would seem that Americans have observed the history of progress and found in it very slow, certain processes about which worry is to no avail. At least, we have no illusions about making vast improvements in world culture. And so the average American works hard, plays often, worries little, and sleeps less.

One of the best ways of determining the spirit of any group of people is to discover their moral standards. It is to be regretted that American life takes too little consideration of right and wrong. We have our religious groups whose doctrines encourage consideration of the rights of others; our country is founded upon righteous principles, but no reasonably intelligent person would contend that we practice this righteousness in our busy industrial life. Our citizens would not willingly wrong their fellow men, but modern commercial competition has made this indirectly necessary; we simply try to overlook the real conse-

quences of measures which we are forced to use in this "sink or swim" mix-up. Our direct social contacts, however, are much different. Here the average American is religiously just; moreover, he demands like consideration from his associates. I would class the above as two very definite and distinct matters, but, except in extreme cases, the former is well saturated with the spirit of the latter. In a primitive world, opportunities for directly aiding one's fellow man appear continually, but our world is much different. It is, I believe, significant that the average American citizen of today is kind and considerate when given his few opportunities. Although men in general seem to be aware of nothing but personal gain, men in particular are almost always found democratic and sympathetic when they are in a position to render a human service or respect. Perhaps the ever-present wholesomeness of our early ancestors' better traits has been underestimated in recent years.

The new science has been accepted and respected in America as in no other country. Our citizens understand the elimination of brute-strength as a determining factor. They understand also the power of money and the hopelessness of poverty. Perhaps some of them know the thrill and satisfaction of appreciation and understanding. All these realizations mingle to more or less extent in our average American's mind. We feel ourselves at the mercy of knowledge; either we master some portion of it, or we accept obscurity. Even our respect for physical accomplishments is becoming less; one must know something definite or politely excuse himself and start learning something as soon as possible. It is to be regretted that the demand for knowledge has not extended to goodness and beauty; these are forgotten

to be reconsidered a little later in relation to the truth which one has mastered. Factual information is the fundamental prerequisite; goodness and beauty work into the picture more as attributes which will enhance the personality and thus increase the market-value of the man. Such is the type of man which modern science tends to mould. Those who fail to adjust themselves in all particulars are classed as "different" and looked upon as uncertain characters.

Americans are in earnest about learning, regardless of what their individual interest may be. To some it may be a necessary evil, to others a satisfaction and joy, but we are going at it in our usual energetic way and, of course, taking the lead among nations. The world may well look to America for advancement in facts and methods. Moreover, with increased learning must surely come an increased appreciation of the things known.

I do not believe that the average American thinks much about the philosophical differences and quarrels in religious interpretations. He realizes the existence of a divine force and believes in a life after death. He is too busy in this world to consider probable rewards or punishments in the next. Religion, as such, is a very small item in his life. He does that which seems right to him and knows he cannot do more. The great happiness which comes from serving others is enough to assure him of the truth of goodness. The majesty of nature gives him further proof of the truth of his faith; he is satisfied with God. Too many people have lived and died thus for him to be wrong.

The true American spirit is exemplified, as in no other place, in the Ameri-

can home. Our American wants this little world of his own in which he can live as in no other. He wants a few relatives and close friends with whom and for whom he can work, talk, laugh, hope, and really live. He wants to serve others. He wants to share his life, his successes, and his disappointments. He finds a small world there in which he can be a creative and formative force. Love becomes something real to him. Accomplishments are worth while and appreciated. He has a feeling of security and wholesome responsibility. Most Americans seem to know that life can be real only when they have something outside themselves for which to live. American women know that no joys compare with those found in a family circle. Other things go to make up the spirit of this country of ours, but the family, with the things it stands for, is this spirit; they are one and the same thing inseparable.

I would not say that American life or American family life is always joyous, beautiful, or satisfying, but it is the life in which this great group of people finds itself; it is everything to them, and they in turn have given it a spirit of devotion. It is new; it is changing; it is uncertain; it is often tragic. However, we have accepted it as our lot in the circle of time; we must make the most of it. We know that we have an American spirit; our citizens in Maine have a spirit similar to that of our citizens in California or any other place in our country. Our spirit seems to combine energy, enthusiasm, recklessness, curiosity, daring, determination, earnestness; no one can say just what it is, but we realize its presence and understand it as the vital part of the only life we know.

On Fishing

JAMES HAGEN

Theme 2, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

DID YOU ever go down to a languid, sluggish stream, throw in a line, lie on the bank, and read Homer or Horatio Alger (a matter of literary preference) while waiting patiently and unexcitedly for developments? That is fishing as God meant man to fish. None of the expensive and complicated equipment of the expert angler is needed. A ten cent line, a cork, a hook, and a maple pole you can cut yourself are adequate accessories. For after all, what use has an uncultured carp for the gaudy fly and the pretentious rod and reel? The maple pole and cinnamon dough balls, which were good enough for his ancestors, will satisfy his simple tastes. When a young carp unsuspectingly nibbles and then gobbles the savory bait, one nonchalantly rises from a reclining to a sitting position, carefully extracts the fish from the water and the hook from the fish, rebaits, and goes on with chapter four wherein Rudolph pursues the beautiful Belinda.

The reader may gather from this dis-

sertation that carp fishing is a lazy and uneventful form of fishing indeed. That is not at all true. My uncle and I went down to a small river near my home. The water was placid, the day warm, the sun serene; and just around a broad bend in the river was a log jam formed by the spring overflow. We reckoned, with expert precision, that here, surely, would be a school of fish, even though it was mid-summer. Within half an hour my uncle caught two fine four-pound carp. But no fish deigned even to nibble at my well-baited hook. This was rather a reflection upon my ability, and I became a trifle agitated. Another hour passed. Suddenly I was awakened by a tug at my line. It was drawn tight. The cork was jerked under. Every muscle became taut, every nerve alert. I could tell by the feel that he was a big one as he ran the line back and forth in front of me. He must not get away. A glint of grim determination came into my eye. I actually stood up to make the catch.



American Serfdom

JULIUS RICHMOND

Theme 11, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

THE article, "The Plantation System of Farming," which appeared in the last issue of *The Green Caldron*, depicts the share-cropping system of farming in glowing terms as an idealistic plan in which the wealthy plantation owner plays the role of the philanthropist. In my opinion, the writer of this theme has either not taken the time to acquaint himself with the facts concerning this system of farming or has been misled in his conception of it. I cannot see any of the supposed benefits that the small tenant farmer of the South has received. Since space will not permit me to suggest a solution for the existing evil, I will confine myself to exposing the erroneous conceptions which the article may have conveyed to the reader.

After his comparison of feudalism with slavery, the author states that these institutions exist in a modified form today. Yet the mere existence of these institutions in any form whatsoever certainly cannot be considered an asset to a civilized people. It is true that one difference between the tenant farmer and the serf is that the tenant farmer has the liberty to move from the rented land at will. But, as the article points out, a tenant moving from his rented land receives no emolument for the crop he leaves behind. Therefore, the exercising of this liberty deprives him of a return for his labor. What type of liberty is this—the liberty to starve? And what difference does it make whether one starves as a serf or as a share-cropper?

Another point upon which this author places considerable emphasis is that the landlord is constantly willing to loan money to the tenant. But he does not

state the terms upon which these loans are granted. Despite the plantation owner's magnanimity, his vaunted "business ability" makes interest on loans take precedence over humanitarian considerations. Assuming that these loans were made on a non-interest basis, I still cannot see how the tenant could comfortably repay them since authoritative publications* inform me that many of the small tenant farmers of the South average below two hundred dollars per year for the work of themselves and their families. If this sum can take care of family expenses, debts, and other incidentals, I must confess that the tenants of the South have a very efficient method of budgeting. But if there is a shortage of funds, the writer suggests that the tenant earn money working by the day. This tenant farmer must indeed be an ingenious fellow if he can find part-time employment in a land which has had over ten million unemployed for the past three years.

Lastly, the article cites the little houses (the best name I can find for them is shacks) of the tenants and the mansions of the Southern aristocrats as being "adapted to a more enlightened and humanitarian age." The contrast between these two types of dwellings is alone indicative of the existing system of peonage. Call it "The Plantation System of Farming" or what you will, under its flowery name it will be detected as a slightly modified system of serfdom—a truly great blight upon the people of America.

*Dixon, H. M., U.S. Dep't. of Agriculture, Bulletin No. 492, p. 19, (1917); *Labor Fact Book*, Labor Research Association, p. 112, (1931).

Backwater

MARGARET MAXWELL

Theme 11, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

DEEP in the wilderness of southern Illinois, a wilderness as yet unpenetrated by any cemented cow-path, is a small town named Hoffwasser. What name could be more appropriate for this little stagnant town than Hoffwasser, which has the English meaning, "Backwater"? It is not strange that the town should be so isolated, since the two mud roads which lead in and out of it are nine-tenths of the year as gummy as molasses. Nine-tenths of the year travel in any direction is impossible. Only the mail driver with his team of fool-proof mules, with their large flat heads and strangely-oversized hoofs, dares to venture outside the town limits when the roads are wet. Nor do many tourists wander that way. To the tourists' eyes, Hoffwasser is merely old-fashioned and unexciting.

Scarcely three generations ago, a band of German immigrants chanced upon this lonely spot; and, deciding it was almost as godforsaken as the section of Germany from which they had just come, they built a town. The town became a part of Germany transplanted. Strangers were unwelcome and seldom stayed. Even to-day the majority of the population are descended from the original inhabitants.

Years have passed, and the houses in Hoffwasser have grown older and greyer, but the town has not changed. Two rows of barn-like houses face each other antagonistically across the narrow street. Here and there a plump pigeon balances precariously on the pointed, swift-sloping roofs from which red chimneys spring up like mushrooms. Behind each house is a smokehouse, whose open

door exposes fat hams and whole halves of beeves, hung on a wire, like Monday's washing. Beyond the smokehouse is the barn with flocks of noisy sparrows flying in and out of its open doors. In front of the house there is hardly a yard at all; there is scarcely ten feet between the high front porch and the hitching rack. In summer these small front yards are so full of flowers they seem to ooze out between the pickets in the fence.

In customs, the town is typically German. Some of the older inhabitants speak and understand nothing but German and violently disapprove of English being taught in the schools. In spite of state laws, the children of Hoffwasser are withdrawn from grammar school in their seventh year and are sent to confirmation school, which is held in the church and is taught by the minister. For two years, the pupils are drilled in arithmetic, German grammar, and the Bible. If they pass the lengthy examination given by the minister, they are admitted to the church, and their education is considered complete.

Time has little effect on Hoffwasser. Things are dated back to the time old Lena Mueller's cow was stolen or when the wind blew Hans Lebman's barn over. The years are calculated by the number of patches on the roof.

During the fall of 1929 when the world went insane over the stock market crash, when factories closed and bank doors were shut as tight as if they had suddenly been stricken with lock jaw, when some men used a revolver and others walked out of tenth story windows, the people of Hoffwasser calmly talked of butchering hogs if the weather

stayed cold. When beer was declared legal in Illinois and the highways were cluttered with trucks full of half-aged beer going from breweries to the towns, when people grew hilarious and silly over beer which rivaled dish water in taste, the men in Hoffwasser sat in the one-roomed shack, boldly labeled saloon, and drank beer made from the recipes of the old country. When Hoover and Roosevelt were throwing some of the most eloquent slander in history at one another, when the whole United States

took sides and neighbors fought over back fences, Hoffwasser came to blows over the election of the town constable.

There are still many of these Backwaters, as lonely and isolated as leper colonies. They have become separate communities practically disconnected from the outside world. They have shut out civilization and with it the cares of the world; so life goes on simply and peacefully. Backwaters are stagnant places; yet they have a calm and solitude never found in rushing rivers.

The Thunderstorm

JULIA HERMIE

Theme 12, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

IT WAS a hot, July evening, and I had taken refuge in the lawn hammock in an effort to find coolness and sleep. My eyes lazily pursued a bat as it dizzily hovered and swooped, a moving black shadow against a fast darkening sky. Soon, when the night had deepened, fireflies, like so many specks of glowing gold, flickered restlessly from place to place. The trees became dark, almost shapeless blotches. At long intervals red lightning weakly illumined the north-western horizon. Idly I closed my eyes and listened to the night noises. In the tree above me a locust buzzed and stopped, only to begin again. A chorus of frogs croaked in unison from the marsh near by. Their croaking swelled in volume, slowed, rose again, monotonous yet pleasant. I heard the whir of insects' wings, the melancholy hoot of an owl, and a flop and chucking noise as chickens stirred and settled on a near branch. Once something scuttled through the grass, and once or twice a car sped past. Faintly, as if from a long distance,

the rise and fall of voices reached me. Again and again I opened my eyes, only to see the malevolent wink of lightning in the far west. Thunder mumbled, causing a strange dread to shoot through my body. Then I saw and heard no more.

Even before opening my eyes, about an hour later, I sensed that something was about to happen. Expectant quiet prevailed, not the peaceful quiet of sleep but a tense silence, waiting to snap with a jerk. Everything was holding its breath in fearful anticipation. Not a breeze stirred, not a leaf quivered. Streaks of white lightning seared through glowering clouds rolling forward in sullen heaps, like black horses thundering across the sky, the clack of their hoofs sending zig-zags of fire right and left. But now their hoofs made no sound. Thunder was suspended. I waited half-fearfully and then ran for the porch.

Of a sudden came the wind in raging gusts of fury. A newspaper crackled and blew across the yard; a cloth flapped on

the line. Leaves fluttered and fell. Doors banged, and windows crashed as they were hastily lowered. In the face of the impact, the trees swayed and bowed almost to the ground. In spite of the dust it scattered, the wind was cold and exhilarating, smelling of fresh rain and ozone.

The force of the wind increased, and hail and rain pelted down, fast and furious. The rumbling thunder was scarcely

audible above the din, which lasted about a half hour.

As the wind and rain subsided, the blinding streaks of lightning became more apparent. The thunder cracked, lessened in volume and went on its grumbling way. The moon partially broke through the scattered clouds that remained. All was quiet again in a peaceful, dripping way.

Entrance to University Hall

LUELLA McCORMICK

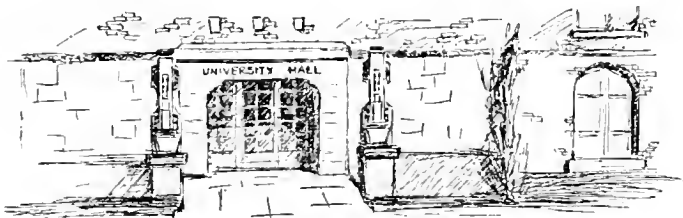
Theme 12, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

THREE days out of every week, I hurry down the Broad-walk. Always I dread to come to the end of the walk, for when I pull open the heavy door of University Hall, I am met by stifling hot air and the whirring hiss of steam, and I find myself in a strange dark "cubby hole." The gloomy landing calls up memories of all the desperate characters of my childhood—"Fe, fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman!" Almost instinctively I crouch farther into the shadows and wait.

Gradually, as my eyes become more accustomed to the dim light, the place loses its weirdness, and becomes instead simply a very old and crude building. I am standing on a queer L shaped landing, leaning against a railing which has been put there to keep the students from

walking off into space where stairs should be but for some unknown reason are not. In front of me is a flight of old wooden stairs, tired and sagging. They are very dark, and a rod has been put in the center to enable people to grope their way up. About four feet below the floor on which I am standing, a long hall extends. This hall is unfinished, and on all sides are pipes through which the steam rattles as if it were trying to escape. Along the sides of the hall are rows of closed doors behind which one would expect to find huge furnaces or machines, but one never looks behind these doors.

I must hurry up those old dark stairs, out of this old dark hole, into the good fresh air—for even the air here seems old and dark.



The "General"

MARSHALL SMITH

Theme 10, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

I GOT my first glimpse of "General" Molestein at the first meeting of the cavalry class to which we both belong. He stood out from the rest because of his many peculiarities in physical make-up and in personal habits. I do not mean to imply that there was anything lacking in his bodily construction for, in fact, it appeared as though he had received more than his share of chest, shoulders, and arms. He was built on a V-shape plan; big head set on a thick neck, well planted on a wonderfully developed barrel chest. His big body was supported by heavy legs which tapered into thin ankles and substantial feet. Huge, ape-like arms, fastened onto truly massive shoulders, tended to dangle out of his ill-fitting coat. To all this was added a jovial, likable face, half covered by a broad nose which was just flat enough to give him a rather tough appearance. He was distinctly a fellow who had done a lot of wrestling.

Upon coming in closer contact with the "General," I found him extremely human and a person who enjoyed living. He got a big "kick" out of everything the troop did and made drill a lot more fun for the rest of us. When he came to drill in uniform for the first time, he beamed like a kid with his first pair of long pants, even though his spurs were on upside down and his coat fitted too much like skin to be comfortable or to look well. His military cap was much too small, and he insisted on perching it on the back of his head, where it only made his face look larger. All in all, "General" Molestein made quite an interesting and somewhat comical picture.

Now it seems that Molestein, like many of the rest of us, had never been near horses before; nevertheless, he had a great desire to become a cavalry man. It was with eager steps and a smiling countenance that he entered the corral the day we were to have our first real ride. He looked over the horses with the eye of a veteran and then proudly marched in to claim his choice. As Fate would have it, the "General" had taken possession of a creature that looked more like a mule than a horse, and acted as one before the day grew much older. Then, too, our hero quite forgot all the lieutenant's kindly suggestions as to how a horse should be handled and soon found himself in difficulty. Experience has taught men that a horse will follow readily when led if he is not looked at, and conversely, that a horse will tend to balk if he is watched by his leader. Well, it seems that Molestein could not keep his eyes off his newly acquired possession and, consequently, had all but to carry him into line. But being of a kindly nature and endowed with much patience, he was able to soothe his mount and maneuver him into line with the rest of the troop.

All went well during the ride out to the drill grounds, but as our friend, the "General," began to get the "feel" of his horse and regain his confidence, he became so elated that he concentrated more on his nodding to the supposed multitudes on either side than he did on the business of riding. He sat very erect in his saddle, feet shot straight forward, elbows held high, and head thrown back, trying to look like a second Napoleon.

02
Pride and dignity were soon jolted out of him, however, when the commands, "Drop stirrups" and "Slow trot," were given, for a horse bounces more at a slow trot than at any other gait, and without the aid of stirrups, a beginner is in a very precarious condition. This accounted for Mr. Molestein's quick change of attitude, which caused him to become immediately intent on his job of staying on the top side of his horse. So much in earnest was he that he leaned far forward, applied his wrestling knowl-

edge, and got a good hold on his horse's neck, hanging on for dear life. Now the horse had to keep his center of gravity; so he naturally tried, by moving faster, to get directly under the main weight of his rider. That accounts for Molestein's sudden break out of line into the open on that memorable day not many weeks ago. Such bold, individual action was worthy of notice and merited a title. Thus, Private Molestein became the "General."

A Walk

WALTER TURNER

Theme 11, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

IT WAS eleven o'clock, that time of night when the brain, exhausted by four hours of intense study, refuses to grasp ideas with clarity. Algebra had become a conglomeration of meaningless theorems. "Why, if R is a root of $F(X) = 0$, should $X - R$ be a factor? What is $F(X)$? What is a 'root'? How can one know $X - R$ is a factor, whatever a 'factor' is?" Chemistry had become a mass of nebulous hypotheses. "Why should two volumes of hydrogen combine with one volume of oxygen to produce only two volumes of steam? Why, if one took equal volumes of gases, should there be an equal number of molecules present? That could not be proved; no one can see molecules, even with a microscope. And, how could it be proved that a molecule of hydrogen is composed of two atoms and should be written H_2 ? If molecules cannot be seen, how in the world can one know that a single molecule of a gas has two atoms?"

Everything—study, college, life—seemed absurd.

"Let's take a walk and forget it," my roommate suggested.

"I can't. I have algebra and chemistry yet to do."

"You know you won't get them. You can't; you're burnt out. Come on."

I went.

We reached Goodwin Avenue, turned south, passed the Women's Residence Hall and the Women's Gymnasium, leaped the sewer excavation, and walked east to the Forest Preserve. Near McKinley Hospital we again turned southward on Lincoln Avenue. We had gone two blocks when the lights behind winked out. Next, those in front were extinguished, and then those beside us dimmed, glowed, and died out. It was, at first, frightening. We had become so accustomed to light that the darkness had a tangible force. We turned westward and stumbled through a corner of

the Forest Preserve to Pennsylvania Avenue. There, with a free sweep from the south, the wind bit through our jackets. It blew the numbness from our brains.

Suddenly a Something forced itself upon our consciousness; we became aware of a new feeling. We became rebellious. Why should two young, freedom-loving creatures be forced to study things we could not understand, things we could not see, when within a half-mile we could come into contact with something higher, something greater, than we could ever find in college? Why should we spend four more of the best years of our lives running from

building to building, listening to instructors, taking tests, and studying far into the night when we could be away from all the hurrah and hubbub, close to Nature—and Something? As we walked through that cold, dark night, we reveled in the thought of dropping everything, acknowledging our failure, and retreating to some spot where we would be alone, at peace.

We turned north. As we neared the university grounds, the queer, exalted feeling vanished as though the buildings were surrounded with an atmosphere that excluded communication with something higher. We returned home, refreshed—and puzzled.

Up from the Coal Country

ROBERT ARNOLD

Theme 12, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

I WONDERED why he was in such a hurry to get home. All afternoon he had hurried about his work, and at evening he did his chores and mine too. When I trudged in from the field, he told me that Dad said I was to take him home. It was Saturday night; he wanted to go home to his family. Night had come when we pulled down the lane and out upon the highway. A summer evening with a starry sky above, a ribbon of grey ahead, and a soft breeze to blow one's hair—how good was life! We hummed along; he said nothing; I commented now and then on different things on the farm. He seemed to be thinking of something. As we neared a town, cars whipped past and lights roamed the sky. The town was busy and boisterous; its glaring lights and noisy horns seemed to leer at the quiet country. The motor chugged doggedly, showing its dislike.

"Want to stop for anything?" I asked.

"I haven't any money," he explained.

I had forgotten. He had come up from the south broke—mine strike, he had said. He came to Dad and offered to work for almost nothing, just so that he got work. Dad hired him at thirty a month and advanced him five dollars to get clothes to work in; he had come in rags. That was two days ago. He still owed Dad three dollars.

"What do you want to buy?" I asked again.

"Groceries; bread is not so appetis'n all the time—and the kids—"

I saw his predicament. "You better buy some groceries," I said. "Just charge them to Dad."

He seemed much relieved as he hurried away. In a short time he returned with some bread, bacon, and crackers. He directed me out of town and down

the dirt road toward his home. As the town lights blinked behind us, once more we felt the fresh air on our faces. He was quiet. His home was over the ridge and down in the flat country. Houses grew fewer and the road rougher. After a while we turned up a lane.

"It's the house just before you get to the high crossing," he told me.

When we stopped, I saw the shack nestled up against the big tracks. A dim light shone through an open door. Lean, dark faces crowded into the doorway and asked for "Daddy." I followed him to the door, carrying the box of crackers. A kerosene lamp threw a yellow light over a room, bare save for a table and two benches. The father had gone directly into another room. When he came to the door again to make arrangements for me to get him Sunday evening, he looked worried. Then I heard a low moan from the other room.

"It's Myrtle. She's been sick three days now—"

I understood. "I better go fetch a doctor," I said.

"I've only been here a few days; a

doctor wouldn't come unless I had the money."

Curse my ignorance! Why couldn't I catch on! I told him I would get a doctor.

While coming back with the doctor an hour later, I noticed how quiet and lonely it was down by the shack. Somewhere, far down the tracks, a hidden signal light flared up into the night. It seemed to reach out protectingly over the little home lying in the darkness beneath its glow. We pulled up the lane and the doctor got out.

"Coming in?" he asked.

"No, I'll stay out and watch this Limited go by."

The doctor was gone a few lonely minutes. When he came out, he looked grave.

"Half starved," he said, "and the fever took her."

Something pumped hard inside me.

"No hope?"

The doctor shook his head. "Cold."

The night seemed quieter than ever. The signal light down the track kept flaring into the blackness.

Wanderlust Foiled

GEORGE P. ENTREKIN

Theme 17, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

A FRIEND and I, searching for something to do for an afternoon, had wandered into the water front district. It was shortly after noon on a fine day in late spring—just the sort of day when one feels the urge to go places and do things. If there is any place in the world which creates a desire to wander into the far corners of the earth more rapidly than the water front of some great seaport with its multitude of ships and sail-

ors, I do not know where to find it. My friend and I, after much walking about, found a place where we could watch the loading of a large freighter from the top of two piles which stood side by side and protruded several feet above the level of the dock floor.

Large crates of machinery were being lifted, several at a time, from a string of box cars which sat on a siding which ran along the dock. We guessed, from the

ship's appearance of being low in the water, that it was nearly loaded, and was probably due to sail in a day or so, though we could not so much as guess where it was bound. Even though it was low in the water, its funnel towered many feet above us, and from its red-banded top issued a small wisp of smoke from the boilers which furnished steam for the several donkey engines which clattered and wheezed on the deck. The ship's superstructure had been painted recently, and had more of the appearance of a large passenger liner than of some lowly tramp. Excepting the few men grouped about the hatch through which the cargo was being lowered, the ship seemed to be nearly deserted.

While watching the scene before us, my companion and I were probably struck with the same thought at the same moment. Why, we thought, could we not sign on and sail with her to some distant part of the world? What a fine way that would be to spend a vacation! It was nearly an hour before we got up courage to go aboard, and when we did, it was with a sense of great accomplishment toward starting out on a great undertaking. When we had searched for some time on the deserted deck, we found a sleepy officer who said that there might be a possibility of getting on as oilers. Even such a lowly job as that of oiler seemed an opportunity to us, and we congratulated ourselves on finding any opportunity at all. After directing us in somewhat uncertain phrases to the engine room, the officer dozed off again, and we started in search of the companion-way. When we had tried several ladders with negative results, we found the one that led to the grating just above the engines. Our search had to be again organized in order to find someone in the passage-ways about the two immense

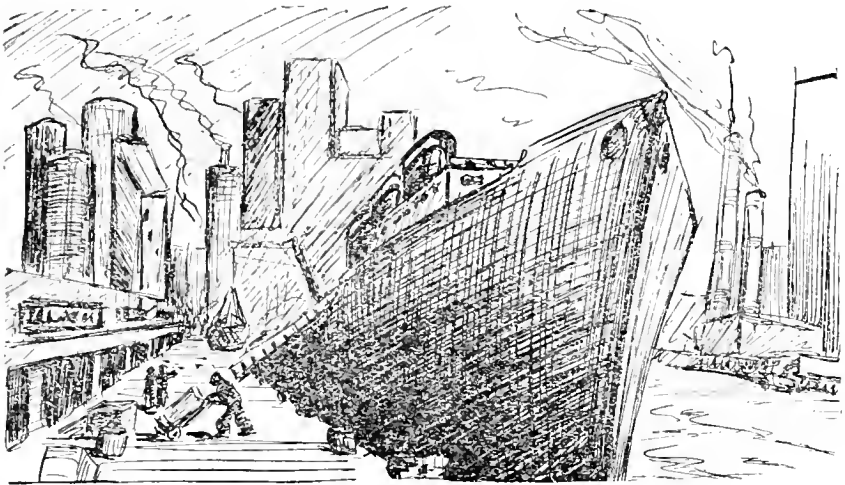
engines. The only man present was the third engineer, who was sitting under the large dial of the engine room telegraph with his feet propped on the hand throttle, reading a magazine. He tore himself away from his story long enough to listen to ours and to call into the depths below the engines, for "Bill." It was fully another half hour before Bill appeared. He was a lank, wizened individual, whom we guessed to be the chief oiler. He was dressed in the dirtiest dungarees I have ever seen. In one action he told us to follow him and scored a bull's eye on a rivet hole in the floor with a large quid of tobacco. It seemed that he was to show us over the grounds which the oiler's duty covers.

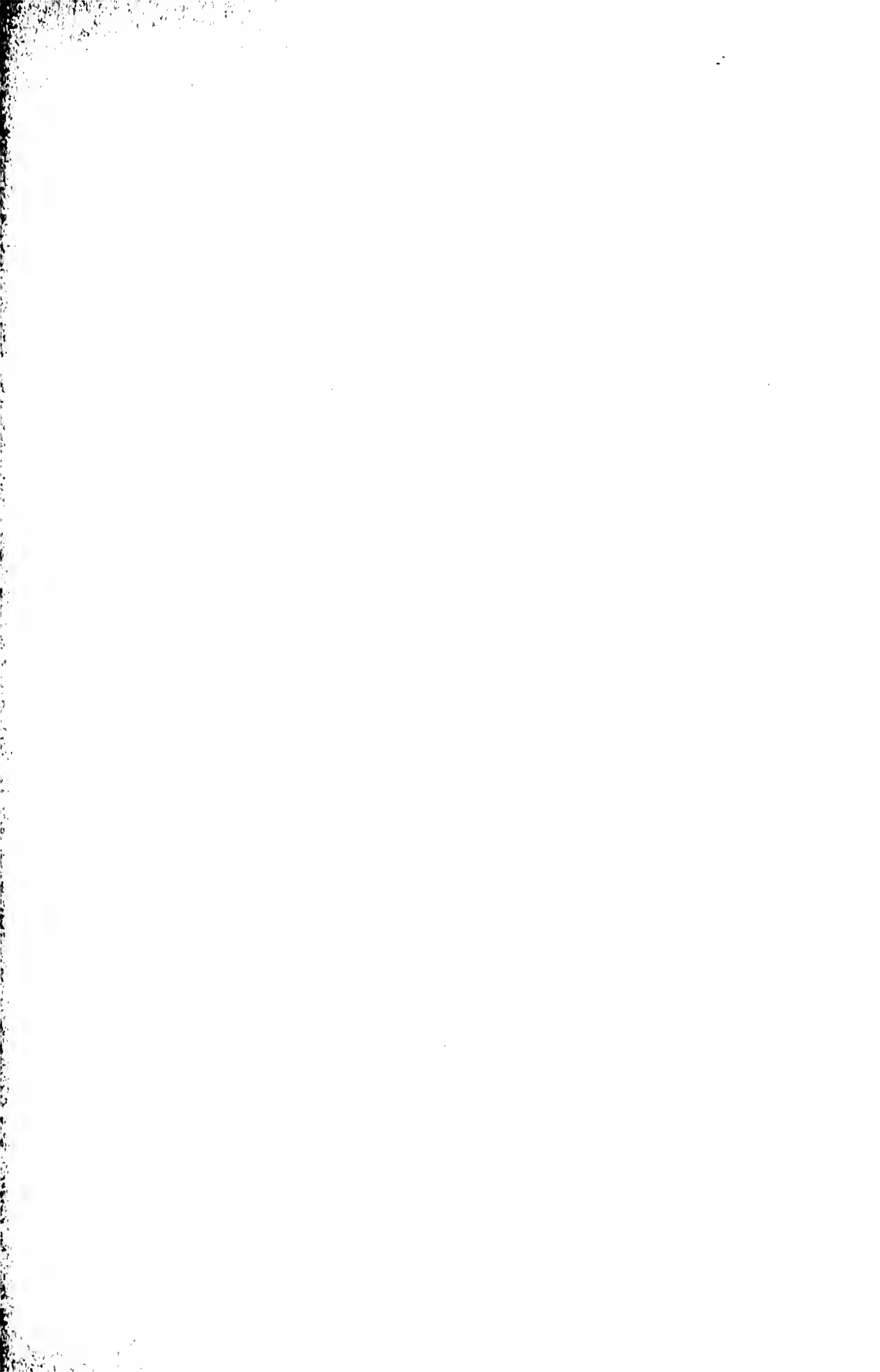
First, he took us into the dynamo room, which was also the oiler's headquarters. There he had us change into dirty overalls and oil-soaked shoes. Next, we went down a ladder to the very base of the engines to the bilge pumps. A mixture of oil and rusty water lay on the floor, and its odor, in conjunction with that of the unventilated atmosphere of the place, made it most disagreeable, but to us it was rather romantic. From there we climbed up a narrow, vertical ladder along the side of one of the engines. About halfway up, there was a slippery unrailed platform from which several mechanical oilers had to be inspected at regular periods. It was not simple even then, in the quiet of inaction, to peer into the glass of the lubricator and keep our balance. What would it be like at sea with the ship rolling and the engine's crosshead thundering past several hundred times a minute? Bill, whenever he was moved to say something, would inevitably tell us how simple our job would be, with never a hint of its dangers.

The final part of our tour was out

along the propellor shafts. We entered through a heavy bulkhead door in the after part of the engine room, into a low narrow passage, down the center of which ran one of the immense steel shafts, supported on several ponderous bearings. This tube-like passage was illuminated faintly with two low-powered bulbs, one at the entrance and one about halfway down. The light was of such a quality that it accentuated rather than alleviated the darkness. We groped our way slantingly down past the bearings alongside the greasy shaft, stepping into puddles of greasy bilge water and listening to the scurrying of an occasional rat, since this passage was directly under the after cargo hold. Even without the added heat from the bearings during a voyage, the place was unbearably hot, the steam lines to the after deck winch running directly over head. Under the second lamp Bill stopped, rested against a bearing cap, produced a bedraggled cigarette, and between drags on it told us that we would be expected to crawl down the shaft once an hour, feel the

bearings for heat, oil them, look for leaks at the stern gland, and return. Since the ship had twin screws, there was another tube demanding the same exacting attention. I began to feel the effects of the heat, the odors, and the stale air, and began to be impatient to get out. Even in the dim light, and under his now thorough coating of grease, my companion, I noticed, looked pale. Bill, however, was not yet content with showing us about. He went on back to the very limit of the passage, where a tiny stream of murky harbor water leaked in past the shaft and ran down into the bilge. Since Bill was behind us on the way out, it took us only a short time to be back in the dynamo room and into our street clothes. Passing the engine room telegraph on our way to the ladder to the deck, we told the engineer that, if we wanted the jobs, we would be back the next day, and then ran to the deck. Nothing has ever smelled better than the smoky air of the harbor late that spring afternoon after we had decided to remain landlubbers.





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The Strangest Delivery Route in the World

GEORGE TRAIKOFF

Theme 16, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

WHEN at home, I usually take charge of my dad's bakery delivery route and deliver to various homes a loaf of bread much enjoyed by people of Slavic origin and others. I cannot think of any job that has had more complexities and peculiarities than following this delivery route of ours, unless it might be the work of an insurance collector. For instance, on the route there are peoples of at least nine different nationalities, including Serbians, Polacks, Lithuanians, Russians, Macedonians, Bulgarians, Greeks, Americans, Austrians, and a few others whom I do not recall; moreover, the majority of these people speak in their native tongue. I have learned the word for bread and bread-man in each of these languages. I've had to. The custom of these nationalities is to announce one's presence by calling out who or what he is; consequently, I must, in order, call out *brodmon*, *pekar*, *lebigca*, *bread-man*, *epsum*, and a few others. I can count in the various languages, and understand how much bread they want; especially I can understand them if they hold up their fingers to indicate how many loaves of bread they want. Sometimes I am detained by my customers, and must somehow carry on a conversation. I recall very vividly the time when an Austrian customer, a lady, stopped me and insisted upon telling me about a young man who had died of heart trouble. I gathered this information from the very few English words she uttered, the various gestures, and the emotions registered upon her face. I can still picture myself

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duplicating every one of her emotions upon my face so that I might appear attentive and sympathetic. When she sighed, I sighed; when she shook her head, I shook my head; and when she took a handkerchief to wipe her tears, I took my leave. I had more bread to deliver.

I remember peculiar incidents which resulted from other situations. One place to which I had to deliver was a "boot-legging joint." I had to go around to the side and knock upon the door.

"Who's there?" a man asked in his native tongue.

"*Pekar*," I replied, using a word of some Slavic tongue.

"Who?" he asked again.

"*Lebigca*," I answered, hoping I had the right language this time. I had; and presently a peek-hole was opened, my identity assured, and I was permitted to enter.

I recall with much embarrassment a very recent incident. There are on our route three houses, all identical. I had been accustomed to deliver only to the first, but my father had just persuaded the occupants of the second house to become our customers. I placed three loaves of bread in my basket, thinking them sufficient for the two families, and proceeded to peddle my bread. I concentrated so hard on what I was doing that my mind was filled with the idea of delivering to the first house and then, after crossing the yard, of delivering to the second house. To my surprise, the first house wanted all three loaves. I went

back and secured three more loaves, and proceeded to the next house. I went to the kitchen door and inquired of the man who was chopping wood in the yard how many loaves he wanted. He replied, "Three!" in a rather indignant or exasperated tone. He turned around, and I was shocked when I saw his face. I wondered when I had seen one just like it before. I knew I had seen it recently. Was it the man who lived near us and probably had moved here? All of a sudden the kitchen door opened, and his wife stepped out. Have you ever been to a movie where things are shown double? The lady looked double to me, and I said to myself, "My goodness gracious, what my sister said only this morning about all Slavic people looking alike is true." I blinked my eyes and was speechless, for this lady looked just exactly like the lady of the first house. She laughed and said she had already

bought bread. I looked to the right and saw two identical houses. I then realized that I had reentered the first house. I apologized and hurriedly left. The lady continued laughing.

As I think about the time required to deliver, I find that one-third of my time was spent in actual delivery, one-third in repairing tires, and one-third in hunting for a gasoline station. I remember delivering when I had to stop every block to wipe the ice off the windshield, and again when I had to stop just about as often to get a drink of cold water. I recall starting to deliver when I should have been through. I remember delivering bread that was still hot, and at other times bread that was hard enough to serve as paving stones. But, best of all, I like to think that now I am ninety miles from home, and cannot be called by Mother to get up and to deliver.



Two Builders

ROBERT PELATOWSKI

Theme 11, Rhetoric 11, 1932-33

I

ALOFTY choir alone remains in memory of the inspiration and enthusiasm of the builder of the wonderful Notre Dame of Beauvais. He intended that the Notre Dame should be, by far, the most magnificent edifice ever built: a cathedral whose nave should stand so high that people thronging her portals would appear like ants crowding into a great oak; a cathedral from whose crossings should rise a most wonderful tower, set upon the tall, dangerously slender piers of the nave, yet reaching higher into the heavens than even the dome of St. Peter's in Rome, placed, even as that was, upon a veritable pile of sluggish masonry. Feats like this one, however, are never to be accomplished; they are too far beyond the abilities and the comprehension of the ordinary person, who is necessarily involved. At Beauvais, the French artisans were incompetent to follow the sweeping hand of the master builder—the master builder, himself, too inspired, too wild and enthusiastic for the safe carrying out of his scheme.

With such circumstances governing the building of Beauvais, there could be but one result: the nave of the choir rose rapidly; the great piers, the flying buttresses, and the tall arches rose to an airy height only to collapse. Yet the architect rebuilt the nave—and this time he made it stand. With the same enthusiasm (still outdoing his reason) he began the wild scheme of building the great tower before finishing the nave. As would be expected, this procedure also ended in disaster. After twenty years of

soaring majestically, the tower dropped through the ever weakening crossings into the Cathedral, sending (by reason of the pressure it caused in the interior of the Cathedral) the glorious colored windows in flashing sprays into the cobbled market-place of Beauvais.

Thus ended the inspired idea that was to have been the Notre Dame of Beauvais. To the casual traveler, it is now merely an unfinished building; yet this fragment, as it stands today, a cathedral filled with long streams of cold, white light, pouring through her colorless windows, dancing, shuttling, reflecting upon her cold grey piers, is to me the fulfillment of the wishes of the master builder—the greatest accomplishment in architecture as well as man's greatest manifestation of an idea. This master builder of Beauvais must have been an inspired man! What a youthful spirit! What a restless vigor must have encouraged him to build upward and upward, unrestrained, into the clear, fresh air above the squalor of the streets below! How naïvely he worked; how unaffected by sophistry he carved! The fresh sculptured work above the portal of the north transept, unspoiled by over finish, is eloquent of the efforts of a fiercely religious sculptor, writing leafy nature into his work and carving what he saw about him. God in nature must have been, to him, God in religion.

II

Upon the Acropolis at Athens stands the splendid Parthenon, perhaps the most perfect masterpiece of architecture yet created. It is a low but dignified build-

ing; its roof is gabled; its walls, closed in on all sides by a peristyle of the finest proportions, are decorated with the best of architectural sculpture and ornament. Yet, for all its perfections, the Parthenon seems squat and forbidding when compared with the warm and magnificent Beauvais. Its restrained, severely correct order with its sensuously curved surfaces seems dull and worldly, in comparison with the elegant piers and their leafy capitals at Beauvais; its conventionalized ornament seems stiff and overworked when compared with the fresh leafy ornament of Beauvais. The builder of the Parthenon must have been a man learned in anatomy, mathematics, the sciences, and philosophy; sophisticated in his attitude toward the spiritual, and desirous of making beautiful for the sake of beauty and the appreciation of man.

From the standpoint of architecture, neither Beauvais nor the Parthenon could be considered better than the other. Each reached the culmination of its own style. Beauvais, the Gothic, developed from the soul, and, given to the worship of something great and mysterious, was glorious and warm and inspired. The Parthenon, classical, developed from the intellect, and, constructed merely for beauty, was cold and dignified and perfect. The inspired man wishes happiness in life; the intellectual, truth and perfection.

III

To compare further the builder of Beauvais with the builder of the Parthenon and to extend this comparison to men in general is a profitable exercise in the study of men. In the same manner that the work of the master builder of Beauvais was great in its vigor, its vastness, and its gray naïveté, so is the work of all inspired men vigorous, large, and

gay; as the work of the builder of the Parthenon is perfect, sensuous, yet cold and dignified, so is the work of intellectual men in general outstanding in its perfection and dignity.

I believe that the ordinary man is more intellectual than inspired. "Common sense" is his religion. He believes in attempting only that which he is sure he can do. By observation, we see that he seldom feels the desire to accomplish the great, but continues through life restraining himself from impulsive actions and offering each day eight hours of stagnating in an office chair for the remaining sixteen of the peace and security of a safe home. The inspired man is, first of all, impulsive. The builders of Beauvais must have exchanged, during the building of the tower, many hours of peace and moderate happiness for a moment of ecstasy. The ordinary man shows himself to be well dressed and self conscious even to the extent of attempting to present himself to his friends as a person of an entirely different character from his own. The inspired man is too much occupied with his thoughts about great things to concern himself with such trivial affairs as the cut of his clothes or his personality. The ordinary man feels little of the spiritual side of life. To be sure, many go to church, but that they actually feel in the presence of the supernatural, when they are there, is doubtful. Most inspired men must have been religious, for much of the greatest music has been written on religious themes during moments of deep religious fervor. The greatest cathedrals were built during years of religious triumph. The ordinary man considers that there are two conflicting forces in the world; he is one, and the rest of the world is the other. The man of inspiration looks upon himself as one of the many living

animals on this earth: he feels that unless he accomplishes something remarkable during his life, he has no right to consider himself more worthy than the lower animals; for, if the reproduction of his species is all that he can set up as his life's work, he has done nothing more than that which any living matter can do.

There are ordinary men of the inspired type. As it happens, they usually fail in life, for they attempt things so far above their abilities that the enthusiasm and energy they receive from an inspiration is not great enough to carry them through its difficulties. Because they fail in reality, they seek happiness by living in a world of unreality and sink into the benumbed state of mind of dreamers. It is only the greatest of inspired men who succeed; however, at long intervals an ordinary man of the inspired type succeeds in accomplishing

something remarkable. Thomas Paine, for example, a political writer of no great merit, wrote, in a moment of patriotic fervor, the *Common Sense Papers*, a splendid work and a forceful one. When his ardor cooled, however, he found himself bereaved of his powerful style and presented failure after failure to a disappointed public.

While it is unspeakably better that ordinary men are more of the intellectual type than of the inspired, it is, at the same time, unfortunate that ordinary men lack so much of the inspired man's fire and enthusiasm; of his desire to accomplish and to find out; of his desire to revere and appreciate, a desire which sends the blood throbbing through his body, clears his mind, and stimulates his imagination. It is only through occasional abandonment of the path of common sense that one may sharpen the ever dulling edge of life.

Forgotten Enthusiasms

DOROTHY DILLON

Impromptu, Theme 17, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

WHEN I was a small child, I was really rather attractive. I had long curls, I was rather shy, and I was generally dressed in neat, clean frocks; therefore, a particular enthusiasm of mine caused all who knew about it, and especially my mother, to shudder and to wonder how such a dainty little girl could have such a trait. Now, if I had been a boy—a dirty, frowsy-haired, overalled boy—I might not have excited so much shocked comment. My innocent enthusiasm was so bad that I kept my poor mother worrying about my future occupation and position in life—that is, in her

brighter moments she thought that I might become a great figure in the zoological world or a world-famous lady surgeon. However, she had her darker moments, when she believed that I must have a criminal streak in me, that I would some day shock the entire world by some bloodthirsty murder in which the victim was cut into tiny bits. The cause of all this worry and doubt was my passion for worms.

I was interested in the common, ordinary fishing-worms, the kind to be found in anyone's back yard and on anyone's sidewalks after a rain. They

were of different sizes and shapes, some long and thin, some pink with queer brown bulges along their sides, and some small and wrinkled. I found all this out by youthful observations; yes, even by close observation, as I often held the wriggly, pink worm up in my carefully scrubbed little hands to ascertain whether or not it had a face, a mouth, or any ears. Well, as far as I could see, it didn't. Worms presented very interesting subjects for experiments; one worm, upon being cut into two pieces, existed then as two worms, and wriggled away. As the scope of my experimentation broadened, I cut these pieces into more and more sections, until, without the aid of a microscope, my delvings into the secrets of zoology could not continue. I had a certain place in the drawer of a doll's dresser where I kept the pieces to see whether or not they would grow. Be-

cause my mother accidentally thrust her hand into this drawer one day, I received the only spanking I ever remember having administered to me. One of my most enjoyable times was when my father went fishing. I enjoyed the preparation, however, rather than the sport. Humoring me, he always allowed me to pull the fat "wrinkly" worms out of the ground, an especially pleasant job, as they stretched so queerly.

Now, I would hardly look at a worm, let alone touch one. They are now merely the objects of an entirely forgotten enthusiasm. My mother no longer worries about whether or not I shall become a feared criminal or a wonderful authority on vivisectional zoology. She needn't, as I shall probably become an ordinary school-teacher, teaching ordinary school-children their everyday grammar lessons.

Contemporary Press Comments on the Assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand

MILTON J. TEPPER

Theme 11, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

THE date was June 28, 1914; on the night before, Jack Johnson and Moran had met for the heavyweight boxing championship of the world. The press was all upset over the question of home rule for Ireland, and automobile manufacturers were boastfully advertising their products as the ultimate in mechanical efficiency and beauty. But, this day something was going to happen. Franz Ferdinand, Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary, was visiting little Sarajevo,

capital of Bosnia, with his morganatic wife. But let us go on with the scene as given by the *Outlook* of July 11, 1914.

The Archduke and his wife were entering Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia, when a bomb burst immediately behind their motor, shattering the motor which followed it, and injuring its occupants. Moved by this circumstance, the Archduke, before replying later to the Mayor's message of welcome, said: "An amazing indignity has been perpetrated. You have received us with bombs." With his wife, he then drove to the hospital to inquire after the condition of the sufferers of the bombs, when a young man sprang out of the crowd

and aimed a pistol at the Duchess. Her husband immediately threw himself in front of her to shield her. The weapon used was an automatic pistol. Both occupants of the motor received mortal wounds from which they soon expired.

The political situation in Europe was very delicate at the time. The Balkans had been at peace less than a year; the rest of the world had been waiting for half a century for the dual-empire to fall and was beginning to be resigned to its apparent stability; and every large nation in Europe was "armed to the teeth" and ready for war. The assassination of the Archduke was the spark that touched off all this inflammable material and started the greatest conflagration known to modern man—the World War.

Looking at the Chicago papers of Monday, June 29, we find that the affair was given considerable space. The *Chicago Daily Tribune* devoted about four-fifths of the first five pages to the tragedy; it told the details of the assassination and gave a list of all the attempted assassinations of rulers since 1800 A.D. The *Chicago Daily Journal* had almost as much as the *Tribune*, and the *Chicago Evening Post* and the *Chicago Herald and Examiner* also gave very full accounts. However, that seemed to be the end of the affair as far as all the newspapers except the *Tribune* were concerned, and by the end of the week, even that journal of public opinion said no more about it. Clearly, from the point of news value, the murder of the crown prince of Austria-Hungary was a "one-day sensation."

Speaking editorially, the Chicago newspapers had little to say. On Monday, the *Tribune* had an article on the first page with the author's name at the beginning, as "Ex-Attaché." Under a New York date line, comment ran as follows:

It is difficult to discuss the tragedy without

laying oneself open to the charge of heartlessness. For while it is only natural that one should be stricken with horror at the brutal and shocking assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand, it is impossible to deny the fact that his disappearance from the scene is calculated to diminish the tenseness and to make for peace both within and without the dual empire.

To such an extent has Francis Ferdinand been regarded, both at home and abroad, as a disturbing factor, and as committed to forceful and extremely aggressive policies, that the news of his death is almost calculated to create a feeling of universal relief.

The article went on further to describe how the emperor had made Franz Ferdinand his counsellor and how the crown prince had gradually usurped power until it was difficult to stay his hand. It also mentioned his hostility to Russia, Serbia, Italy, and the United States, his unpopularity at home and abroad, and his morganatic wedding—all portrayed in a very bad light.

Tuesday, the *Tribune* had, as its second editorial, a statement of the conditions in Austria-Hungary and the reasons for the assassination. No definite opinion was expressed. And that was the end of any comments or opinions in the *Tribune*.

The *Chicago Evening Post* on Monday had a thirty-two line editorial to the effect "that the assassination yesterday in the capital of Bosnia may change the fate of empires is not the thing that brings it most vividly home to the realization of the American people," but the real problem is how the rulers of the world are to guard themselves against assassins. That was the entire contribution of the *Post*.

The third editorial in Monday's *Chicago Daily Journal* stated:

The Balkans have ruled so long with slaughter that it is not surprising that the blood of royalty finally has mingled with that of soldiers and peasants.

However horrifying the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand and consort may be,

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such a tragedy grows naturally out of conditions like those which have existed in that turbulent country. It is characteristic of such sanguinary history as has been written in these war-worn states that, sooner or later, the ruling classes contribute to the mortality list.

The Archduke has shown a lack of sympathy with his future subjects that may have helped to invite his fate. His consort paid the penalty of royalty, although she never could have been a queen.

Those opinions, expressed under the title, "A Balkan Tragedy," were all the *Journal* had to say.

It is also very interesting to see what the London and Paris papers had to say about the affair on Monday morning. The *Morning Post* said, "The idea that the assassin's bullet was to hasten some change in the Constitution or policy is not to be entertained." The *Daily Telegraph* said that the death would be a serious loss to Europe. The *Daily Chronicle* said the Archduke was murdered as "the patron and almost personification of the anti-Serbian policy of Vienna." He was "undoubtedly the most serious problem to Russian ambition in southeast Europe. His succession to the throne was awaited with undisguised dislike . . . and it was an ugly fact in Russia's foreign record that almost every man who has stood against Russia in the Balkans in modern times has been assassinated." The Paris press was filled with sympathy and horror, but there was no political comment beyond the probable reasons for the assassination.

Because they appeared so long after the tragedy, the current weekly magazines gave little attention to the facts in the case. The treatment of the *Outlook* has been given above. In the *Literary Digest* of July 11, 1914, we find on the next to the last page, under "Current Events": "June 28. The Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, and his morganatic wife, the Duchess of Hohenburg,

are assassinated in Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia, by a Serbian student." The *Nation* of July 2, 1914, also gave only the bare details of the incident.

The editorial comment of the magazines, however, was very full and interesting. The *Outlook* of July 11, 1914, did not consider Ferdinand at all capable. "The world looked on with misgivings," as he was "reserved, taciturn, moody, opinionated, a jingo, a militarist under Jesuit control." The *Outlook* also told of its pity for the emperor. The *Nation* of July 2, 1914, feeling that it was the personal aspect rather than the political that makes an appeal, expressed pity for the aged emperor. It was their opinion that Austria would continue its policy of imperialism, and that the only consequences would be political ones in Vienna, as they said, "And the real concern of European chancelleries, in the presence of this Austrian tragedy, is more with personal and dynastic changes which may follow in Vienna, than with any possibility that Austria will be shaken out of her orbit." The opinions reflected in the *Literary Digest* of July 11, 1914, concern themselves chiefly with four ideas: the reasons for the assassination, speculations as to whether the empire would continue to stand, comparison of Charles Francis with Franz Ferdinand, and the peculiar status of Franz Ferdinand's morganatic wife. All this was in the leading article which occupied the first three pages of the magazine.

Although there is no doubt that the contemporary press did not anticipate the actual results of the assassination, there are good reasons for excusing this seeming ignorance or lack of foresight. In the first place, the peculiar conditions existing in Europe, as have been described earlier, minimized the importance of

the incident. Then again, there was not the close bond between the two continents that exists today. Lastly, the news dispatches from Europe were vague and misinforming. From the *Nation* of July 30, 1914, we find that "the shock caused by the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand was fully realized in this country, but the later news dispatches gave us in this country very few premonitions of the sequel."

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Public School English: A Criticism

ANONYMOUS

Theme 11, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

WHEN I was about eleven years old, I began to enjoy adult stories and novels. To be sure, I was not always discriminating in taste. Mary Roberts Rinehart's lurid mysteries intrigued me fully as much as *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, Gene Stratton-Porter's insipid love stories as much as *Silas Marner*, Zane Grey's stupid western romances even more than *The Deerslayer*. All im-

portant incidents in these books I pictured vividly. I was never bored; I had a hobby—reading. I was never alone; I always had companions—the book characters.

At that time, as a result of reading, I was interested, although not gifted, in writing. From being informed that a series of short sentences beginning in a similar manner create monotony I

concluded that words ending in "ing," nouns modifying nouns, relative clauses, prepositional phrases, and a series of verbs—constructions which occurred frequently in my reading—were useful. So far I had made a definite advance in English.

Difficulties arose when a teacher, who, I have since heard, is either extravagant in praise or severe in condemnation, highly lauded my themes, solely because they showed greater variety in sentence construction and a larger vocabulary than were found in most grammar school compositions. For one sentence in particular, "Where she was going and where she had come from nobody knew," she commended me until I began to consider myself an exceptional student. For using words of about the same extravagance as "embellish" she lavished praise upon me until I believed myself already showing signs of talent.

There was, however, a saving grace in her method; it aroused my interest in writing, in carefully weighing the significance of words, in shifting parts of sentences around, jig-saw puzzle fashion, to obtain the effect desired, and, although I was interested in making a noise as loud as possible, rather than as pleasing as possible—somewhat in the manner of a small boy with a harmonica—at least I was enjoying myself.

When I entered high school, serious trouble began. I was given coldly mechanical exercises in sentence variation, monotonously rigid drill on vocabulary. I was told definitely to use *gerunds*, *participles*, *appositives*, and *relative clauses*; I was required to place phrases, clauses, and objects at the beginning of sentences; I was ordered to bring to class a specified number of unfamiliar words. Frequently I was asked to consult the dictionary for the meanings of

lists of words, which I was advised to use in my compositions. Although I was warned against using unusual words incorrectly, I was not cautioned against using them correctly to ridiculous excess. Therein lay the difficulty.

Undesirable as had been my reaction to rhetoric preachments in grade school, it now became more so. From the number and type of them I derived the idea that sentence variety, sentence length, and a large vocabulary constitute style. Accordingly, I stretched my sentences until the meaning was as thin as wire drawn to the limit, twisted and turned them until they were hopelessly knotted and confused, inserted innumerable pleonastic and tautological phrases until they were dangerously weakened, and loaded them with ponderous words until they nearly fell to pieces.

That I was not commended for my efforts had no effect except to make me still more madly pursue former methods. Like the young bride, who, once complimented on her baking-powder biscuits, serves them until the mere sight of that food becomes sickening to her husband, I, once praised for comparative maturity of style, continued to serve relative clauses, appositives, participles, and rare words until the appearance of my papers in itself must have nauseated my teachers, who, like the timid young husband, did not criticize them, but merely failed to digest them. When I did not receive the grades I desired, I concluded that, since grammar and punctuation were fairly correct, I was not paying sufficient attention to style. Accordingly, a letter became "an epistle" or "a communication," a home "an abode," a generous person "magnanimous," a disagreeable sound "cacophonous," and a difficult undertaking "a herculean task." Strained, round-about language, too, was used

to avoid repetition. In one theme Macbeth passed through the stages of "this combination of paradoxes," "our doubtful hero," "the man of fatal ambition," "the homicide," and "the uxorious husband." Altogether, with my parade of learning, I made myself no less ridiculous than Dogberry and Mrs. Malaprop.

In literature I had difficulties no less great. Acting on the theory that in public school most students acquire their life knowledge of the classics, since only one-tenth of high school graduates attend college, the English staff demanded an enormous amount of reading—much more than that assigned freshmen at the University of Illinois. I cannot enjoy the beauties of the landscape when I am racing across the country as fast as a car can travel, nor can I enjoy the beauties of literature when I am racing over the pages as fast as my eyes can travel. In the first instance my mind is occupied with the excitement of the ride, with the swift onward motion, with the attempt to push my hair from my eyes; in the other, with the tension of forcing my eyes across the page, with the madness of the rush, with the discomfort of eyestrain and head-aches. In both instances few mental pictures are formed. Instead of creating an appreciation for literature, long assignments destroyed my pleasure in reading, so that I found myself passing over words, sentences, paragraphs, even pages, without the slightest idea of the content, or, at most, only vague impressions.

To be sure, the instructors attempted to instill in me an appreciation for artistry. My attention was directed to such impressions as "The little town of Dover hid itself among the cliffs like a marine ostrich," "Jerry Cruncher reposed like a harlequin in bed," and "The crowd

[at the trial of Charles Darnay] swarmed about him like blue bottle flies," but, instead of forming vivid mental pictures of Dover, Cruncher, and Darnay, I saw in my mind only printed words. I was asked to notice the effectiveness of Bacon's pithy, well-balanced statements, yet, although I remember that "some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested," I did not derive any pleasure from reading Bacon. I was urged to remember that "Life like a dome of many-coloured glass spots the white radiance of eternity," but was conscious only of the peculiarity of Shelley's metaphor. In short I learned, not to like literature, but merely to loathe insipid books and to dislike those of mediocre quality.

The futility of much of my public school English is thus apparent. In rhetoric, exaggerated emphasis on variety in sentence structure and word selection resulted, not in self-expression, but in self-repression. True, the loss was only temporary and was, moreover, partly offset by increased correctness in grammar and punctuation, but should not four years work yield definite returns? In literature, long, enforced assignments made reading a source of knowledge, like history, rather than a means of amusement. Many facts were inculcated, and a realization of the failings of most modern authors was effected, but whether it is of more value—insofar as the ability to enjoy life, one of the most frequently stated aims of education, is concerned—to remember that *David Copperfield* was based on Dickens' personal experience or to become so absorbed in the novel that one feels himself to be David Copperfield, to enjoy neither Scott nor Grey or to admire both equally,

is apparent. At worst, then, public school English has for me been destructive of its ends. At best, it has merely failed to be constructive.

The courses, I admit, do not deserve sweeping condemnation. That many pupils are benefited by the drill in composition, I acknowledge. That few, possibly not more than ten per cent, suffer from it is probable. That some students find their taste for books unimpaired by compulsory, intensive study of literature is true. Furthermore, no one can deny that, were it not for the reading required in school, many would never become acquainted with the classics. The flaws, then, lie in inadaptability.

In grade school, where only short reading lessons and little mechanical drill in diction and sentence variation are given, difficulties are avoided if the teachers refrain from lavish praise, which produces conceit and "fine writing," and from bitter condemnation, which is embarrassing and discouraging. Some caution against pedantry, too, might be advisable, but is not essential.

In high school the problem is not so easily met as in grammar school. Without great inconvenience, however, a partial solution may be found. Questions on vocabulary and sentence variation may be included in the placement tests. Those utterly ignorant of such matters may profit from the present unqualified preachments on avoiding primer style; the bombastic, such as I, may be trained

in discrimination; and the few superior students may devote their time to more practice in creative writing. Faults of style found in all three classes may be indicated by teachers' comments on the papers. In literature, even less trouble need be taken. Since "a taste for literature where none existed may be cultivated by sufficient reading and training, just as a taste for tomatoes may be acquired by eating enough of them," as Dr. Ruth Kelso has stated, a modicum of reading should be required; and the students should be asked to notice exquisite phrasing on the second reading, so that continuity of thought in the first reading will not be broken. Continuing the comparison of books and tomatoes, I ask, may not aversion to books be formed by too much enforced reading, just as distaste for tomatoes may be formed if one is obliged to eat too many of them? Reducing the requirements to those works necessary for admission to mid-western colleges and universities and making other masterpieces optional sources of additional credit will provide sufficient work to reveal latent taste for literature, will not demand so much study that books become boring, and will encourage voluntary reading of the classics. Those who, after familiarizing themselves with the literary works on college entrance lists, still cannot appreciate merit will profit little from an exhaustive study of famous authors.

Agriculture Difficulties in My Community in 1933

RUTH ANDERSON

Theme 10, Rhetoric 11, 1933-34

IT IS with disappointment and almost despair that the farmer of central Illinois looks back on the work of the last year. After putting in crops that required more than twice as much work as usual, not only in cultivating them but also in combating insects, the farmer realizes that he has not made enough money to pay expenses, much less keep him through the winter.

Excessive rainfall prevented the farmer from beginning to prepare the soil until the middle of May. Because the time was so short, it was necessary that he work almost day and night to get the crops planted. The rain became less and less frequently, making the soil, heretofore soaked, baked and hard. The weather became unbearably hot, making it impossible to use horses for field work. They had been used so little for field work during the spring that they were not fit for hard work. Therefore the farmer resorted to the tractor in spite of the high price of gasoline.

Thus the farmer of central Illinois began to prepare for his 1933 crops. Fortunately, he had been able to plant his oats before the rains. He now set about plowing the cloddy soil. Minerals in the soil that should have made it break up finely had been washed away by the rains. From early morning until late at night, one could hear the unending grind of the tractors. The farmer did not stop even for meals, but ate his lunches in the field. Women and children did chores.

Finally, after days of hard, hard work, the corn was planted.

Still it failed to rain, and the seeds lay in the ground dormant. The pastures and meadows were so burned that because of a scarcity of food, livestock had to be sold. After endless weeks of hoping and praying, it rained. The farmer began to change his attitude. He even dared hope that the hard work of early spring had not been in vain, for prices were going up. But this was not to be.

One day a farmer in the community noticed that his oats field was covered with white spots. Others found that their grain fields were similarly spotted. Investigation proved that nearly every grain field was infested with chinch bugs. These queer spots grew larger. These tiny, red bugs ate everything in their way, leaving a black and burned appearance in the territory they had covered. The grain ripened prematurely. Some fields of grain were not worth cutting, and the average yield was only fifteen bushels per acre. There was hardly enough grain for feed for the coming year. The renter who was forced to sell a part of his crop would have to buy feed.

But the trouble did not end there. These millions of tiny, red bugs were forced to migrate to find food. So they moved in a steady line to the corn fields. There were so many and they moved so compactly that there seemed to be a

stream of blood between fields. The hard roads were greasy where the bugs that had been crossing were crushed by motorists.

But the farmer did not stand by idly and let these pests destroy his corn crop too. He began to plow between his oats and corn fields, working the soil until it was fine. Then he made a ridge which he covered with creosote. This material was not only expensive but also dangerous to use, as a small amount on the skin caused a burn. These miles of barriers had to be tended each day. If the wind blew some dust over the creosote, the barrier was worthless.

About the middle of August the brood of bugs matured to a stage in which they were less harmful. A few heavy rains destroyed many of them. Most of the

barriers were discontinued because they were so expensive and because the chinch bugs were now in a flying stage. In a few weeks the eggs that had been laid by the latter hatched. Corn fields became generally infested, but now the farmer could do nothing but stand by and watch stalk after stalk of corn fall to the ground. Much of it was too infested even to be used for feed.

The result is that Illinois has the smallest corn crop in forty-six years. It would seem that the price would be higher, but instead it has gone down twenty cents since July. Now we see the farmer, at the end of a hard season's work, with less than one-half a crop for which he can obtain only a low price, facing unchanging taxes and debts. What can he do?

On Cows

VIRGINIA KOHL

Theme 17, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

A COW enthusiast would not agree with me; nor would I expect him to. Our attitudes would differ as our degree of familiarity with the cow would differ. In examining his cow he probably would find it necessary to pry her mouth open and look into it, handle her head and her legs, and generally give her as thorough a going-over as any doctor would a patient. For my part, I would be content merely to gaze at my cow through a fence, with my hands in my pockets and a clear field behind in case I found it necessary to take to my heels.

"Cows bring a deep tranquillity into the spirit," says Benson in his essay "The Farm Yard." But again I refer to the point of observation. When I am riding along a country road on a lovely summer afternoon, I must admit that I would be disappointed if I failed to see a number of cows; they are a necessary part of a lovely, peaceful view. Any landscape—a beautiful sky, calm and restful in its lovely azure, fluffy clouds floating so lazily by, the cool green of the grass, the brook with its rippling freshness—is made into a perfect whole

by brown and white cows lying in the shade and blinking unconcernedly at the world in general, or wandering idly about, pausing to graze here and there.

That feeling, however, which I have while riding in a car is by no means the same one I experience when in close contact with a cow. Then she takes on a different aspect entirely, and my mood is no longer one of tranquillity; it changes, becomes alert, suspicious. A farmer boy would consider my attitude highly amusing, but to me the matter is no light, trivial one. Those brown eyes, which had looked so mild and gentle at several hundred yards distance, at two feet suddenly lose all mildness and assume a diabolical glitter. They seem to look me over from head to toe as though endeavoring to locate the tenderest and most tasty part, and as the beast walks slowly towards me, there seems to be malice and horrible intentness in every move. Maybe she is just friendly, as I have been told again and again, or maybe it is simply idle curiosity that prompts her to examine me with such unusually popping eyes and hair sticking so oddly on end; nevertheless, I would rather be in a car, riding by and watching her graze alone on the hillside.

Last summer I spent two memorable weeks in the North Woods with some friends who owned a cow. This animal, "calm and peaceful" though she was, was my constant dread and terror, and kept me living perpetually with one ear cocked for her. I seemed to fascinate her, and

she apparently felt that she would be unhappy unless I were near, because wherever I was she seemed to be, appearing at the most sudden and inconvenient times. If I sat outside to read, she soon would find that the grass at my feet was the sweetest, and before I was aware of her presence, she would be standing before me, vigorously munching her delicacy with such carelessness about what went with it that I half expected to see a piece of my foot dangling out of her mouth any minute. I desired nothing else so much as to be up and away from my dread foe, but if I made the slightest movement, she would raise her head and regard me with eyes that reduced me to an inability to move, and I would sit there petrified until she had finished her repast and wandered away. Such moments, I am sure, have made me old before my time.

Some people make pets of their cows, and I will admit that there is something endearing about a cow's eyes. But again I mention the difference in the point of view. Looked at fearlessly and even affectionately, they are always comparable to the pathos found in the eyes—on a warm, starry night—of a pair of moonstruck lovers. But viewed personally, they appear to me to have a malevolent glitter denoting man-eating tendencies, and when I do such viewing, I always desire ample protection near at hand and a strong fence between my cow and me.

A Type of Beauty

LOUISE TRIMBLE

Theme 9, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

THE grandstand is packed. A band begins to blare. A horse trots into the circle of bright lights. Thousands of eyes watch the smooth, dainty action of its feet as it changes pace. It proudly arches its neck and tosses its head. "How beautiful!" is the exclamation which rises to all lips. But have you ever seen anyone standing, mouth agape, admiring a cow? There are very few people who really appreciate the beauty of this excellent source of vitamins A, B, C, and D.

It is not difficult to see the difference between a well-cared-for, pure-bred cow and a scrub which has been left to fend for itself on a practically barren pasture. This is mostly a difference in the hide and hair. But to pick the most beautiful cow from a group of cows in a show ring where all are well kept is one thing which makes the judge get gray.

First, let us consider the cow's "figure" or general structure. A cow is geometrically designed. No Mae West curves for her! She must have a wedge-shaped body when viewed from the side. The back line must be long and straight, forming the top of the wedge. The underneath line along the stomach and udder must be sloping from the front to the back. From the pin bones, the bones between which the tail is set, one should be able to draw a straight line meeting the sloping line at the back of the udder.

A good cow will show other geometric designs. Let us consider an airplane view, for example. Looking from above, one should be able to draw an isosceles triangle, the apex being at the shoulders, and the base a straight line between the hip bones.

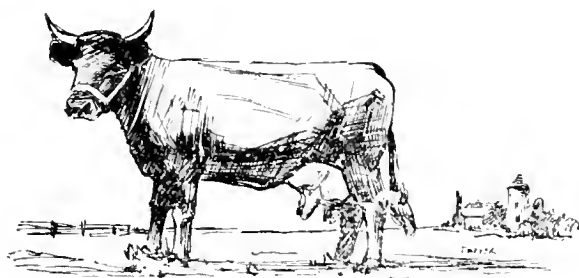
Structure—that is, good structure—is necessary for milk production. A cow must have a large capacity for feed in order to produce much milk. For this reason, a good cow must have well-sprung ribs, set so far apart that one can lay two or three fingers between. A good milk-producing cow will have large milk wells, and veins, and a large udder. Milk wells are located at the beginning of the veins. It is here that the real work of "manufacturing" the milk is done. The veins run in a network on the stomach of the cow. If the cow is milking heavily, these veins are large and prominent. They enter the udder at the front. The udder of a good cow is well joined to the body. It is not a "bag," as it is sometimes called. It is level on the bottom, and it continues the lower slope of the body. The teats are evenly placed and of the same length. Everyone has seen a poor, sorry wreck of a cow whose udder has pulled away from its body, and which may have anywhere from three to six teats, all of which are placed on different levels and are of different sizes and shapes.

We have talked about the "business" part of the cow. Now we turn to the

other parts which are just as important. A great deal of beauty is added to a cow if it has a good head. The thing most desired in the general appearance of a cow is alertness and interest. This is best expressed by the eyes and ears. A good animal has large, bright, slightly protruding eyes. In fact, the more bulging the eyes, the better. I remember a bull which was noticeably cross-eyed. The eyes were so prominent and hooked that they were ridiculous. The face should be long and "dished." By "dished" I mean

that there should be a rather large indentation between the eyes. The muzzle should be long and broad and the nose broad with large nostrils. Although horns are not necessary, they add a great deal to the general appearance of the animal.

Next time you see a cow, look for these things and compare one cow with another. You will find yourself becoming more and more interested until one day you will say, "How beautiful!"



Backstage at the Opera

JOHN R. HAMILTON

Theme 17, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

LAST Christmas vacation, a friend and I, searching for a way to get into the Civic Opera House, chanced to find ourselves before the stage entrance. It was just before the opening performance of the new Chicago Grand Opera Company, and Madame J—— was to sing the title rôle in Puccini's *La Tosca*, two reasons why the house was sold out even before we could get home from college four days previous.

A sudden inspiration came to me; we could try to get on the stage as "supers." Such an adventure would both admit

us to the performance and satisfy our curiosity about the backstage aspect of an opera house. When we applied at the stage door, we were admitted and sent up in an elevator to the huge dressing room for supers. There an Italian attendant flung a bundle of gaudy clothes to each of us and yelled for us to put them on and get down to the stage in ten minutes because the stage-manager wanted a rehearsal.

About fifty boys of varied nationality were struggling into all sorts of costumes. In a few minutes, that throng of

the twentieth century was transformed into a motley crowd of early nineteenth century priests, peasants, and soldiers. My friend and I found ourselves to be Swiss guards and were sent down to the armory for breastplates and helmets.

No medieval castle could have boasted of a more formidable and complete armory than the former Civic Opera Company had assembled on the fifth floor of the opera house. There were hundreds of muskets and pistols of all classes and periods, Roman armor, antique chain mail, great shields of toughened leather for the Wagner music dramas, shelf upon shelf of helmets, and innumerable other warlike accoutrements—all of correct historical design. We were buckled into gleaming breastplates and fitted with helmets that soon made our heads ache. Then we hustled down to the great stage where all was in wild confusion.

Some one put heavy halberds into our hands and pushed us through piles of scenery and stage furniture to the right hand side of the wings where the stage-manager, Mr. D——, was perishing with excitement. The curtain was scheduled to go up in twenty minutes, and the scenery was not yet complete. The added responsibility caused by our appearance drove that overburdened man to violent swearing. However, he marshalled us into a column of twos and pointed out the direction we were to march; then he watched us with despair as we stumbled down a flight of scenery steps in our attempts to carry the immense halberds gracefully.

Finally he gave up and entrusted us to "Bob," who must be the toughest call boy on any operatic stage. Bob rehearsed us individually until we learned how to descend steps without bumping the halberds. Meanwhile several of the prin-

cipals came onto the stage to make sure that everything they needed was in place. As Bob hurried away to give five-minute warnings to those appearing in the first act, he told us in no polite terms to get over to the side of the stage and keep out of the way. Supers, being the lowest form of operatic life, command very little respect. Naturally, several of us, seeing nobody of authority to restrain us, ventured to examine things. The setting for the first act of *Tosca* is the interior of the Church of San Andrea della Valla, which appeared like a huge cavern bound on three sides by walls of splotchy canvas marble and on the fourth by the heavy velvet curtain. Before the curtain opened, this canvas church was a quiet sanctuary from the confusion and bustle that reigned in the wings. It was mysterious, too, as the electricians experimented with varicolored lights. Suddenly Bob appeared from nowhere and literally kicked us off the stage.

Mr. P——, the musical director, came up out of a hole near the curtain, spoke several words to Mr. D——, and returned down that hole again. All noise immediately stopped as if by magic; rich sweeping tones floated back to us from the orchestra pit, and the great rose and gold curtain was drawn back on another operatic epoch in Chicago. From the auditorium, the opening of the curtain is grandly impressive, but backstage the performance has begun before one realizes that the conductor has had time to get to his podium.

As the supers did not take part in the performance until near the end of the first act, we lolled about in the wings, occasionally catching a few notes of the score, but all was so incoherent that we gave up listening and instead looked at the strange sight around us. Above where

we were sitting was a space over one hundred feet high in which were stored back drops, odd pieces of scenery, an enormous cyclorama, and stage machinery. The proscenium arch, although it appears large from the auditorium, is a relatively small opening backstage. Directly behind where we sat on the right side of the stage were hundreds of pulleys used for raising and lowering scenery in the loft. Directly across the stage were an open space for the storing of small properties and the big doors through which scenery was unloaded from delivery trucks. Everything on the stage was fireproof except the wooden floor. Strict precautions are taken when any form of fire is used in a performance. I was told that a certain stage hand is appointed to watch the burning candles used in the second act of *Tosca*.

The supers are singular individuals. Most of them come down to the theatre every night to appear for a few minutes in the opera. That supplies the glamour in their lives. Some of them have an almost insane affection for the opera and spend so much energy discussing the various singers—each super believes himself to be an infallible critic—and waiting around stages to absorb the glory reflected from others that they stunt the development of their own personalities and talents. Life backstage is a medley of splendour and shabbiness.

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Suddenly a hush fell upon the throng waiting in the wings. Mme. J—— had come upon the stage and was advancing in ostentatious fashion to make her entrance from the left wings. Mme. J—— is a grand prima donna of the old school who attempts to impress people by a brazen flare of uncontrolled egotism which she pleases to have known as her "temperament." In a measure she has been successful, for people flock to hear her out of mere curiosity if not for her art. A backstage conductor signalled; Mme. J—— spoke to her maid, made the sign of the cross, and at the sound of a particular note seized the tenor, who came to meet her, by the hand, and stepped out in front of him to receive the spontaneous applause of the audience. From then on that performance was a series of brutal exploitations of Puccini's music.

Our participation came at the close of the act when a great procession of clergy and peasants led by Swiss guards enters the church to the strains of pompous music and ringing of bells. As soon as we were all gathered on the stage, the orchestra and singers began the finale, and the curtain fell on the first act accompanied by thunderous applause from the audience. Immediately the stage hands demolished the church scene, and we fled to the dressing rooms. Our debut was over.



Fresh from the Country

GERALD PECK

Theme 17, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

IT WAS only a few days after graduation from high school that, with ambition generated by a superficial self-confidence and cock-sureness, I boarded a northbound train for Chicago to begin work at my first full-time position in the office of a railroad company. I was also somewhat elated at the thought of my first train ride of consequence; in fact, it was the second time I had ever traveled by rail. My life thus far had been rather sheltered, as I had spent those first seventeen years in a rural community and had escaped seldom, and never far, from the confines of the "Okaw Valley."

That exhilarating feeling of self-importance increased as the clicking of steel upon steel carried me toward Chicago. As the immense factories, foundries, and railway yards of Chicago's outskirts began to appear, my interest was attracted by the magnitude of industry, which by comparison reduced my sense of importance. As a result, that heat of enthusiasm which had mounted so high received a little chill, but only momentarily. There was just so much more to be conquered.

Fortunately, at the station I was met by a friend compared to whose kindness that of the Good Samaritan would have shrunk into insignificance. Surely this was another world from that which I had known. Auto horns sounded, street cars clanked, brakes shrieked, train and factory whistles blew, all industry

vibrated, and people—wherever did so many come from! Saturday night in Pinhook was mild indeed compared to this clatter. I did not know, however, that I was yet in an outlying district, and that much greater sights awaited me; nor could I interpret my friend's laughter when I asked if we might not walk to "town" before dinner—a mere ten miles or so in one direction, I later learned.

Next morning I awakened "with the chickens" but did not miss the crow of the rooster nor the moo of the cow. My interest was attracted by the roar of the city, and I was astonished to discover the sun creeping over the northern horizon, right out of the lake, whereas it had always before risen in the east. There might have been the impulse to lie in bed and absorb as much as possible of this new and entrancing atmosphere, had it not been for an even greater eagerness to get out and be a part of this new world—to view the whole as a part of it. After a breakfast that I was hardly conscious of eating, I had my first experience with the elevated as I traveled downtown with my friend. At the first curve, the shrill screeching of the wheels of the train against the track caused chills to course down my back, although at the same time I affected (or at least attempted to affect) a brave and nonchalant front. I wondered if we were going to the west coast, but my friend assured me we were traveling northward rather than westward and that we were only mid-

way to the loop. From this ride I received one of my first distasteful opinions of the city, for the "L" ran through the backyards of the slums. No grass, no tree, no bit of nature was in evidence. The filth, the run-down and crumpling buildings, the low class of the people on the streets, the odor, and the noise—all were most repellent. I found later, however, that this was only one perspective of Chicago—there are many other and beautiful sections.

After we arrived downtown, my friend, having given explicit direction, left me, and it was then for the first time in my life that I sensed amid the whirl of a big city an utterly-all-alone feeling. However, there was no turning back then; in some manner not to this day known to me, I reached my destination. The building was enormous beyond my feeble imagination; later I appreciated that it was beautiful, but I was in no mood to see in it any beauty at that time. Upon entering I found the place seething with action. After some reluctant inquiry I found that room 1104 was on the eleventh floor, but it was not until I had made a breath-taking round trip to the twentieth floor that I learned that only the local elevator stopped at the eleventh floor. By the time I reached the desired room, my cock-sureness of the day before had dwindled appreciably. I was so meek as to be almost speechless, but with great effort I introduced myself, in a voice little above a whisper.

The chief clerk of one of the vice-presidents took me to the fourteenth floor, where he introduced me to the head of another department. To his "I am pleased to meet you," I could respond with only an awkward gesture. Soon, however, I found myself at a desk, with a typewriter and what I believed must be

about two months' accumulated work before me. In spite of my newly acquired timidity, I still had a strong desire to make my work completely satisfactory—in fact, that desire was too strong for efficient results. Lack of muscular coördination caused the keys to jumble, the wrong letter to strike at the right time, or the right letter to strike at the wrong time. I carefully placed my right forefinger on the *f* and was rather surprised to find that the print it produced on the paper was an *f*. No trick was being played on me. My head was in a whirl, and after a couple of hours of work with every muscle tense and body rigid, I thought my back surely would break, or had broken. Some fortunate and innate determination strengthened me to endure the day. As five-thirty neared, I drew a sigh of relief, with the anticipation of rest and relaxation being near at hand, but such was not my fate. My boss called me to his desk; he had some work which had to be done that day, and I was the unfortunate one selected to remain overtime. That body reserve about which we are told in hygiene class must have carried me through the overtime period. When the extra work was finished, I was told the regulations, hours of work, and remuneration; it was the latter that dealt the fatal blow to my spirit. My salary was to be somewhat less than that previously suggested in correspondence. Dejected, I groped toward the elevator and pressed the button under which was written "down," but I received no immediate response. I therefore rather foolishly assumed the elevators had ceased operation for the day, and trudged down twenty-eight flights of stairs. After a tiresome two-hour ride by a circuitous route on elevated train, street car, bus, and finally

taxi, I found my way home and to a bed which I venture to say never before had quite so appreciative an occupant.

Four years' experience returned to me

some of my lost self-confidence, but never in that time did I grow to feel that I was anything more than a minor cog in a great industrial machine.

Both the Same

FLORENCE STONE

Theme 12, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

"STEP, kick, flex, kick, step, kick, flex, kick."

A line of very young children stood in the middle of the room apparently following instructions. The room was quite large with a huge mirror on its forewall and bars of different heights extending its length. Before this line stood the instructor. Since I was the piano accompanist of this class, I was more or less an onlooker, and I came to the conclusion that it is not the easiest thing in the world to teach dancing to youngsters five, six, and seven years old. Little Joan would suddenly decide to put her bracelet on the chair in the dressing room. Leaving the line, she would nonchalantly walk to the chair and slip off the bracelet. She would think it funny and begin to giggle; that was enough. The whole line of children would begin to laugh. When asked to try a cart wheel, they would absolutely refuse unless the instructor did likewise. There was a girl assisting the instructor whose duty it was to demonstrate all the steps, but her performance did not satisfy them. One afternoon the director of the conservatory came down to see how the class was progressing. It was going nicely until one little blonde, who was in the midst of doing a fairy dance, suddenly sat down to adjust the ribbons on her ballet

slippers because they were not as tight as she thought they could be.

* * * * *

"Step, kick, flex, kick, step, kick, flex, kick."

A line of young college men and women stood in the center of the auditorium floor apparently following instructions. Before them stood the instructor. I had the good fortune of being piano accompanist for the chorus of *Good Morning, Dearie*, a musical comedy recently given on this campus. Being again a sort of onlooker, I came to another conclusion—a group of college students is not much easier to teach than a group of youngsters. When instructed to meet at four o'clock, one chorine was certain to come straggling in at twenty after four. Without giving much more notice than the youngsters gave, some fellow was certain to leave the chorus line to go out to smoke or buy food. When the instructor asked the girls to do a cart wheel over the fellows' knees, she was sure to get the answer, "I can't do it; let me see you try." One afternoon the director of the show came in to see how much the dancing chorus had accomplished. At the time, they were going through a number of the opening scene. The dance was half finished when someone came in paging Steve with the message that a certain Eleanor was waiting outside and did not intend to wait much longer. Steve left.

"Ole Man" Poor

DOROTHY DEAL

Theme 13, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

HE MOVED onto the poorest farm in the neighborhood, his sorry horses breasting the keen March wind with stolid pertinacity and dragging the clumsy wagon heavily through the deep-cut ruts that sucked with hungry mouths at the worn steel rims of its wheels. The crate of dispirited fowls on the top of the swaying load of household goods seemed ready to cascade to the ground at any moment. On the wagon seat, huddled together in their drab wraps, were a small woman and several little children; as the wagon jolted onward, they were jerked passively with its motion. A figure, bowed against the fury of the wind and awkward in a shabby sheepskin jacket, "Ole Man" Poor trudged stubbornly by his team, clucking sympathetically to them.

A year later the same team pulled the same load down the same road in the opposite direction. "Ole Man" Poor was moving out. This time there was one more on the high wagon seat, for the frail woman held a small bundle close to her old brown coat with hands that were encased in too large shucking gloves. The wagon wheels whined complainingly, and I looked up from an ice-coated pump to see the burdened wagon with its owner at its side outlined in a red gold halo against a cold sunset. Involuntarily my eyes followed the plodding man and the plodding horses until all I could see was a large black object in the distance with a small black object persistently beside it. "Ole Man" Poor was running, with dust in his eyes, trying to catch up with life.



18 Angle Street, Hamilton, Bermuda

JOHN WALDO

Theme 12, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

TURNING off Victoria Drive, we paused before a heavy door set flush with the sidewalk in the high facade of an old house. After raising the huge brass knocker and letting it fall, we heard the muffled mutterings of a voice. The door swung open, and, framed in the narrow opening, stood an old negress. She was the ugliest negro woman I have ever seen; her skin was so black that it seemed almost blue, and the whites of her half-closed eyes were yellowish. With arms hanging nearly to her knees, she walked with a shuffling gait that resembled the slinking of an animal. Seeing my wide eyes fixed upon her face, she smiled at me with a sudden display of white teeth, and stood aside that we might enter. We went in, stepping over the high threshold.

Blue-gray flagstones made an uneven floor in the hall into which we had come. This passage must have been fully sixty feet long and perhaps fifteen feet wide. The long bare walls of mouldering plaster, which at one time had been tinted green but which were now peeling off in places showing brownish patches, had here and there a space where the dull red bricks of the walls showed through. The high ceiling was beamed with huge unfinished timbers. At the end of the hall, through an arch, was a patio in which palms and bamboo and bougainvillea were growing.

The house, with its vast, pale pink walls, surrounded the large courtyard. Across the courtyard in one of the corners rose a spiral staircase, winding three stories, stopping now and then at

small landings which led to the ornate wrought-iron balconies that extended across three sides of the patio. A magnificent bougainvillea vine, a mass of blooms, was twined around the faded green railings of the stairs.

In the center of the courtyard, surrounded by many vari-colored pots of flowers, played a fountain. A bronze Narcissus peered down into the blue basin which teemed with goldfish, swimming among fronds of water-plants. The patio was paved with gray flagstones, between the cracks of which were growing grasses and mosses. The place was damp with the early morning dew, except in those spots where the sun shone directly down. The bougainvillea and wistaria, which followed the graceful curves of the fan-shaped windows of the old house, swayed back and forth in the soft morning breeze and from time to time let fall a few purple petals. The whole patio was like some old print of mellow hue, the colours of which have been made dim by the passing of years.

An old lady seated near the stairs at a small table laid for breakfast—I had not seen her at first—got up upon seeing my friend and kissed him. In a moment they were deep in talk. I stood gazing at the green parrakeet which was perched upon a silver goblet on the breakfast table. It gazed at me with a bright and wicked eye between the times it dipped its bill into the water. I cannot remember now what we talked about, so interested was I in the patio and all the unfamiliar things about me.

“Develop”

NANCY BRANYAN

Impromptu, Theme 17, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

WHILE, generally, I do not argue with the masters over the spelling of words, and am certainly not of the “nite” school, there are two words over which I have labored for many years. One, “necessary,” I have drilled myself on until I have a little better than fifty-fifty chance of apportioning the correct number of “c’s” and “s’s.” The other, “develop,” I never write without thinking of the senselessness of “envelope” and “develop.” Perhaps if the spelling did not remind me of one of my more unpleasant experiences, I would not have such a violently antagonistic feeling toward those who selected the particular combination to form the word. The matter is laughable now, but at the time it was such a blow to my pride that it became almost a tragedy.

When I was in the fifth grade of grammar school, I was under a most sympathetic teacher, and I actually believe that, proportionately, I did far better work in that year than I have ever done since. For the first time I began to excel to a certain degree in spelling. The event of each Friday afternoon was a spelling contest, and usually my best friend and greatest rival and I were captains.

The spelling assignment for the Friday of my fall included the word “develop.” I looked at the word, in the teacher’s clear writing on the blackboard, referred back to “envelope” in the pre-

vious day’s assignment, and concluded that the teacher must have made the mistake. So, in preparing the lesson by writing each word ten times, as we had been taught, I wrote “develope.” I heard someone suggest to Miss Smith that there should be an “e” added to the second word, and her hesitant attempt at an explanation that so it might seem but there wasn’t. But, from some perversity, I refused to allow the conversation to penetrate my mind.

“Ellen and Anne have the best grades in spelling for this week, so they may choose sides,” announced Miss Smith. Ellen and I rose self-consciously, trying not to look smug, walked to the front of the room between whispering rows of “choose me! choose me!,” and solemnly guessed at which page number the teacher would open her book, to decide which would have first choice. I was lucky, and quickly called out the name of the “third best speller.” Of course, we knew fairly well the abilities of each student, but there was also loyalty to friends whose papers were inevitably spotted with red checks to be considered, and each selection was a weighty matter. The ethics of the thing must be carefully observed.

At last we were lined up, the boys shaking their fists at one another across the room, the girls shifting nervously from one foot to the other. The board was erased.

Because I had had first choice, the teacher tossed the first word to Ellen, who spelled it in her usual rapid, nonchalant manner.

Then—"Anne, 'de-vel-op,'" pronounced Miss Smith distinctly. My heart jumped maddeningly. It was the first strife I had definitely experienced between my own moral convictions and the opinions accepted by the world at large. Subconsciously, I knew exactly how to spell the word, knew before I began that I would spell it wrong, that I was "letting my side down," that I was allowing a senseless decision of my own

to overbalance my actual knowledge; and yet there it was—"de-ve-lo-p-e."

"No," said Miss Smith regretfully, nodding to the next boy on Ellen's side.

I reddened horribly, my face felt as if it were in flames, my eyes stung with tears that must not fall. Head high, I marched to my seat amidst a dead silence. Sportsmanship and the fear that I might break and make a scene held my thirty fellow-classmates immobile. I sat staring straight ahead, listening to the words flung back and forth, writhing under the pity heavy in the room. Eventually, I could even smile.



Cables and Food, Deferred

G. W. JAMES

Theme 17, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

WE HAD arrived at the *Gare de Lyon* on a gray, drizzly, Sunday morning in June. The fishermen of Paris, equipped with all the paraphernalia of their avocation, were issuing from the subway entrance in the square and hurrying through the portals of the great station, intent on a day's fishing on the Marne or one of its tributaries. Fine drops of rain covered the pavement with a gleaming film of water which indis-

tinctly mirrored the passing vehicles. At the far side of the square a bicycle skidded, dismounting its rider and scattering over the street the breakfast rolls which had been contained in a huge wire basket fastened to the handle bars. Deliberately the man retrieved his badly soiled burden, ignoring the passing motorists who heaped torrents of staccato French upon his head for blocking traffic. No one offered to help him.

We stood on the steps of the station and gloomily absorbed our first impressions of Paris while we struggled mentally for some avenue of escape from the dilemma in which we found ourselves. Our only monetary assets were a few Swiss francs. They might be sufficient to send a cable requesting help, but how would we provide ourselves with food and a bed until the reply came?

"Well," said my companion, "which do you choose—temporary or permanent starvation?"

"I could decide better after a good breakfast," I suggested.

"Yes, but we may not have enough money to send a cable and buy a breakfast too; so we better send the cable first."

I assented and we sought a telegraph office. Inquiry of a guide in the station, who glared when we failed to produce the expected tip, gave us the information that the Bourse housed a telegraph office which was open on Sunday. A thirty minute walk brought us to the famous financial center where, on the first floor, we found the desired office. In charge was a sleepy clerk who, despite his early morning lethargy, spoke surprisingly intelligible English. From him we learned that the cost of sending the message would be a little less than the value of our Swiss money at the existing rate of exchange. We could not expect a reply before Tuesday, for the cable would have to go at deferred rates. Having paid, we received a few French francs as change.

Outside the Bourse we faced the great, gray city and wondered in what manner the two intervening days would pass. We were in the unfortunate position of being in the country without the proper visas on our passports, having induced the French consul at Berne to grant us

traveler's visas which authorized us only to traverse the country, not to tarry within it. Any contact with the authorities, who would immediately demand sight of our passports, would result in the American consul's being informed of our presence. That gentleman would probably ship us to New York at once, via steerage. Aside from the undesirability of such travel, we wished to see more of Europe, after reenforcing our finances—if we succeeded in such reenforcement.

A more immediate problem was breakfast. From the Bourse we walked seemingly endless miles without finding a restaurant which promised a meal at a price within the range of our limited purse. On the contrary, the public eating houses seemed to grow more elaborate as we proceeded. Eventually we found ourselves on the *Place de la Concorde*. Even the magnificence of that famous square, of the wide *Champs Elysées* to our right with the *Arc de Triomphe* distant down its wide vista, of the *Tuileries* to our left, were not sufficient to alleviate our hunger which the long walk had stimulated to the proportions of a dull pain.

The sun, which had long since dispersed the clouds of the earlier morning, now cast its summer heat down upon the city and urged us on. The *Seine* and the *Pont Royal* lay before us. The district beyond was far less pretentious than the one we were leaving. We hurried across, led by a hope that somewhere in its depths we might find a restaurant where food could be purchased with the few francs still at hand. In a side street we came upon a little food house, obscure and, we hoped, not expensive. We entered and sat at a little table in the refreshing coolness of its quiet interior. We scanned the menu before us. The only item it offered which we could

afford was *bouillon*, an article of diet hardly adequate to our appetites.

Suddenly my companion got up from his chair saying, "Order two bowls of it; I'll be back in a minute."

I ordered by the undignified process of pointing out on the menu the article we desired and sat wondering at my friend's sudden impulse. Presently he returned, carrying a long slender loaf of bread for which he had paid a franc. It was a superb product of the baker's art. Its crisp golden crust tantalized our hunger as we waited for the *garçon* to bring the *bouillon*. We wondered hazily whether the management would object to our crass impoliteness in thus bringing a portion of our meal with us. When the waiter brought the steaming bowls of pleasantly odorous liquid, he pointed volubly at the bread. Seeing that we did not understand his words, he disappeared into the kitchen, returning at once with a knife. Taking the loaf and its paper wrapper from our table, he placed them on an adjacent table and sliced the bread diagonally into huge, snow-white slices which fell away rapidly from his dexterous thrusts with the keen edge. This hospitable task accomplished, he returned the bread and left us to our long delayed food.

We ate voluptuously but leisurely, employing the *bouillon* as a welcome condiment for the bread which alone would soon have palled on our tastes, despite its visual appeal. No crumb of bread, nor any drop of the tasty liquid, remained when we had finished. Our hunger was satisfied; we became more philosophic about the future. Having paid our bill and departed, we possessed but two francs.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in aimless wandering, in viewing sights made familiar by rotogravure pic-

tures, and in regretting our inability to speak French. Dusk found us on the *Champs Elysées*. We sat on the benches which flank the sidewalks along that famous thoroughfare. Endless streams of pedestrians and traffic passed before our eyes. Occasionally a *gendarme* sauntered by, eyeing us critically, but finding us involved in no overt infraction of the city's laws, moved on. Slowly the dusk faded into night, the street lamps were lighted, traffic and pedestrians began to diminish in number, and hunger again seized us. On an obscure little street behind the nearby *Hotel Crillon*, where the diplomats of many nations dined in luxurious splendor, we found a little *boulangerie*, redolent with the delicious odor of baking bread. We parted with one of our two remaining coins and returned to our benches where we ate in silence. Unaccompanied by a liquid, the bread lacked appeal. Our hunger again satisfied, we moistened our bread-dried throats at a fountain in the nearby park.

We spent the night, which was not too cold, asleep on newspapers in a secluded spot in the park. Voices of early morning pedestrians woke us at dawn. We rose and sat for a while in the park, then returned to our previous day's wanderings. It was Monday; we could not hope for a reply to our cable until the following day. In late forenoon we spent the last franc for another loaf of bread. We passed the ensuing night sleeping fitfully in the same park.

Tuesday morning we hurried to the telegraph office in the Bourse only to learn that no reply had been received and that it might not arrive before Wednesday. We face the prospect of two full days without food.

Tuesday afternoon we visited the American Express office hoping that there would be letters awaiting us. There

were none. Tired of walking and surfeited with the hard benches on the *Champs Elysées*, we sat in the American Express office writing letters on stationery furnished for the purpose.

I had just finished one letter and was starting another when the sound of a familiar voice drifted to me from the center of the big room. I looked up. For a moment I could not believe that two friends, from whom we had parted in Boulogne, Italy, were standing there before me. Before I could overcome my surprise, one of them had seen me and

was walking toward me. I greeted the two with a cordiality which transcended any mere sentimental friendship. Here was relief from deadening hunger; here were the providers of a bath and a clean bed; here were men who could return us to a semblance of respectability. We hustled the two out to a restaurant, and that night usurped the bed in their hotel room while they obligingly slept on the floor.

They played the part of Good Samaritans until the cable was answered.



Buried Alive

E. E. EDWARDS

Theme 21, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

THE foreman's order to quit for the day finally came. It was with relief that I tossed aside my pick, leaned against the last line of coal cars, and mopped the grimy sweat from my brow; a hard day's work in a coal mine is enough to tire the hardest of men. The minutes passed slowly. We were awaiting the arrival of the electric tram which would carry us to the surface. In the far end of our small chamber I could

dimly see the dynamite man putting the finishing touches to a charge of powder. Each night as we left the shaft, the dynamiter would touch off his charge, so timed that, within fifteen minutes after we left, it would explode and loosen the coal for the morrow's work. There were eight of us in the shaft. Most of us had worked for years for the Monarch Company and were veterans. Johnny Breen, a youth of about twenty, was sitting be-

side me. He was the newest man among us. He had started about a week ago, after his father had died and left him to support his mother, three sisters, and a younger brother.

We finally heard the tram rumbling on the iron rails still some distance from our chamber. The foreman gave the order to light the fuse of the charge, and we moved toward the entrance of the chamber. Old John, the Pole, joined us a few minutes later, after he had touched off the fuse. Suddenly I heard a terrific roar, and the ceiling of our shaft tumbled to the ground not ten feet in front of us. I was thrown to the ground by the jar. As I got to my feet, and was blinded and choked by the fine particles of coal dust, I moved farther into the shaft, where the air was much better and I could see more clearly. There were four men beside me who were unhurt. Breen was lying on the ground before me. "Johnny! are you hurt?" I cried. He stirred and sat up as I shook his shoulder. He was only dazed by the shock and was soon on his feet after I had mopped his face with a wet handkerchief. Then I tied a wet handkerchief around my nose and, with the other men, walked back towards the scene of the explosion. We found the other three lying unconscious on the floor of the chamber. We carried them back with us and began to revive them. Two were not hurt seriously and were soon up and around. The foreman remained unconscious, and nothing which we did could revive him. His head was bleeding from a cut, and his skull seemed to have been fractured. After we had bandaged his wound and made him as comfortable as possible, we went back to the cave-in to survey the damage. The entrance was completely blocked. The explosion had probably been caused by

dust. The finely divided particles of dust hanging suspended in the air had been ignited by our carbide gas head lamps. I remembered seeing a flash of flame which was quickly blotted out when I was thrown to the ground. "The high, vaulted roof saved us from getting burned," explained the Pole. "The explosion was mostly above us."

"The dynamite!" I screamed, suddenly remembering that John had lit the fuse just before the roof caved in. He raced back to the other end of the chamber as fast as his wobbly legs could carry him. I looked at my watch and fervently prayed that he could find the fuse in time. He had two minutes' grace before the charge would explode. A minute passed, and I heard a triumphant yell. He came out of the darkness holding a few inches of sputtering fuse in one hand and his knife in the other. "Py golly, dot vos close," he said. I sank slowly to the ground. My knees were weak from the strain, and I was trembling like a leaf in a breeze.

After we had rested for about an hour, we took our picks and shovels and started digging our way out of the entrance. We sweated and strained for three hours, steadily picking and shoveling away the tons of loose coal. For every bit we shoveled back into the chamber twice as much rolled into its place. It was no use. We gave up and settled ourselves to wait for rescue from the outside. My throat was parched and dry. I walked to the barrel to quench my thirst. I could not believe my eyes. The barrel, half full before, had now only a few inches of water in the bottom and that was fast disappearing. The force of the explosion had slightly spread the staves, and in our excitement practically all of our water supply had quietly drained away. Calling the others I set

to work saving what little water was left. We raised the barrel and poured the water into empty lunch cans. We had just enough to fill two of them.

The hours slowly passed. The foreman began to moan. I took the little remaining water to him and, holding his head, let him carefully sip the liquid. He lay back and closed his eyes. It was now twelve o'clock. We had been trapped in the chamber for nearly seven hours. The air was getting stuffy and thick. I made the men put out all the head lights except one. The light from it sent weird shadows flickering through the cavern. The foreman's face gleamed white through the semi-darkness. The room seemed cloudy and misty. "How long do you think the air will last?" I asked the Pole. "Three hours at the most," he replied. Breen began to blubber. I walked over to him and tried to console him. "We'll get out soon now," I said. He began to scream and beat his fists on the wall. "Let me out!" he cried. I grabbed and shook him. He sank sobbing to the floor. Two of the men, Italians, were praying in their mother tongue. It reminded me of a priest whom I once heard at a Catholic funeral.

Another hour passed. I gave the remaining bit of water to the foreman. He was delirious, and raved and moaned.

He was talking about his wife and children. The air was getting worse. I tore open my shirt, but did not relieve the tight feeling around my chest and neck. My throat and mouth were parched and dry. I spoke in a hoarse whisper to John, "How do you think they will reach us?"

"They will drill through from the upper level," he said. "That would be their best bet. The entrance is probably blocked for fifty or sixty yards."

Time dragged slowly. The air was so thick and close that we were breathing with increasing difficulty. I began to cough and choke more frequently. The fine dust irritated my throat and made it feel like fire. What was that? I thought I heard a faint thumping above us. The silence was deathly as we strained to catch the sound. All the men heard it now and they sighed with relief. "They had better hurry before it is too late," spoke John in a weak voice. The minutes grew longer. We could hear the whine of the electric drills now. The room began to whirl. I sank lower upon the ground. The thumping of the picks grew louder. Bits of coal began to fall from the ceiling to our left. I was fast losing consciousness. I heard a crash. I grew limp as I felt myself being lifted, and that is the last that I remembered.



THE
GREEN CALDRON

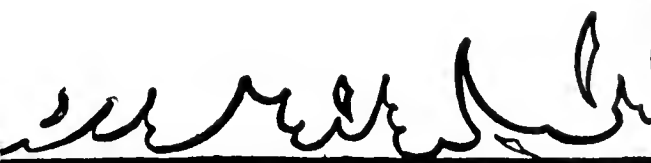
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Peony Season

MARIAN KENNICOTT

Theme 6, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

WHAT a rush and bustle there is on my uncle's farm when the peonies begin to "pop"! One evening the fields may be a calm mass of green, closed buds, and, in the morning, the colorful horde is advancing stealthily. The battle starts. A campaign is hurriedly organized, and troops are called out. Men are hired to pick the flowers. These "rookies" are given instruction by Oscar, the hired man, veteran of more than thirty peony seasons with the family. Most of the men whom we hire, however, come back every year and are quite efficient. My father and brother, having received telephone messages that their services are needed "at the front," rush out to the Grove as soon as they get home from work. The log-cabin flower-house is cleared out and made ready to hold the flowers temporarily.

Then the troops go into action. The men, after having received their instructions, go out into the fields "armed" with sharp picking knives and white string in twenty-inch lengths to tie the bunches. There is an art in picking the flowers just right so that the flowers will last and the plant will not be injured. The flowers are cut with fifteen-inch stems, and the leaves are stripped off six inches from the bottom. Two leaves must be left on the stalk of young plants to provide for nourishment. A skillful, experienced picker can grade, pick, and bunch two hundred dozen a day. The bunches of thirteen flowers each are laid in the shade until an armful has been picked; then they are collected or carried up to the cool flower-house where they are put into pails of water.

In the flower-house two men are usually stationed to stamp, wrap, tie, and put the flowers in water. First, the family trademark is stamped on each sheet of the white, parchment-like paper used to wrap each bunch. Then, this paper must be folded in such a way that there is a double thickness around the heads of the flowers when they are wrapped so that they will be less likely to break off. Because there is this danger of breaking, thirteen flowers instead of an even dozen are put in a bunch. Each variety of peony, after being rolled up in paper, is tied with a colored string—red for "Early Red," yellow for "Felix Krause," green for "Monsieur Jules Eley," blue for "Pond Lily." Just before they are to be put on the truck to be taken to the wholesale company in Chicago, the flowers are taken out of water, and twenty bunches of one variety are wrapped together in heavy brown paper. Usually two trips a day are made to town—one in the morning and one in the early afternoon.

I have only been an interested bystander of the campaign since about eight seasons ago when my family lived at the Grove in the summer. When we were children, we all used to help by driving the Shetland pony around to the different fields to collect the bunches and haul them to the flower-house in the cart. Little, fat Tommy got his biggest work-out of the year during that week of peony season. My little cousin has now taken the job of driving Tommy. Of course all five of us could not drive the pony at once (or lead him, as we did when the cart was full); so we alter-

nated this task with duty in the flower-house. In there we folded the white sheets of paper and stamped them, cut string to the proper lengths, or wrapped and tied. In such an active place, there are always various errands to be done, and, because I was the youngest, I was official courier. I carried messages from "the front" to "headquarters" and back again, and took cold drinking water to the men in the fields. Degrading "K.P." duty often fell to our lot too, and we helped in the kitchen, served, and washed dishes when we could not persuade Aunt Jean that our services were needed elsewhere. I suppose sometimes we were more bother than help. And if the opportunity ever arose to go swimming or to go to town, we would disgracefully desert the ranks. We were, however, reasonably conscientious in doing our part to "hold the fort." Advancement came according to the number of years in the service. At the time of my last season "in action," my older brother, Bub, had advanced to "picker," my cousin Avis and my brother Robbie had been promoted to "ti-ers and wrappers," but Mary Jane, my other cousin, and I were still driving the pony, folding, cutting string, and doing other such insignificant jobs. Imagine my chagrin the next season when I returned, no longer active in service, to see Mary Jane now wrapping and tying, and a *stranger* in our midst—a neighbor boy filling my old position as pony driver!

The women "behind the lines" also had their work to do. Much preparation

is required to feed about twenty men and wash all the dishes. My mother used to help by cooking some of the food over at our house and sending it to my aunt just before the meal was served. Men often cut themselves or were stung by bees, and my mother usually took care of such accidents.

Never have we been able to check the invading horde of peonies. No matter how hard we fight to keep the flowers from getting ahead of us, every year they beat us. Little by little we find ourselves losing ground. First, with the aid of hot, damp weather, the "Early Reds" get out of control. When the pickers "retreat" to concentrate on the later varieties, the flowers seem to rush over the field, transforming it into almost a solid mass of red. Soon we are completely overcome by this colorful army. Our troops are dismissed, and all is quiet on the front. We sit back, worn out after the hard week, and watch these beautiful invaders swarm over the fields. For the first time we have an opportunity to enjoy their beauty. Sometimes we say that we are so tired of peonies we never want to see one again. But every spring we are all "on our toes" waiting anxiously for peony season to start. After each season we swear that next year the flowers will not get such a start on us. And every year is the same—one night the fields may be a calm mass of green, closed buds, and, in the morning, the colorful horde is already advancing stealthily.



Where the City Ends

ROBERT LAYER

Theme 16, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

WHERE does the city end and the country, woods, and farm begin? Chicago, New York, Columbus, Indianapolis, even Champaign and Urbana spread to a point where the drowsy country is skillfully woven into the alert, intricate pattern of the city. A city is like an upturned hand. Heart and life lines are the boulevards, smaller lines are streets, mounds are suburbs, and fingers stretching out are highways reaching for the rest of the world.

Why does the greedy metropolis stretch away to take nature's galaxy of miracles from us? Why does she send her scouts, those pestilent highways, to our favorite fishing places? I hope not to bring fair-weather fishermen who dress for dinner and dance or play bridge all night. Her armies of engineers are continually replacing picturesque bridges with modern steel and concrete structures. Those writhing, viperous high-

ways cause discontent in small towns and lure their victims to the city.

The first step the city took toward annexing our town was on the day the constable took down the sign that warned farmers not to drive their teams across the bridge faster than in a walk. A few years later a new sign appeared, "Bridge not safe. Travel at your own risk." The automobile and truck had killed the bridge that was sturdy when they were fragile toys. Now there is a mammoth new concrete span that hides the mill pond and makes the dam look like beavers' work. The fate of the town is that of the old mill. It was once independent, but now the farmers buy flour and truck their produce to the city.

Where does the city end? Not at the city limits, nor even the edge of the suburbs, but where the highway leaves off and the dirt road carries on.

Salt Creek Bottom-Lands

WILLIAM G. ELLSBERRY

Theme 6, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

IT HAS been said that Illinois is completely civilized; yet those who have explored the byways of her rural regions know that although much of the countryside abounds with factory smokestacks, airway beacons, and telegraph poles, there still remain localities whose natural

beauty is untainted by the encroachments of civilization.

Through the central part of Mason County winds a fair-sized stream, ridiculously named Salt Creek. But despite its whimsical appellation, the creek, with its wide, deep valley, is a well-known

landmark. Beauty in nature is attained by beauty in land forms, in vegetation, and in animal life. The Salt Creek bottom-lands are exemplary of these three types of beauty. The delicate grandeur of the region is symbolic of an historic past steeped in tales of Indian lore and the wild frontier.

Bordering the valley are massive bluffs of sand and clay and rock. Their sparse covering of wild berry bushes and dry grass presents a bleak, tawny aspect. They stand, like a range of mountains, boldly silhouetted against the sky. To us, living in a flat prairie country, these huge mounds do much to alleviate the monotony of the plains; they are indeed awe-inspiring. The highest of the bluffs is called Courthouse Knob, and if its shape had anything to do with the name, the person who named it certainly chose well. It rises from the valley floor, a spectacular pinnacle with rounded crest, devoid of all vegetation. There it stands, towering above all else, a worthy object for any ambitious hiker to attempt to climb. Near the top is a rugged cave which was used in the pioneer days as a hiding place for the deer hunter. There the erstwhile hunter would conceal himself and wait for his quarry as his drivers and beaters chased the deer past the bottom of Courthouse Knob. It is thrilling to imagine the roar of the old flintlock, reverberating through the wilderness; I have stood many times on the peak just above the deer cave waiting for that echo, and then, when no echo has come, I have looked down and have seen, as on a vast relief map, the gullies with their crooked streams that slip down the slopes and widen and blend into the main channel.

Along the main streams and bordering the rivulets which lazily drip from the highlands are the swamps. They are

treacherous places, beautiful with the iridescent, ethereal mist of fast-evaporating moisture, yet foul with the soggy ooze of centuries of decayed vegetation. The heavy growths of brake and marsh grass, interspersed with patches of moss, serve as an attractive disguise for the underlying quicksand which has proved fatal to so much of the uncared-for live stock of the neighboring farmers. But despite their danger and darkness, these swamps hold a curious attraction. I once succumbed to the temptation to wade into the dank places, and there I observed, with my heart in my mouth, wonders that held me spellbound. Spider webs clung to my face, and when I shakily brushed them away, I could see an occasional snake slithering down through the scum of the stagnant pools and burrowing into the soft mud. Later it began to rain, and when the rain ceased, the sun came out and the marsh sweltered in the hot rays. As I removed my cap to wipe off the perspiration, I noticed that a large, moving thing was resting on the bill of the headgear. It was a moth, so beautifully formed that it looked like an exquisite ornament, carved by a divinely inspired artist from some unknown precious stone. As I advanced deeper into the swamps, I saw many other strange things, and when I was once more back on solid ground, I was relieved, but not at all sorry that I had dared face the danger of the muck and quicksand.

But the bluffs and swamps constitute only a minor part of the valley's beauty. It is the vegetation—the maze of flowers, the embroidery of creepers, the feathery foliage—that enhances the great attraction of the place. Dainty water lilies cover the main stream and its diminutive tributaries, while graceful wild irises force their way through the matted vines

which cover the water's edge and boldly wave their delicate plumes in the hot, humid air of the Salt Creek bottom-lands. In the land farther back from the water, the vegetation becomes more solid and substantial. Large fields of perennial wild flowers beautify the landscape, and, as one proceeds still farther inland, he comes to deep, dense growths of virgin timber. Here there are no flowers; they have been snuffed out by the huge trees whose far-reaching roots have found and have consumed all the fertility from the soil. I shall never forget those doomed avenues, carpeted with moss and fallen leaves, which wind beneath the rustling canopies of the sheltering elms and sycamores.

The land forms and the vegetation have been shown to be wonderful attributes of the valley, but the wild life has not been given its due. Just as all living things, no matter how insignificant, are a part of their physical environment, so are the forms of wild life in the Salt Creek bottom-lands a part of those bottom-lands. There are great numbers of fish, snakes, and lizards; and there are many whirring flocks of quail, ducks, and geese. But more attractive to the hunter than the ducks and geese are the raccoons, foxes, and wolves. Perhaps the mentioning of wolves will tax the credulity of the reader, but anyone who has actually been in the valley, who has heard the soft padding of heavy paws, and has seen a large, tawny body gliding through the underbrush will agree with me that the animal was not a dog and that it certainly was not a fox. Furthermore, wolf-hunting expeditions would not scour the valley every winter if there were no wolves to hunt. Some of the older authorities on the locality

contend that they have even seen deer in the wilder parts of the bottom-lands, but, although I have seen curiously shaped and very small hoof prints, I am inclined to believe that they may have been made by a stray calf rather than by a deer. However, the region is so strangely different that I can easily imagine the presence of deer, even though I have never seen one. But what if there are no deer? The intriguing mystery of the fox den, the arrow-shaped head of a snake with its darting tongue, the whining chatter of a raccoon—these are enough to inspire great interest. One can scarcely take a step without seeing some movement in the brush. Great gray cranes soar up from their haunts; a horny fish leaps and quivers in the dark water; a burly groundhog pops his head out of a hole and basks in the sunlight. The valley is not dead—it is moving and alive; it has action, and that action is the element which transforms the place and makes it, not a silent, tangled waste, but an active, teeming chaos of life and nature.

The Salt Creek bottom-lands are, today, as they were when Columbus left Spain. They are comparable to an exquisitely carved, antique jewel set amid the shallow glitter of the paste diamonds of civilization. No museum of natural history can ever hope to attain the true beauty and the educational value of the Salt Creek valley because that valley has the one quality which cannot be reproduced—it is real. The autumn winds have blown against the tree of time, and the tree of time has lost all of its leaves—all except one which still clings, even today, on the uppermost branch, flinging its challenge to all the world.

The Spanish People

MILDRED J. WILSON

Book Report, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

AFTER completing the last chapter of Irving's *Alhambra*, I sat for a few moments in contemplation, trying to decide what it was about the book that so fascinated me. I thought of the romantic, glorious legends related by Irving. I recalled the conquest of Spain by the Moors, the building of the magnificent, towering Alhambra; I conceded that I had thoroughly enjoyed Irving's sentiment and humor, his graceful, melodious expression, and his conversational, entertaining style of writing; but, although all of these things had much to do with my liking for the book, I finally came to the conclusion that the Spanish people made the story most interesting to me.

The first thing of interest that I noted was the fact that the Spanish people are such a contrast to the country which they inhabit. I had always imagined Spain as being a soft, southern region similar to Italy, but, on the contrary, I found that it is a "stern, melancholy country, with ragged mountains, and long sweeping plains, destitute of trees, and indescribably silent and lonesome What adds to this silence and loneliness is that absence of singing birds, a natural consequence of the want of groves and hedges." Naturally one would expect the inhabitants of such a country to be dull, clumsy, awkward, and uncultured. But the Spaniard had none of these characteristics. Rather, he was a happy, contented soul as he traveled hither and yon on horseback. "He lives frugally and hardily; his *alforjas* (saddle bags) of coarse cloth hold his scanty stock of provisions; a leathern bottle, hanging at

his saddle-bow contains wine or water, for a supply across the barren mountains and thirsty plain; a mule-cloth spread upon the ground is his bed at night, and his pack-saddle his pillow. His low, but clean-limbed and sinewy form betokens strength; his complexion is dark and sunburnt; his eye resolute, but quiet in its expression, except when kindled by sudden emotion; his demeanor is frank, manly, and courteous, and he never passes you without a grave salutation." I quote from the *Alhambra* itself because it so adequately describes the Spaniard.

As I progressed through the book, I found that the Spaniards were very kind, courteous, hospitable hosts who made friends readily, and who were "in their glory" if you but allowed them to be your guides in order that they might relate to you the glories of Spain, and that they might show you all the royal, old palaces, relating some ancient legend (which oftentimes they actually believed) to every room, hall, and balcony in the huge structures. The Spaniards were an agreeable, companionable people. No matter what their station in life might have been, whether they were educated or ignorant of books and learning, they were never vulgar; they were never unintelligent. The very simplicity and gracefulness of their actions, whether in dancing or in working, and their thoughtfulness and willingness won the traveler's friendship in an instant. The bright-eyed Dolores, although she had read very few books, was a delightful character, entertaining and loving.

Not only were the Spaniards friendly

and hospitable beings, but they also were humorous, and they were great lovers of music. This musical talent most interested me. It seemed to me a striking thing that practically every person was gifted with the ability to play some instrument, most often the lute or the harp. Perhaps it was the constant playing of these instruments that made the story so melodious. At any rate, there was scarcely a character the reader met who could not sing, dance, or play. I suppose that the Spanish people knew very, very little about "theory of music," which we must study today if we wish to become great musicians, but, nevertheless, they played beautifully, because they put into their music their own feelings, thoughts, and emotions. In other words, music seemed to be born within them, and they were always conscious of a feeling of rhythm and harmony in everything they did.

The Spaniards were great musicians—yes. But they were also great story tellers. And such story tellers as they were! With what pride and dignity they related the old, romantic legends of the Moorish conquest of the Granada! They loved to imagine themselves as living and doing the heroic deeds that the characters in the legends did. It is rather amusing at times to note how they clung to the slightest tradition that might in

some way connect them with a king or queen of the days of old. Of course we must admit that they were very superstitious. But because this superstition is so frequently the very essence, the very life of their legends, we forgive them and thoroughly enjoy all they have to tell us.

A most outstanding characteristic of the Spanish people was that of sympathy. They had "hearts of gold." There seemed to be little class distinction within the country itself. When the kings and warriors went out to war, oftentimes they returned the captives alive; or, upon the request of the defeated enemy, returned the bodies of the dead captives; many times they even attended the funeral of the dead victim, sending scores of their own men to act as pallbearers at a most ostentatious gathering of "weeping" people held in honor of the dead man.

And so I finished the *Alhambra* with a feeling that I would like to go to Spain and visit the dear, old Alhambra with its hundreds of rooms lavishly decorated in marble and bronze; I desired to see sometime the castle by moonlight as Irving did; and, most of all, I wished that I might actually see the Spanish people, hoping that they are the same people that they were in Irving's day.



A United World, Tomorrow

FLORENCE SIMS

Theme 6, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

IMAGINE, if you can, what the world will be like fifty, even one hundred, years from now. The radio—what wonders will it bring? The airplane—how far will it progress? The modes of transportation and communication are ever drawing the nations closer together—making the world smaller. Might it not be a common experience for a housewife in the United States to call another housewife in Czecho-Slovakia on the radiophone to exchange a little gossip? Or perhaps the family will go on a weekend jaunt in the family plane to visit friends in China or Japan. In view of the present rate of progress, these are hardly wild prophecies, are they? And yet, how are we going to converse with out friends of other nations? It would be absurd to try to gain a speaking knowledge of the many different languages on this earth. The only logical solution of this problem is the world-wide adoption of an I. L.—an international language. But what language shall it be? Who shall choose it? And how shall we persuade the jealous nations to agree peacefully to one language? These are problems to which Dr. L. L. Zamenhof has devoted his life.

Dr. Zamenhof was born in 1859 in the cosmopolitan town of Bielostop, in western Russia. He had for neighbors Russians, Poles, Germans, and Jews, each speaking his own language and hating the other races. Time after time he witnessed bloody fights among the different nationalities. He thought considerably about this condition and came to believe that if only these people had a

common language, could talk to, and thus learn to know, each other, all this bloodshed and unhappiness would be done away with. He also realized that, on a larger scale, his reasoning would apply to the hatred existing among all the nations of the earth. In one of his addresses on the subject of an I. L., he explained his feelings in these words: "Oh, break down the walls between the nations, give them the power of mingling freely and communicating on common ground, and then only will disappear that hatred which we see everywhere."¹

For fifteen years, 1872 to 1887, Dr. Zamenhof worked out various types of language. He considered the dead languages, Greek and Latin, but realized they were much too difficult. One of the existing national languages would be impossible because of the jealousy among the nations. The only possibility left was an artificial language, created especially for the purpose. Accordingly, he began work on the language, Esperanto. The name is derived from a word in the language meaning "hope."

M. C. Butler, in an article on international languages, says: "An I. L. should be international, easy for all, neutral, euphonious, phonetic, flexible, unambiguous, logical, regular, adaptable, and tested by long-continued practical use on a large scale . . . Esperanto . . . is the only language which possesses all these characteristics."²

Let us first consider the simplicity of Esperanto. The vocabulary contains only

¹An address to the Second Esperanto Congress, 1906, *North American Review*, CLXXXIII, 1154.

²M. C. Butler, "Universal Language," *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 13th. Ed. New York, 1926.

about nine hundred words, and yet forty-six years of use have added only technical, not fundamental terms. In composing his vocabulary, Dr. Zamenhof drew from the languages of all the most important nations. Often he found the same root word occurring in three or four different languages. He often referred to Latin, for, after all, practically all the languages of Europe have been derived more or less from Latin. When words varied widely in different languages, he chose from first one and then another, attempting to be impartial in his choice. In this way a large percentage of the vocabulary is already familiar, even to one who knows only his native tongue. The school teachers of the world gave evidence of the simplicity of Esperanto in 1922, when, at an International Conference of Teachers, they adopted a manifesto in favor of Esperanto. They had found that "given two lessons of one hour each per week, the school children can, in a single year, get ability enough to use the Esperanto language, as is not possible in any other language in three years."³

"The simplicity of the Esperanto grammar, comprising sixteen fundamental rules, with no exceptions, is quite remarkable."⁴ All nouns end in "o," and all adjectives in "a." The plural for either is formed by adding "j." There are only two cases, nominative and accusative; the latter is formed by adding "n" to the nominative form. There is only one article, "la," for all genders, numbers, and cases. An adverb can be formed from almost any word by adding "e" to the root. The verbs do not change for person and number, but change for

tense. Thus the present tense of the verb "to be" is:

Mi estas	Ni estas
Vi estas	Vi estas
Li, ŝi, ĝi estas	Ili estas

The person and number are shown by the pronoun which is never omitted.

The main device which makes it possible to have a vocabulary of only nine hundred words, is the use of suffixes and prefixes. Take, for instance, the prefix, "mal." When this is added to a root word, a new word is formed with exactly the opposite meaning; for instance: bona — good, *malbona* — bad; juna — young, *maljuna*—old. Likewise, the root words are usually masculine, and the feminine word is formed by the suffix "in," thus: patro — father, *patrino* — mother; frato—brother, *fratino*—sister. So by the use of about fifty prefixes and suffixes the ordinary vocabulary is cut at least in half.

Esperanto was given to the world in 1887. It first spread through Russia, then to Germany, finding, however, the strongest support in France. Societies were formed, periodicals published in Esperanto, and finally in 1905, the first Esperanto Congress was held. The interest in Esperanto was at its peak when the War broke out. This spoiled everything, and it is only recently that interest in the language has been renewed. One of the biggest steps forward since the War was made in 1925. At that time the International Telegraphic Union officially recognized Esperanto, stating that it was "a clear language." In this same year, there were twenty-seven European broadcasting stations giving regular Esperanto transmissions. The French say: "This is not a language, artificial and dead, simply transferred from our languages; it is a language capable of living,

³"Esperanto Favored by International Conference of Teachers," *School and Society*, June 24, 1922, XV, 694-5.

⁴"Esperanto Language," *Americana*, New York, 1928.

of developing, and of surpassing in richness, in suppleness, and in variety, the natural languages."⁵

Will Esperanto be the I. L. of the future? Will Esperanto be given a chance to draw the nations of the earth together in peace and fellowship? I hope so. For as long as we cannot know what our neighbor is saying, we cannot hope to understand him, to know what he is really thinking. When, at last, we are able to talk with him easily and freely, then only will we realize that he is no different from us, and that we have all

⁵Couturot and Leau, *Histoire de la Langue Universelle*, 2nd. Ed. Paris, 1907. Translated from the original French by the authors.

been a bunch of fools to fight about such little things.

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Big Town, Little Town

KENNETH NELSON

Theme 5, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

MY HOME town is a paradoxical sort of place. Big town, little town. A sleepy, lazy country village and a big, bustling suburban city. The inhabitants play checkers and charades with equal facility. It is too close to the enveloping spirit that surrounds the city of Chicago not to have grasped some of the latter's essential "big-townishness," and yet far enough away to have retained its languid country manners. A harness shop occupies the building across the street from the new department store, and the numerous garages have not yet driven the blacksmith out of business. The great majority of men, however, commute to Chicago every day for business reasons, and their wives often go "down town," (their name for Chicago's Loop) for shopping.

Old Mrs. Parkins typifies the country part of the town. She has lived there for over fifty years, always in the old, clapboarded, white house on the hill overlooking the Des Plaines River. Every morning at ten (not nine, or eleven, mind you) she leaves her old house on the hill with a market basket over her arm and walks the three blocks to the business district to do her shopping. Whether she buys anything or not, she never returns to her residence until twelve, for this morning foray is the only time during the day that she leaves home. She usually stops for a chat at three or four places on the way back, and her telephone conversations are terse in the extreme. She prefers to do her talking directly, not over wires, for she has an intuitive distrust of anything me-

chanically complicated. When she rides in an automobile, she is very careful about the way it is driven. But she is not the typical back-seat driver. She is so obviously nervous about the whole thing that no one has the heart to object to her frequent warnings and ejaculations. She is thoroughly "small-townish"—but she has bobbed hair!

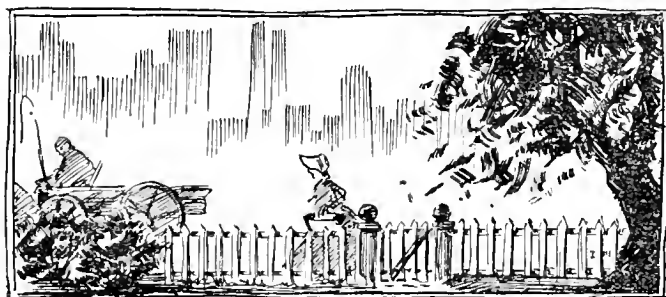
Mrs. Rutherford, her next-door neighbor, likes the city. She visits Chicago at least twice a week, and plays bridge in the afternoon. She and Mrs. Parkins have nothing in common, but I have often seen them talking together in the summer evenings, while Mr. Rutherford sits in his stockinged feet to read the paper every night, and always turns the radio to Amos 'n Andy at 10 o'clock. Mrs. Parkins likes Amos 'n Andy herself. She always seems to laugh at the same time that the rest of us do—I suppose rural people have the same sense of humor that city people have. Mrs. Rutherford tried to teach Mrs. Parkins to play bridge one winter, but before the lessons had progressed materially, Mrs. Parkins had almost succeeded in teaching Mrs. Rutherford how to make patch-quilts—and Mrs. Rutherford, in turn, taught all her friends to make patch-quilts.

The village band gives concerts in the town's auditorium on Saturday night,

and many of the same people who attend a performance of *Aida* on Friday night seem to enjoy themselves thoroughly with the amateurish rendition of a portion of the opera by village talent the next night. They can't quite get the horse-and-buggy complex out of their systems, and they don't seem to want to, which is perhaps best. Many of them have lived in the city before, and these people seem to be the ones who are most enthralled by local events and local customs. After being little frogs in a big puddle during their working days, they can come home at night and be middle-sized frogs in a middle-sized puddle.

My family moved from the city when I was born. My mother said she couldn't bear to think of my crawling up and down six flights of stairs to play in a little eight-by-eight square of grass, and she felt that a change was in order. I have often been thankful for her decision. For my own part, I would rather live in a small town near a large city than in any other place in the world. The small town offers a comradeship, and a sense of unity and fellowship. A large city offers all the wealth of advantages which a great deal of money makes possible. Living in a suburb is the happy medium.

Big town, little town. Checkers and charades. That's the life for me.



On Reading

GEORGE TROUTT

Theme 5, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

THE positive influence of books upon the mind of the conscientious student cannot be denied. They are to him a character-forming force as great as his environment or his heredity. They become to him an environment as influential as his homelife or his associates. Is it any wonder then that he is always receiving a flood of advice as to what and how much he should read? He is warned that if he reads too much, he will become merely a book-worm, a walking encyclopedia, a book-philosopher, whose only thoughts are echoes of some author; that the men who speak to him through the pages of his books will so dominate his mind that he will lose his power to thrive independently, creatively. Nietzsche confined his reading to the works of a very few ancient Greek philosophers with the excuse that to read more was only a waste of time. To him books were distractions, muddling influences which disturbed the otherwise clear, calm workings of his mind.

Again, the conscientious student is advised that he cannot read too much, that by reading he can become acquainted with the achievements of the greatest minds of both the past and the present, and that if he has the power to do creative work, he can stand on the shoulders of the men with whom he has become acquainted in his reading and grasp at that which was beyond them.

I use the term *conscientious student* to denote a group of persons who by their reading and thinking affirm their "will to power" not only over physical forces but also over the basic enigmas

of life. It is no vain desire to appear cultured which keeps these people eternally at war with themselves and the universe, nor is it the "genuine scientific passion," the "intellectual curiosity" that Matthew Arnold describes. It is rather the will to comprehend the incomprehensible. It is the will of a people who, lacking the naïveté to believe explicitly in any of the existing religions and possessing the courage to view themselves as microcosms in a macrocosm—to admit themselves powerless to comprehend the infinite—still seek to establish a world picture which will give them the spiritual repose they might have had if blind faith in any of the now existing religions had been possible to them. It is these people to whom the power to create is given, and to them, because of their receptive minds, that the choice of what to read is most important.

There are some simple people who can find in the Bible or the texts of other religions the answers to all of their questions concerning the universe, but there is still a larger group of people who prefer to pretend a religious faith and to ignore the incomprehensible. It is these people who, being by their very religions hypocrites at heart, have taught our schools and made our laws and absurd moral code. They have made of society an organized hypocrisy. To them and to the sincerely religious alike, the choice of reading material should not be difficult. If they are looking for light informative reading, our magazines and papers are full of political and scientific propaganda for their consumption. If they want to

be amused, thrilled, or lulled into a senseless stupor, our libraries and news-stands have thousands of mediocre or poor novels and stories which are good enough for them to dull further their already dull wits on for a few hours. They are like a crowd gathered to watch a sculptor at work; they can finger the chips that fly from the marble block and wrangle over the significance of the sculptor's works, but they cannot have any influence upon the finished statue. Therefore it is inconsequential what they read or whether they read at all.

But let us consider the conscientious student and his reactions to his reading. If he understands as he should the unrest which destines him to be an "intellectual," then the works of all other poets and artists will be to him manifestations of a similar unrest in them. From this understanding a sympathetic sensitiveness to all artistic expression will be born in him which will be no mean reward for his ambition. As an example, let us consider a student as he studies a modern book of philosophy which has been highly recommended to him. The cycle of his reactions to this book is suggested by Boyle's profound observation, "Understanding is capable only of discovering errors." Oswald Spengler

added a little to this observation with the remark, "Understanding is essentially critical, reason essentially creative." Then we may assume that the student strives to understand this philosophy, and that, upon understanding it, he immediately becomes critical. From this criticism he may form his reasons, and from them may grow a philosophy distinctly his own which will probably satisfy him only temporarily. The important thing is, however, that he has experienced the philosophical ideas of another person and, by his complete understanding of them and his inevitable criticism, has emancipated himself again. Had he possessed the power to understand only a part of the philosophy, he might have accepted it as the world picture for which he had been striving and become only a disciple of another man.

That, then, is the cycle by which the conscientious student will be governed in his reading. He will not read too much, for each book or work of art will require time for consideration according to its merits. He will consider only those things which are artistically worthy because he is serious rather than ostentatious in his search for the world-picture; and he will not be satisfied with or deterred by trash.



On the Fine Art of Conversation

MAURACE H. WELLS

Theme 9, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

FOR several years I have had the good fortune to be on very friendly terms with a certain small group of elderly women. Although I postdate the youngest of them by fifty years, my association with them is no less pleasant on that account; rather, the disparity in our ages heightens my enjoyment of their company. The secret of their charm for me is their excellent conversation. Somehow they lend to even the most commonplace bit of news a certain dignity and importance. Dame Rumor herself, in their hands, assumes a cloak of verity, hiding all semblance of gossip and scandal beneath it. Their conversation belies the advanced years of these charming ladies, for it is youthful in outlook, and intelligently informed about the affairs of the modern world.

Why does this group succeed in an art in which so many fail? Is it because, at their age, they have reached a level of wisdom unattainable by those whose experiences are less varied, which enables them to choose skillfully the subjects of their discourse? Is it because they are well educated and widely traveled and therefore have achieved a discriminating taste for what is excellent in conversation?

Possibly these are important factors in their success, but I am convinced that there is more to be said in this connection. There are these more fundamental requisites for the fine art of conversation which they possess:

First of all, there must be a broad tol-

erance—an ability to see and to respect the point of view of one's companions. Nothing is less productive of profitable colloquy than petty disputes and ridicule or flat denial of the opinions of another. Closely bound to this tolerance is the need for humility. This virtue concedes the right of any who care to speak to be heard. Interesting discussions are too frequently ended by the selfish individual who monopolizes the time and attention of his auditors with his own long-winded dissertation upon this or that phase of the subject under consideration. Such usurpations are seldom appreciated, no matter how excellent their style or how admirable their sentiments.

Equally important are a sense of humor and a sense of perspective. A sense of humor keeps conversation alive and interesting, and goes a long way toward preserving equanimity and harmony in the group. It often serves to incite a steady flow of fresh ideas and new turns of thought which make for pleasing speech. Coupled with it is the sense of perspective, which, on the one hand, prevents the speakers from taking themselves or their chatting too seriously, and, on the other, keeps the level of their discourse above that of mere drivel.

These, it seems to me, are the minimum requirements for achieving this delicate art of conversation. They do not seem to be difficult on the surface—yet how seldom do we find them practiced!

Summer Symphonies

CLAYTON KIRKPATRICK

Theme 1, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

DURING the past summer I found employment on a large country estate; and it was here while working among the trees and flowers that I became acquainted with what I liked to think of as summer symphonies. These symphonies are divided into two distinct classes. There are those which are produced by such animate things as birds, men, and animals. In the other class are those sounds produced by inanimate things such as windmills, machinery of all kinds, wind, and rain.

To the average mind those melodies emanating from animate creatures are more interesting than those coming from a "dead" source. For that reason I shall attempt first to describe some of the symphonies which I heard this summer as they were produced by animate creatures. In the first place, it would be well to fill in the background—to provide that blend or contrast against which the more striking songs are heard with greater beauty. During the day this background is made up chiefly of the hum and drone of insects—of the chirp of the cricket and the buzz of the bees. Often this background becomes so familiar that it is necessary for one to listen attentively to hear it, but if he does listen he will be rewarded with an exquisite blend of melody and rhythm, forming harmony of unexpected beauty. Against this background, which is so beautiful in itself, there comes the whistle of the lark, the harsh cries of a yellow-headed woodpecker, the mournful croon of the mourning dove, the cheerful bickering of the martin. Sometimes the ear of the

listener is jarred by the barking of a squirrel as he sits up in a tree and scolds a dog who sits watching him with an expression of canine laughter on his face. The constant chirping of sparrows is almost lost in the confusion; yet if this sound were not present, the omission would be instantly noticed. In a field close by, a farmer is mowing hay; and, since he is a young fellow who feels that the only way to demonstrate his superiority is by shouting, he shouts with all his might at a pair of mules which plod on unperturbed by the exertions of their driver. The shouting seems a harsh, discordant note in nature's symphony, yet it has its place—to provide variety and emphasis. During the day all the creatures seem to pause at noon. This is the interval of rest, and sometimes the silence is so unbroken that it, too, seems audible.

When one considers the part which inanimate things play in our symphony, he finds that here, too, are sounds which have grown too commonplace for his dulled appreciation. Who would say that the "put-put" of a power lawnmower was beautiful? And yet I have found it so. The steady rhythm, the sharp report combine to form a definite melody if one can catch it. Sometimes when the going is hard, the report is faster and sharper, and one finds that he almost sympathizes—feels a genuine interest in the struggle of the little engine. The rustling leaves, the squeak of the windmill, especially in the night when it disturbs the silence with its eerie creaking, the far-away exhaust of a heavy

road tractor—all of these combine and mingle to produce a symphony, ordinary and common, yes, but not commonplace

or monotonous. On goes this symphony through days and nights, as unceasing as Niagara and as beautiful as Nature itself.

My Favorite Building

JOHN R. HAMILTON

Part III, Final Examination, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

SEVERAL years ago, the Fine Arts Palace of the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893 was still standing in Chicago. This vast edifice had been built of brick covered with ephemeral plaster because the exposition buildings were meant to last only a few months. Later, however, Marshall Field donated money to be used for the founding of a museum of natural history. This bequest and the love that people had for that peerless example of ancient Greek architecture saved the building from immediate destruction. It housed the Field Museum until 1920, when the new marble building was erected in Grant Park.

After the departure of the Museum collection, the vast empty palace rapidly fell into desolate ruin. Great slabs of plaster peeled from its walls, weeds grew in the courtyard, and inside, the proud galleries that had once exhibited the finest art treasures of the world were silent and lonely, tenanted only by rats and pigeons which entered through the broken skylights. Entire sections of cornices and pediments crumbled and fell down among the weeds.

On my first visit to this building, I entered through a broken door panel in one of the long pillard exterior galleries. This admitted me into what I later named "the gallery of the ruined skylight" because its once handsome glass ceiling lay broken and dusty on the floor.

This long gallery, still stately in spite of its sad condition, led from the huge rotunda to the east section of the building where there had been a small theatre and several large rooms with glass balconies around the walls. This wing had the appearance of an uncanny charnel house, for scattered about in its various apartments were broken fragments of statues that had once beautified the "white city of 1893."

During three years I made many visits to the old Fine Arts Palace, wandering for hours among its crumbled splendors. Once I was there in the winter when a snowstorm covered the ghostly pillars and silently filtered into the enormous central halls through their broken skylights. I remember especially the night when I climbed up inside the dome and looked down into the whole palace, the ruin and decay obliterated by the kindly beams of the moon. That night I heard many strange noises and saw weirdly beautiful forms brought into relief by the bright moonlight. The most terrifying part of the building during any season was the miles of damp dark vaults underneath the first floor. These I explored with the aid of a lantern.

Last summer I again visited that building. But the old fascination, even the old beauty that had haunted the structure when it was a lonely ruin was gone. The government has borrowed

money and restored the exterior with limestone; the inside is an ugly, clanking industrial museum filled with blatant machines. The present building, although called a restoration rebuilt from the

original plans, is an entirely new building. The old palace that I loved so much lives on now, not in Jackson Park, but in my memory.

A Tropical Storm

ROBERT DEWOLF

Theme 12, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

LIFE seems almost to have disappeared. The little feathered gulls, which usually flutter along the beach, are gone. Everything is quiet. The palms have sensed the approach of something dreadful, and their leaves have ceased to move. The usual ripples on the water have graduated to stately rolling swells which have a sinister look of bound-up fury. But they, too, are silent. The white and fleecy clouds have become huge masses of deep purple and gray which roll in towards the shore. As these approach, as the silence grows more oppressive, there is a feeling of tension, a feeling of something strained to the breaking point.

Suddenly this something does break. The bound-up fury of the ocean is unleashed. The great swells are whipped into a frothing mass of flying foam. The purple and gray clouds become alive. With the shriek of a war cry, the wind swoops down to lift clouds of the salty foam. This it slashes like needles at

everything in its path. It is not content with foam. It whistles shoreward to hurl blasts of sand at bending trees and quivering shacks. It screams through the palms, pulling off their fan-like leaves as it would blow a seeding dandelion into the air. It comes to the heavier trees where it rips off branches and sends them hurtling away. The fury increases with great bounds until, again, there is a feeling of tension, a feeling of something strained to the breaking point.

Suddenly this something does break. The spirit of the storm has given in; it is beaten; its fury is gone; it is now like a tired and weak old man. A quiet rain begins to fall, and the air is filled with the clean fragrance of a soft and cool breeze. Then fleecy clouds begin to appear anew, and they go fleeting across the sky. The ocean is again covered with ripples and waves which wash back and forth on the beach. And the little gulls sail merrily along in the sunshine.



T.D.

The Best Hobby

HAROLD LANCASTER

Theme 9, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

NOW when the grass is soon to fill in the ground-work of its green carpet with a design done in dandelions, when the earth, fragrant with potential life, is ready to let him who wields a spade envy the angle-worm that burrows in its rich, brown bosom, the soul of any man not city born and bred should thrill with the desire to "make a garden." Let him who scorns the hoe and watering pot reconsider his determination to allow the greenhouse and grocery store the privilege of supplying the family with flowers and vegetables, and think of the advantages of having a garden of his own to enjoy and to weed. One of the most apparent of these advantages is the garden's aesthetic value. It is a joy to see things grow, and rows of little corn tops and brightly colored flowers lend a charm to a back-yard which ash-piles and tin cans cannot give in any artistic arrangement whatsoever. With a charming view from the back windows it be-

comes easier to be generous; and with the impulse of generosity, comes the means for indulging the good emotion; for the garden always supplies summer squashes and beets in abundance, which satisfactorily fill a basket for a neighbor, even if the green peas and strawberries do not meet the great expectation aroused by the perusal of the florist's catalog.

While reducing his grocery bill and cultivating a spirit of unselfishness, a man may also spare himself the expense of a summer outing. Hoeing is as good for the back as rowing; pulling pigweed is unsurpassed by golf in the play it gives to the arm muscles; and the July sun will bestow the finishing touch of tan with equal readiness in back-yard or mountain valley. A garden cultivates the aesthetic nature, feeds the family, encourages a spirit of generosity, lessens the grocery bill, and does away with the necessity of a summer vacation.

"I Could See Any Person Die"

ISCA WILEY

I could see any person die
And have no fears;
Could see my best friend die
And shed no tears.

I am so cold-hearted and
Pitiless you say?
No, but the cold earth comforts
For an endless day.

back his ears, and helped dependable Jinny pull the wagon, piled high with yellow corn, up into the concrete driveway.

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Tom and Jinny stood quietly under the overhanging limb of the cottonwood tree whose leaves were now little and waxy. The hired man threw the last chunk of hedge on the pile around the great base of the spreading cottonwood and, leaping lightly to the ground, went into the yard to get a drink at the pump. Coming from the yard, whose gate he left open, he saw his team and frame poking slowly along by the oats granary on the other side of the barn lot.

"Tom! Whoa there!" he called in imperative but impotent anger.

Tommy didn't whoa; he kept right on going, but with a noticeable increase of speed. Having urged Jinny to this runaway by a few subtleties, he was going to finish it. Out the open pasture gate—Tommy never scraped a gate post in his periodic runaways though he missed them by the most impossible margins when there were bare legs dangling over

the side of the frame—and halfway down the pasture they went. Then the team slowed down, stopped, and waited patiently for someone to come and drive them in.

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I came down the ladder from the fragrant hayloft after my daily visit to a nest of cuddly kittens hidden far back in the sweet new alfalfa. As I went towards the barn door, a velvet gray nose was stretched expectantly over a manger.

"Oh, Tommy, you always want something."

Tommy backed to the end of his halter rope and stood snorting distrustfully as I dumped a handful of tankage into his box. Jinny eyed Tommy's tankage so wistfully that I went to get a little salt for her. When I returned with it, Tommy was eating his tankage with placid contentment; having a case-hardened digestion, he eats everything with equal enjoyment. As I left the barn he was reaching over into Jinny's box, licking at her salt with a wicked tongue.



A Shadow

GENEVIEVE MYERS

Theme 14, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

SHE SAT across from me in the exact center of the long table, and the light from the candles was not kind to her. It threw into sharp relief the sunken hollows of her cheeks and made her eyes sparkle with a false brilliance. The black lace of her gown hung loosely about her throat as if it were loath to rest against that sharpness. Accentuating the wrinkles there, a diamond necklace glittered as if only the hard brightness of the stones sought the touch of her aged skin. Her hands, too angular for slenderness, too sharp for beauty, rested upon the table with an assumed lightness. Her fingers, burdened with rings, were somehow reminiscent of a corpse decked for the grave.

A musky fragrance, as faded as that of a pressed flower, emanated from across the table and mingled with the odor of the roses that formed the centerpiece of the banquet table. That faint perfume, exuding from the severe contours of her body, was akin to the odor arising when a yellowed book, long closed, is opened.

The voices of the fifty odd women, seated at the table, gradually fell to a lower and lower pitch. Their muted sounds had the hushed tone commanded by a pompous funeral, an elaborate display of sorrow. Yet there was in them an element of respect for that strange woman — respect called forth by a glamour, long dead, but heralded by the winking diamonds about her throat.

With a deliberate slowness born of age, she rose, and the sudden silence was broken by the sound of her voice, too well-modulated for comfort. It was a voice, speaking from across the impassable distance of years, carrying the tones of an arrogance justified by events long forgotten and powers long dead. It matters little what she said; few of her hearers knew or cared. As she seated herself, they gathered around to press briefly her withered hand and escaped thankfully into the night, where the cool darkness and the lively sounds of the cheerful insects seemed suddenly to carry a welcome meaning of vitality.

My Weather

H. H. BENNINGER

Theme 9, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

I SHALL never forget that morning; it was perfection, if ever such a state is reached. The rain clouds had literally broken loose the night before, drenching everything in a four-hour deluge. By

morning it had grown colder, and sleet beat down, seemingly in an attempt to destroy every living thing; the wind cut through our heavy clothing, chilling us in spite of our frequent sipping of hot

coffee. It was an hour after the time for sunrise before we were able to discern our decoys, bobbing on the waves a short thirty feet away; it was "ducky" weather. And there they were—five black dots coming toward us at sixty miles an hour.—Mallards!—but then, that's a different story. An old duck hunter, who pointed the way to my future in the sport of kings, once told me, "No, boy, it's not your desire to kill ducks that holds you in a blind; it's the weather, and you'll always heed the call. It's your religion—and mine!"

If I had but three days to live and were to be granted what I desired most for that period, I can prophesy my wish. I would want a frosty evening in autumn with my grandfather, and the moon as a sentinel. Sitting on the doorstep of the

old farm house, I would hear again the mournful cry of the whippoorwill and the who-whoing of a watchful owl; and once more the stories of eventful coon-hunts would lull me to peace with the world. The next night I would spend with the rain beating against my face as I walked block after block on city streets with the girl who could make the rain my god. Lights then are not for mortals, but guide posts of the fairies who dance on shining pavements. Dame Weather expresses her beauty, and that is her method.

But my "religion" is not forgotten; I would live once more a duck-day—the crowning day of them all. When finally dusk closed in, with a last farewell to my faithful dog, I would face reality—happily!

The Cog

BRITT BLAIR

Theme 12, Rhetoric II, 1932-33

FAR BELOW my present level, at furnace number two, a little man was working. Turning first this way and then that, he crammed shovel after shovel full of fine black coal into the mouth of the roaring giant beside him—only a cog in the extensive machinery of the ship. He seemed a midget in comparison with the great furnace and the shadowy mountain of coal, which looked as though it would thunder down upon him with each succeeding gouge in its ebony wall. But the little man labored on, apparently oblivious to the near danger, his only aim being to transfer the coal, bit by bit, into the jaws of the roaring inferno. His feet in their

heavy leather shoes were not motionless but moved now and then as though they were trying to find a more comfortable position. As they did so, the black water, standing on the iron floor, swirled and splashed as though angry at being disturbed. Now and then some water would splatter onto the iron shell of the furnace, and little puffs of steam would burst out like jets of escaping smoke.

From a string of a belt which encircled his body hung a pair of ragged trousers now black with coal dust, grime, and sweat. These were rolled up to a point mid-way between his ankles and knees, exposing a portion of his darkened, sinewy legs. As he moved, the

damp bottoms slapped soggly against his blackened shins. From a suggestion of heaviness in the hips, his body gradually spread outward into the chest and shoulders of a giant, more anthropoid than man. Each motion called into play the cablelike muscles disturbing the thick skin which, in spite of the patches of coal dust on it, was shining from the sweat and the light thrown by the fire.

Presently he stopped his rhythmic motions to rest and straighten his tired back and shoulders. For some moments

he leaned there motionless, resting an arm on the handle of the shovel. He appeared to be thinking of some long-past happening, trying now to gather its evasive details into an integrated whole, lest they be lost forever. Then, as if drawn by force of habit, he flung open the heavy furnace door which he had closed but a few moments before and resumed his automatic movements, almost as though there had been no break in them.

Stage Fright

BRUCE AVERY

Impromptu, Theme 16, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

IN THE first place they made me do it. I didn't want to be Caesar's ghost; I didn't want to be anybody's ghost. Nevertheless, those business-like members of the Latin Club came, saw, and conquered—and made a ghost out of me. They needed someone tall, they needed someone whose face naturally should be covered in any performance, and they needed someone who didn't have a ghost of a chance in acting except as a ghost, and I was it. My career as an actor was going to begin.

After consulting myself for a time on the matter, I finally decided that it might be fun to walk around in white clothing and scare the large crowd of fifty people who were expected to attend the opening night. I even aroused enough courage in myself to go to the first rehearsal to see what my part required. It was there that the blow came; I was informed that

I would have to make a short speech while on the stage. Some of the air left me. The same person said that it would naturally be in Latin. No air remained now; wheels began to whirl in my head, and I decided to be seated. The first rehearsal was over for me.

Much to my discomfort, I was in the same state of mind that opening night. The curtain had been up once and gone down for the end of the first act. The second act was in progress, and it was time for the spirit of Caesar to show himself to the audience. Someone pushed me, rather roughly I'm afraid, and there I was in the center of the stage. I trembled, I shook, the sheets shook, I muttered some Latin phrases, and I tried to run for the side. When I finally got backstage, the director told me that as a ghost I was a wonder.

Subduing Virgin Land

LAWRENCE LAUCK

Theme 6, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

UNLESS one has lived for some time on the Canadian prairies, it is hard for him to understand why people become fascinated with the life there. The present inhabitants would undoubtedly deny that the prairies have any hold on them, but if they were to go away for a while where the topography is entirely different, they would long for the sight of the rolling country with its clumps of poplars and birch, for glimpses of slinking coyotes and foxes, for a view of hundred-acre fields of wheat billowing in a September wind. Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta are known as the three prairie provinces. Though the layer of fertile soil covering them was, for the most part, deposited by one of the glaciers which encroached thereon during past geological time, the general topography of the southern part of the provinces is slightly rolling, streaked by a few rivers, numerous creeks, and small ravines.

Several kinds of grass plants grow on the prairies, but the most abundant is "prairie wool." It is a relatively short, wiry grass on which horses and range cattle feed during the summer. Several types of hardy trees exist there too, the most abundant ones being black and white poplar, birch, and scraggly oak. These usually grow in clumps or bunches and are spoken of as bluffs. The bluffs have to be removed before the farmer can come in with his "breaker" plow and powerful tractor to turn the virgin soil.

Late in the fall of 1928 my father and I decided to clear the scrub and trees off a few acres of land in preparation for breaking it early the next spring.

As our project lay about a mile from home and it was too cold to have horses out all day, we were obliged to wade through the powdery, swirling snow which flew up from our feet like little clouds of dust. The cold was intense. We did not breathe through our mouths because, unless the air was warmed somewhat, it would have frozen our lungs. When we stood on a knoll and surveyed the work which lay before us, it seemed as if we could never cut such an abundant growth of timber in three months. Some of the timber bluffs were about an acre in area; others were much smaller. The smaller trees on the outside of each bluff gradually gave way to bigger timber. These bluffs had caught and held most of the snow that had fallen, until it lay to a depth of five or six feet around the trees and scrub. We started from the outside so as to be unhampered by the uncut timber, and were obliged to dig down through the snow and cut the timber off near the surface of the ground. When the large trees crashed to earth, they buried themselves in snow, thus making it extremely difficult to lop off their limbs. The larger timbers which could later be utilized for firewood were piled by themselves. Despite our heavy, fleece-lined, pig-skin mittens we frequently had to flail our arms to keep warm, but, after starting two or three brush fires, we were able to keep warm working in our shirt sleeves. In spite of the deep snow the wood was not hard to cut because the frozen, sap-laden chips from the soft, pithy poplars flew like chunks of ice.

Day after day we worked, through

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fair days and through blizzards. We soon worked well into the timber and were somewhat sheltered by that surrounding us. During the more blustery days we worked on the leeward side of our fires in order that the wind would blow the heat towards us, while great clouds of white smoke billowed over our heads. I well remember the tenth day of January, 1929. A few days before that there had been a heavy fall of snow with very little wind. This eighteen-inch blanket lay evenly distributed over the surface of the ground, waiting to be carried into drifts by the wind. In the early morning the sky was overcast, but it soon cleared off and I anticipated a bright, clear day. Long before the sun had reached the zenith, fine particles of snow commenced settling around us. I soon began to get chilly and edged closer to the fire. As crowding the fire did not help much, I put on my overcoat. The snow began sifting down faster into our amphitheater, and we knew that the slight breeze of the morning had been replaced by a heavier one which had again been replaced by a fifty-mile-an-hour gale which drove fine particles of sharp snow crystals against our cheeks almost hard enough to draw blood. We peered through our inadequate shelter to where the storm was raging unimpeded. I could see nothing but a great white, blinding, billowing wall of snow. It would have been almost impossible for us to face it, and we realized what little chance we had of finding our way home just then. My father took a small thermometer from his pocket and hung it on a tree for a few minutes. The alcohol dropped to forty-two degrees below zero. It had been only ten below zero when we left for work in the morning. We worked and warmed ourselves alternately for the rest of the day while the

blizzard swept on with a mighty, subdued roar. Occasionally we heard a cannon-like report as the huge trunk of a tree burst from the pressure of its expanding sap. Once the expanding ice in the broad Saskatchewan River spoke when a new part of it was swept bare of snow and subjected to the intense cold. Towards sundown the wind's velocity abated somewhat, and though we were nearly exhausted physically from our violent exercise to keep our blood in circulation, we gathered up our tools, got our bearings, and floundered home through the great drifts, some of which were eight feet high.

Bluff after bluff of wood succumbed to our gleaming axes during the weeks that followed. Cord after cord of firewood lay piled behind us, while heaps of ashes showed where we had burned the scrub. We had comparatively good weather for our work except for two or three heavy snow-storms which were followed by high winds. On a beautiful day near the middle of April we cut down our last tree, a tall stately birch, from which I stripped the bark to be used in the future for post cards. By this time the snow was nearly gone. Spring's activity was in evidence everywhere. Chipmunks chattered and scolded us from a safe distance. Far to the west we heard the lone cry of a great timber wolf and the answering call of its mate. The friendly "honk" of wild geese came faintly to us as the big birds propelled themselves, at half-mile altitudes, towards Hudson Bay. Frogs croaked in the small sloughs. The water in the river gurgled boisterously in its mad rush to the Red River with the last cargo of melted snow. The pussy willows were almost ready to be replaced by dark green leaves. The wolf willows had already produced the silvery gray

leaves which do their bit to protect the great gray beast for which they are named. The smell of damp earth was in the air. This was indicative that the frost was fast leaving the ground, and

that soon a twenty-two-inch "breaker" plow, drawn by a big tractor, with the motor roaring its protest, would be tearing through the roots of the trees which lay so neatly corded along the line fence.

Miniature Highways

ROBERT ARNOLD

Theme 14, Rhetoric I, 1933-34

WHEN Len Small, as governor of Illinois in 1925, made the drive for more hard roads in this state, he struck a responsive chord in the hearts of the farm boys of our neighborhood. Our dads hired out their teams to work on road gangs, leaving us small boys at home to envy our older brothers who had the good fortune to go with the men to help tend and feed the horses at the construction camp. Our spirits were low as we gathered one morning in the front yard of our home to talk things over. All conversation centered about one subject: hard roads. To us it seemed that everybody who was doing anything worth while was building roads. We wanted to build roads, too. As we thus talked, an idea struck us that we could build our own hard roads. Sure! Why not? Good ones, right in our own front yard! They would be just like real hard roads. Possibilities overwhelmed us. We would begin at once.

But things had to be done with a system. Materials were needed, tools and road equipment were in demand, workmen must be hired, and blue prints must be made. Everybody was busy. The engineering staff proved very resourceful. It decided that the basic material of our concrete was to be yellow clay to be

carried from the nearby creek. Water to be mixed with the clay could be had from a pump close by. Tractors, rollers, and cement mixers were salvaged from junk piles: their only resemblance to actual road building equipment was the names we gave them. Childish imagination everywhere put life into the lifeless. Younger sisters and brothers were begged or bribed by the employment bureau into helping as workmen. Each engineer had drawn his personal set of blue prints, but alas, all the blue prints were different; the result was that the roads were planned to run in the same general direction but none over the same route. That fact perturbed nobody, however, as it was decided that, because of the profusion of materials and workmen and the promise of heavy traffic, a road was to be built from each blue print. With gleeful spontaneity construction began.

Of course the engineers had to demonstrate to their half-interested workmen the way in which the road was to be built. But once the workmen got their hands in the clay, they needed no stimulation. They discovered road building to be fun. The clay was responsive to the touch of tiny fingers. How fascinating to mold the doughy stuff into culverts,

into crossings, or into bridges! If there were no rivers for the bridges, bridges were made anyway, and rivers were dug out under them later. Such was the zeal of the workmen that the engineers became workmen also, and everybody was building a road of his own. Roads were everywhere. Roads ran parallel; roads crossed roads and then crossed back. The yard was a maze of roads. It would have been a paradise for Len Small.

The sun gave down a merciless heat. All construction operations had passed the pump and were nearing the tulip bed when a heated controversy arose as to who was to have the privilege of having his road pass over the goldfish pool that lay in front of the tulip bed. To have the supreme experience of building a road across the pool was highly desirable because the pool had been named Lake Michigan, and who wouldn't want to have the distinction of building a bridge across Lake Michigan! The engineering

staff could give no satisfactory settlement of the question. It recognized the assets that the right to Lake Michigan represented but could do nothing about the problem. Everybody was making claims. The department of highways was in an uproar. There were rumors of political "pull," but no politician seemed to be in power. Then came the end.

The First Lady, who was darning the socks of the Chief Executive, was alarmed by the loud vociferations in the front yard and came outside for the first time that day to determine the cause of the turmoil. Never did a depression more completely stop work than did the presence of the First Lady stop the hard road program for that day. The neighborhood playmates were sent home. We children, no longer pompous engineers, were called into the house for dinner. Our highways, like our dreams, were left to dissolve in the rain.



My Impressions of Oberammergau

LLOYD NEMEYER

Theme 6, Rhetoric II, 1933-34

UP, UP, UP through the rolling Bavarian hills we climbed, sometimes to such dizzy heights that it seemed we must touch the brilliant blue heavens. Sometimes a steep descent would drop us through pine gorges with a sparkling mountain cascade below. Pine woods stretched for miles above, around, in front, and on every side, filling the air with invigorating scents. Two automobiles took our party along these fine roads to Oberammergau. We were a jolly party, all of us thrilled with the thought of visiting for the first time the village of the Passion Play. Pointing to a huge, picturesque mountain range, our guide told us, "Over there lies Oberammergau." There it was, nestling in the quiet exquisite Bavarian Alps, this little city that breathes peace to body and soul.

As we approached, we felt the spell of this quiet village, which remains unmoved by the spectacle of visitors coming and going at the rate of some eight or ten thousand a day. Entering the village, we drank in the atmosphere of joyous and bustling life that imbued the quaintly straggling streets. The neat old-fashioned houses were painted white or pink, and decorated with elaborate frescoes of religious subjects in color. We were surprised at the simplicity of it all. Tiny girls with blond braids were busy with twig brooms brushing away fallen leaves from garden boxes. Flowers greeted us everywhere. Window boxes were gay with geraniums, roses, and petunias. No two houses seemed quite the same, though many were identical in style and all were scrupulously clean and dainty. Crowds of eager-eyed visitors, deeply impressed by the spirit of the place, were wandering into the

shops or standing in little groups talking, while around them swayed the country folk clad in their best in honor of the festivals. The women wore long full skirts, red, blue, or black, with clean aprons and bright-colored kerchiefs crossed over their breasts. The men wore homespun breeches and short jackets, with heavy wool stockings and hob-nailed shoes. Inquiring for a place to sleep for two nights, we found that every room in the hotel and the two inns was filled to capacity, and it was left for us to find a room with some peasant of the village.

Meanwhile, our traveling agent secured us lodging for the night at the home of Herr Rutz, who interpreted in the Passion Play the character of Annas, the high priest. We were met at the door by Frau Rutz, a beaming, round-faced old lady, wearing a huge blue and white checked apron. She showed us to our rooms, and we were very much pleased with them, for they proved to be comfortable. Frau Rutz was a talkative person, and it was not long before we learned that she had seen five different performances of the Passion Play, and had much to tell of the preparations and tremendous enthusiasm that everyone in the village feels for his inherited art and mission. One look into the faces of those peasants told us of the idealism burning in their hearts, for each one strives to emulate the holy characters in his daily life in order that he may be accounted worthy to take part in the play. Herr Rutz, a hearty peasant with a reddish beard and sparkling blue eyes, appeared as we were ready to eat dinner. He gave us a very gracious greeting, and, as he could not speak a word of English,

his wife and daughter, Anna, explained that his tardiness was due to the rehearsing of several scenes for the following day. At the close of the evening meal, Anna became our hostess, and we carried on a delightful conversation. She told us many things about the village and the Passion Play history, and I shall attempt to present some of the more important items of our conversation.

It seems that about three hundred years ago, while the Thirty Years War was ravaging Germany, a terrible plague broke out in the valley and villages of the Bavarian highlands. Oberammergau, encircled by protecting mountains, felt reasonably safe, but for greater assurance the village authorities established a blockade permitting no one to go or come. There was, however, an inhabitant of the village working in a neighboring town, and this man was seized with a sudden homesickness. Perhaps he felt that his end was near and wished to be near his family. At any rate, he made his way back to Oberammergau by night, and succeeded in eluding the guards and entering the village. In three days he was dead and with him forty inhabitants. In their need, the terror-stricken villagers resorted to prayer, as was their pious custom, but now the thought occurred to some of them that a religious vow might placate the Divine Wrath and turn the plague away. After careful deliberation the peasants decided to make a promise to perform the Passion of Christ, repeating it at ten-year intervals. The plague abated at once, and in gratitude the peasants fulfilled their vow, which has been faithfully kept ever since.

At five in the morning a dozen sets of chimes rang out, announcing that we were in a city devoted to religion and religious memories. These chimes called to mass all the peasants taking part in

the play. Later at six all the bells of the village pealed out in an effort to awaken everyone. By seven we were eating a breakfast of homemade bread, eggs, and hot chocolate. As soon as we finished eating, we were on our way towards the theater, stopping here and there at a fruit or candy shop to buy apples and candy to lunch on during the morning. Shortly we came to the huge outdoor theater which seats nearly six thousand spectators. The audience was covered by a canopied roof. The stage and part of the orchestra were in the open with the mountain scenery clearly visible in the background. The stage was immense — having a main stage and two side stages. Scenes were arranged on rollers underneath the platform so that the lapse of time between acts would be short. We were fortunate in having seats in the center about forty rows back, for if we had been further back, we would have needed opera glasses to gain a clear vision of the characters.

Before the play began we glanced over our booklets, noting the principal actors in the drama. Anni Rutz (this lady is to be distinguished from our hostess of the same name), a tall, graceful blonde, played the part of Mary the Mother of Christ. This part, of course, is the most sacred of all women's rôles, and to play it is a very coveted honor. Talent and absolute purity of character are the requisites for this part. Anni, from her appearance on the stage, certainly fulfilled these requirements. Guido Mayr played the part of Judas, and his acting was brilliant. To me this seemed a most difficult part to play since Judas was so unlike these kind Bavarian people. Alois Lang, a young woodcarver, famous in Bavaria for the beauty of his sacred statues and images of Jesus, played the part of the Christus. He is a tall, young

peasant, with fine features, wavy brown hair, and the quiet expression of strength one would expect of Jesus. Alois is the son of Anton Lang, who in 1900, 1910, and 1922 portrayed the Christ. The part of John, the beloved disciple, is played by another member of the Lang family. Nothing was so noticeable as the fact that these peasant people were not merely acting, but that they seemed to live and breathe their parts. Could one have forgotten the crowd around him, he might easily have imagined himself living and walking with the Saviour some nineteen hundred years ago. A soft blast of the trumpet told us the pageant was ready to begin.

Simultaneously, the orchestra swelled into an overture that lifted every thought into harmony with the occasion. Slowly the spokesman and the chorus entered, fifty men and women in all, wearing beautiful white gowns with colored throw-overs. Most of the women and all of the men had long hair, chiefly blond, though there were one or two curly red heads. Their voices were not cultivated, but by that very fact they seemed more real and natural. After the chorus finished its first number, it retired to the extremities of the central stage, and the first tableau was presented. In it Adam and Eve were represented as being driven out of the Garden of Eden. As the tableau was exposed to the spectators, the chorus gave in song the story of its significance. The second tableau depicted the Adoration of the Cross. Immediately following, came the first act of the play. It began with the scene of Christ's triumphant entry into Jerusalem. Preceding each of the eighteen acts was one or more tableaux from the Old Testament, showing the ancient prophecies and happenings and connecting them with the scene to follow. The tableaux

were shown against the background of an old religious painting, with Michael Angelo's "Moses" as the central figure, dominating and inspiring the whole. The acts in Part I showed the priests plotting against Christ; the Last Supper, which was an identical copy of the painting by da Vinci; the betrayal of Christ by Judas; and his second entry into Jerusalem. Not until twelve o'clock did we realize that we had been sitting so long on the wooden benches.

Promptly at two o'clock we were in our seats, eager for the second part to begin. The more outstanding acts in this part included: Christ before Annas and Caiphas, the remorse of Judas, Christ before Pilate, and Christ on his way to Calvary. The Crucifixion act was the most impressive and realistic scene of all. It appeared as if the nails were indeed driven into the hands and feet of Christ, for there was no visible sign of support for his body. This scene lasted some twenty minutes, and the sobs and cries from the audience made it doubly impressive. During the middle part of the afternoon rain began to fall, seeming in some subtle way to deepen the illusion, so that we watched the players through the misty veil of rain. The mist kept up until the end of the Crucifixion scene. Finally, strange as it may seem, the sun broke through the clouds just as the Resurrection scene was starting. Never had I witnessed anything quite so wonderful as that impressive moment. Then came the grand Hallelujah chorus, and the drama was over.

Each visitor, I believe, went forth as I did, with a feeling that he could be more sincere and more faithful to the light within his soul, since he had watched these peasants re-kindling the beautiful ideas that have come down through the centuries from the life of Jesus Christ.

Lack of space prevents the publishing
of some excellent themes by the follow-
ing students:

E. L. ALBIN	L. K. OFFENBECKER
DONALD F. ANDERSON	G. J. O'NEIL
HERBERT APFLEMAN	PORTER ORR
NANCY BRANYAN	ROBERT PELATOWSKI
GERIN CAMERON	DORIS PUTNAM
RUTH COGDAL	ROBERT ROANE
MYRTLE EDWARDS	A. ROSSI
ELIZABETH HILLS	BARBARA RUTH
R. S. HOLTY	WILSON J. SELDON
MARGARET LOUISE LEHMANN	F. MARSHALL SMITH
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